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MAIN CURRENTS OF SPANISH LITERATURE

BY

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TO
RAMÓN MENÉNDEZ PIDAL
AND
JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY
THESE LECTURES ARE DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF HIGH ESTEEM

H.o f. 72

PREFACE

In the winter of 1918 the following eight lectures were delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston. They are now published exactly as they were given. In them my aim is to afford a survey of certain important currents running through the history of Spanish literature as written in the motherland, and to call attention to the great worth of the literature produced by writers in Spanish America. I have sought to be informative as to a large body of fact rather than exhaustively analytical with respect to any subject of limited scope.

J. D. M. F.

April, 1919.

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MAIN CURRENTS OF SPANISH LITERATURE

I

THE HEROIC TRADITION: THE EPIC

A LAND in which the ages have witnessed the warfare, long-continued and intermittent, of tribe upon tribe, nation upon nation, and race upon race, must be supposed to have celebrated in song the exploits of victorious hosts and of the great champions that headed them. Hence Spain, the home from prehistoric times of the Iberian and the Celt, and the scene of successive conquests by the Carthaginians, the Romans, Germanic tribes, and the Moslems, might well be believed to have produced in this or in that period heroic traditions commemorating the strife that raged between the conflicting forces on her soil.

Of what the Iberians and the Celts may have sung, recounting their feats of arms in battle with one another and with the invading warriors of Carthage and of Rome, we have the merest record. Of the existence of a popular poetry among them,—a fact which we should be willing to assume,—evidence is given in ancient Greek and Latin works. Strabo informs us that the natives of Turdetania in southern Iberia had verse compositions already six thousands years old. Silius Italicus is aware that the Galicians in the northwestern part of the region

had their barbarous hymns in their own speech, which they chanted amid the clash of arms:

misit dives Callæcia pubem,
Barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis,
Nunc pedis alterno percussa verbere terra
Ad numerum resonas gaudentem plaudere cætras. IV, 345 ff.

ritu jam moris Iberi,
Carmina pulsata fundentem barbara cætra. X, 229 f.

In the extreme west, the Lusitanians, says Diodorus of Sicily, entered into combat intoning war songs; and the historian Appianus reports that, as part of the funereal services for their assassinated hero Viriathus, they sang dirges and danced about the pyre on which his body was burned. While, as Strabo remarks, the fierce Cantabrians of the north, even when crucified, defied their victors in battle-hymns which they sang on the cross.

It is possible that the Basques, who still inhabit northern Spain and the district of the Pyrenees, including territory within the southwestern portion of France, are descendants of the ancient Iberians; but if this be so, they seem to afford us no clue, in either their folklore or their scanty literature, to the nature of the primitive Hispanic traditions. Their earliest listed feat of arms is a minor one of the end of the 8th century, when Basque mountaineers attacked a rear guard of Charlemagne's army in the pass of Roncevaux, and inflicted casualties which the French, in the famous *Chanson de Roland*, composed a couple of centuries later, have, through

the waywardness of fate, converted into an onslaught by Saracenic hordes.

When Rome, through her contests with Carthage, had become convinced of the necessity of dominating the Iberian peninsula, and thus depriving her tenacious Punic enemy of the possibility of maintaining depots and military communications in the region, she accomplished so throughly her policy of Romanization through conquest and colonization that when, in the 5th century, there came the fall of the Empire, even the very language of Hispania was Latin.

The Visigothic rule of three centuries' duration, and the still longer sway of Arabs and Moors, exercised over constantly dwindling territory from 711 to 1492, could not overcome the attachment of the Romanized peoples of the peninsula to their acquired Latin speech. Without any far-reaching modifications, the institutions of the land, even the legal, remained essentially Roman, and, apart from a contribution of proper names, the Visigoths do not appear to have added anything of importance to the language of the vanquished races of Iberia. From Arabic there entered into that language only a moderate number of terms, denoting chiefly objects and customs not previously known to the Europeans, so that popular Latin, slowly undergoing a transformation into Romance tongues, remained the speech of the Christian part of the territory, and out of it there developed the Romance languages, Spanish and Portuguese. Be it remarked parenthetically that Catalan, spoken and written by the

natives of a considerable part of eastern Spain, is a sister language to Spanish and Portuguese, but has closer affinities with the Provençal of southern France, an older form of which was probably its ancestor; while Basque, still spoken in northern Spain and the Pyrenees, is a peculiar agglutinative idiom with no discernible relations to the regular members of the Indo-European family of languages.

The heroic material that concerns us first took form in Old Spanish, which, by the 12th century, had so far progressed in its evolution out of popular Latin, as to have become a fit medium for poetic expression; and this material deals with the soldiers and chieftains of the Christian kingdoms—Castile, Leon, Navarre and Aragon, but particularly Castile—that had been carved out of the territory saved or wrested back from the Moorish invaders during the long period from the fall of Roderick the Goth in 711 down to the 12th century.

The noblest monument of early Spanish literature, and the most important as an embodiment of Spanish heroic tradition, is the epic *Poema* or *Cantar del Cid*, ascribed by scholars to the mid-point or at least the second half of the 12th century. This document, relating in verse the fortunes of a Castilian warrior of the 11th century whose real career is fairly clear to us from contemporary historical documents or those written soon after his death, is not the only one to give evidence of an extensive Old Spanish heroic tradition in some verse form or other. By the 13th century there had been written an epic

poem on the life and deeds of the truculent Castilian Count Fernán González, who ran his checkered course in the 10th century; and this we have in a version, the *Poema de Fernán Gonzâlez*, contained in a 15th century Ms. The *Poema de Fernán González* is a learned and presumably monastic redaction of an earlier and more popular treatment of the Count's story. Furthermore, we possess verse narrative dealing with the Cid in the fragmentary *Rodrigo* or *Crónica Rimada del Cid*, which is apparently not later than the 14th century. Including the last-named work—which, however, is in the opinion of some scholars a chronicle in verse or merely an aggregation of ballads, rather than a unified epic composition—we have three poetic documents of some length treating of the deeds of old Spanish heroes, and in them the protagonists are Castilians.

But the *juglares* or minstrels, who abounded in mediæval Spain and were the popular entertainers of both nobles and commoners, proclaimed the prowess of still other stalwart fighters. This we knew from the testimony of the chronicles, and especially the great *Crônica General*, first put together under the direction of King Alphonsus X of Castile in the 13th century. The *Crónica General* avouches the activity of the minstrels in this regard, and in a prosification, which occasionally retains verses of the lost poems, gives us the substance of what the minstrels sang or chanted. Thus it is a treasure house of Old Spanish heroic tradition. That the lost poems were truly epics in their structure has

been for some time the contention of noted Spanish scholars, especially of the late Milá y Fontanals, once an admirable teacher of the University of Barcelona, and of the brilliant professor at the Universidad Central in Madrid, Ramón Menéndez Pidal. The latter has been admitted by Menéndez y Pelayo and other competent critics to have carried his views to the point of conclusive demonstration. Nevertheless, these views have been challenged, and recently one of the soundest of our Hispanists, Professor Lang of Yale University, has stated his opinion that, in the chronicle accounts, we may as properly see the substance of lost ballads, that is, of brief epico-lyric songs, as of sustained epic compositions. Professor Lang thinks that, while the oldest of the extant traditional ballads date no further back than the 15th century, they represent the continuation of a much older oral tradition, a ballad spirit that actuated the minstrels in the 13th century and earlier.

To this matter we return in another lecture; perhaps the ultimate judgment will be that both ballads and epics existed before the time when the *Crónica General* was first given shape. What we must now note is that the *Crónica General*, first composed shortly after the middle of the 13th century, and amplified in redactions extending into the 14th century, gives proof of the existence of heroic song, whatever its form, about the Seven Nobles of Lara, whose tragic fate has relation to events of the 10th century; about Bernardo del Carpio, a

northern Spanish hero, who is placed in the 8th century, but concerning whom very little that is strictly historical can be discovered; about the Infante García and other descendants of Count Fernán González; about the Siege of Zamora by the forces of King Sancho in the 11th century (but this may be considered as entering into the cycle of the Cid); about Roderick the Goth, whose lust for the daughter of a border noble, Count Julian, is declared to have brought on the invasion of Spain by the Moors; and even about a foreign warrior—one of European fame, however,—no less a person than Charlemagne himself, who, as the Chronicle narrative states (and as Old French epic song has it also), spent part of his early manhood in Spain, a refugee at the court of the Saracen ruler of Saragossa. Moreover, the Fourth Book of the *Crónica General* is dedicated in very large part to an account of the Cid, whose story is told in accord both with prior historical records and with the songs of the minstrels; that is, knowing and stating actual fact about the hero, the Chronicle also sees fit to appeal to the minstrels and to apprize us of the contents of what they sang about him, of his poetic history, thus giving us details which harmonize in no slight degree with those of the preserved *Poema del Cid.*

Let us now devote our attention to the *Poema* or *Cantar del Cid.* As we first look at this 12th century poem of somewhat more than 3,700 verses, we may be inclined to conceive but little respect for the artistic powers of its unknown author. It has sur-

vived in but a single manuscript, which is in date two centuries later than the original composition of the *Poema.* Seemingly there is no fixed metrical principle observed, since some of the lines are over long, and some are very short, and many of medium length scan irregularly. While, on the whole, there is an obvious rhyming method, that of assonance or the agreement of vowel sounds without any concord of the accompanying consonants, still a considerable number of lines seem to disregard even this simple rhyming system and hang loose. But the scrutiny of the expert, familiar with the general mass of Old Spanish composition in verse, might make him think otherwise of the condition of affairs before him. He may perhaps be pardoned for his desire to find order underlying the surface of things, and for declaring that the present chaotic state of rhyme and meter is due, not to an uncouth poet with elemental and irregular ideas regarding technique, but rather to the crude efforts of later redactors of the original poem, who sought to refashion it and succeeded ill in their endeavor, and to the ineptitude of the series of consecutive scribes responsible for the manuscript as we have it.

So then, we may believe, if we accept this view, that the *Poema del Cid,* revealing as it does a unity of plot and purpose, was framed by a poet with no slight conception of the poetic art; that he carried through a regulated system of assonating verses, arranged, as in the Old French epic poems, in stanzas or *laisses* of a varying number of verses each, and

that the individual lines of his composition contained each of them fourteen to sixteen syllables, divided carefully into half-lines with a verse accent falling always on the seventh syllable of the half-line. These long assonating lines, with the other peculiarities indicated, prevail in the older of the preserved ballads, particularly in those that are heroic in their argument, and, in our opinion, that balled line was the fixed line of the old popular epic represented by the *Poema del Cid.* We assume that it was in use for lengthy heroic composition in the 12th century, when the *Poema* first took form, but that in the 13th and 14th centuries it was displaced in vogue by the alexandrine, the twelve-syllabled line only then imported from France and employed in the poems of Berceo, Juan Ruiz, and López de Ayala, the great verse writers of those two centuries. Perhaps, then, we are not going too far afield when we maintain that inept redactors, seeking to adapt the *Poema* to the newer and now the favorite meter, and succeeding in part, because there are many alexandrines in the composition, failed to carry through their metrical renovation, left intact the numerous ballad lines or half-lines of the type that we still find, and, again, left as lines of irregular length the débris of the original verses which they had pruned and trimmed into alexandrines. Scribal bungling may, of course, account for some of the present imperfections, such as the excessive length of certain lines and the occasional disturbance of the assonance. Menéndez Pidal, re-

verting to an older idea, which of late had been thought discredited, is now willing to assert that the original poet had no fixed metrical scheme in mind; yet, when Menéndez Pidal attempts the reconstruction of Old Spanish passages of heroic verse, he seems to favor the introduction of the ballad line. That, in the opinion of other Hispanists, is the correct procedure and one which, governed by certain linguistic principles based on internal criticism of the document in question, leads to good results.

Having discoursed sufficiently for our purpose upon the probable metrical and rhyming form of the *Poema*, before well-meaning but misguided redactors and clumsy scribes botched it, let us consider now its content. This is redolent of patriotic Castilian spirit. The dominating personality is that of the Castilian knight and soldier of fortune, Rodrigo or Ruy Diaz de Bivar, who was born about 1040 and died in 1099. During the reign of Sancho II of Castile, Rodrigo served his monarch faithfully in internecine strife and in border-warfare with the Moors, and so distinguished himself by his personal bravery as to win the appellations of *el Campeador*, the Champion, and *Mio Çid*, my Lord, of which the latter is derived from the Arabic *Çidy* and was conferred upon him by the Moors.

Like many other Christian knights of the age, he not only fought against the Moors in the land, but, as was quite natural in the social and political conditions of the time, he also fought on the side

of the Moors with whom his Spanish sovereign was allied for state purposes. Sancho, having dispossessed his brother Alphonsus, the King of Leon, as well as his other brother, García, who held Galicia, met his death while engaged in seeking to deprive his sister Urraca of the territory to which their father, King Ferdinand, had left her heir. Thereupon, Alphonsus VI not only resumed his dominion over Leon, but ascended the throne of Castile as well, and he must have found the Cid a trustworthy vassal, for he sanctioned the Cid's marriage in 1074 to a scion of royalty, his own first cousin, Jimena (Ximena). About 1081, however, for some reason not too well ascertained, Alphonsus drove the Cid into exile, and here begins the period of heroic endeavor on the part of the warrior which forms the basis of his lasting fame and which has made him the subject of our epic.

Cast out from Christian regions, he had to seek his fortunes among the Moors, and this he did as a free-lance, selling his services and those of the hardy men of Castile who followed him, now to this and now to that Moorish kingling, and fighting in the wars which they waged one against the other. Finally, when the forces at his command had grown considerably through accretions of Castilian adventurers attracted to his standard by the success of his arms, he laid siege to Valencia, ostensibly in the name of the Moorish ruler of Saragossa, and, in the year 1094, he reduced the city. He intrenched himself firmly in Valencia, making himself a vir-

tually independent sovereign, and acknowledging the suzerainty of no other power in the land. He made conquests of adjoining territory and had battles in the field with various military forces of the Moors, not always gaining the victory in them, but nevertheless maintaining himself in control at Valencia, until his death in 1099. His widow, Jimena, was able to hold the place for only two years longer, and then, compelled thereto by the advance of superior bodies of Moorish troops, she withdrew to Castile, taking with her the body of the Cid, to deposit it in the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña.

Such is, in rough outline, the career of Rodrigo de Bivar. Many details could be added from Arabic and Latin chronicles of the time. It is only natural to expect that the Arabic writers would not show themselves over partial to his memory, or too ready to condone the harsh deeds of which, as a rough soldier of fortune, he was certainly guilty. Yet, even they upon occasion give testimony to the sterling character of the man, and manifest for him respect not unmingled with admiration.

All things indicate that the *Poema* came into being about a half century after the death of its protagonist, or not long after 1150. As a result it exhibits a large degree of fidelity to the historic fact, even while it idealizes very deliberately the figure of the Cid. Let us view him through the eyes of the poet. In the opening verses (the first leaf of the manuscript is missing, but the parallel account

in the *Crónica General* supplies the omitted matter), we see the hero leaving his native place, Bivar, and going forth into exile, at the behest of King Alphonsus, who has listened to accusations brought against the Cid by his enemies. According to the law in the case, he has but nine days in which to quit the realm of Castile or lose his life; his estate is already forfeit.

De los sos ojos tan fuertemientre llorando,
Tornava la cabeça e estavalos catando.
Vio puertas abiertas e uços sin cañados,
Alcándaras vazias sin pielles e sin mantos,
E sin falcones e sin adtores mudados.
Sospiro myo Cid, ca mucho avie grandes cuydados.
Fablo myo Cid bien e tan mesurado:
"Grado a ti, señor padre que estas en alto!
Esto me an buelto myos enemigos malos."

Various passages of the poem have been put into English verse by the late John Ormsby, an enthusiastic student of Spanish literature. Here is his version of these lines:

With tearful eyes he turned to gaze upon the wreck behind,
His rifled coffers, bursten gates, all open to the wind:
Nor mantle left, nor robe of fur; stript bare his castle hall:
Nor hawk nor falcon in the mew, the perches empty all.
Then forth in sorrow went my Cid, and a deep sigh sighed he;
Yet with a measured voice, and calm, my Cid spake loftily—
"I thank thee, God our Father, thou that dwellest upon high,
I suffer cruel wrong to-day, but of mine enemy."

With his little band of devoted followers, who leave home and families to share his misery, he directs his way toward the monastery of Cardeña,

where his wife and his two daughters of tender age have taken refuge. His course lies through the city of Burgos. There no one dares to receive a man under the ban of the monarch, although it is clear that the Cid is beloved of the citizens.

With sixty lances in his train my Cid rode up the town,
The burghers and their dames from all the windows looking down;
And there were tears in every eye, and on each lip one word:
"A worthy vassal—would to God he served a worthy lord!"
Fain would they shelter him, but none durst yield to his desire.
Great was the fear through Burgos town of King Alfonso's ire,
Sealed with his royal seal hath come his letter to forbid
All men to offer harborage or succor to my Cid.
And he that dared to disobey, well did he know the cost—
His goods, his eyes, stood forfeited, his soul and body lost.
A hard and grievous word was that to men of Christian race;
And, since they might not greet my Cid, they hid them from his face.
He rode to his own mansion gates; shut firm and fast they were,
Such the king's rigor, save by force, he might not enter there;
And loudly though his henchmen call, within no sound is heard,
No answer to their call; my Cid up to the threshold spurred,
His foot from out the stirrup raised and on the door smote hard;
It yielded not beneath the stroke, 'twas stout and strongly barred;
But from a chamber window high a damsel's voice implored:
"O thou that in a happy hour didst gird thee with the sword,
It is the order of the king; we dare not, O my lord!
Sealed with his royal seal hath come his letter to forbid
The Burgos folk to open door, or shelter thee, my Cid.
Our goods, our homes, our very eyes, in this are all at stake;
And small the gain to thee, though we meet ruin for thy sake.
Go, and God prosper thee in all that thou dost undertake."
So spake the little damsel, and she hurried from the place.
Then knew my Cid no hope was left of King Alfonso's grace.

Ormsby.

Devoid of all resources, and needing money for the equipping and provisioning of his band, the Cid borrows from two Hebrew money-lenders of Burgos, leaving in pawn with them two richly fashioned chests supposed to contain booty of value already gained by him, but in reality filled with sand. He has twinges of conscience as he plays this trick upon the unsuspecting Hebrews, and it may be inferred that he means to reimburse the money-lenders properly later on, as, indeed, he is made to do in ballads of much later date. The *Poema* does not take up this detail again except to renew the promise of repayment in verse 1431 ff.

Resuming his journey, Rodrigo reaches the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña. He is greeted by his wife:

Now behold Lady Ximena, with her daughters she is coming;[1]
Their attendants bring them forward lead them to the Cid, their father.
On her knees before the Champion there Ximena bowed her down,
Weeping tears from both her eyes, and his hands she gan to kiss.
"Gramercy, O Cid, the Champion! thou at a good hour wast born.
Mischief-makers, evil men, cause thee to be driven forth.
Gramercy, O Champion, Cid! thou that hast a beard so perfect!
. . . . . .
In his arms he took his daughters, to his heart he pressed them both.

[1] These lines imitate the Spanish ballad meter (trochaic tetrameter).

Much he loved them; from his eyes flow the tears; deep are his sighs,
"O, my wife, Lady Ximena! perfect thou and ever true,
Even as my very soul I have ever loved thee dearly,
As thou seest, we must part, put asunder in this life.
I shall go upon my journeys, thou must tarry here behind.
May it please the Lord, our God, and the Blessed Virgin, Mary,
That with mine own hands I yet may my daughters give in marriage.

In this scene the Cid is portrayed as the loving husband and father, concerned for the happiness and future of his dear ones; and in no few passages of his work the poet takes a deliberate satisfaction in displaying this side of his hero's nature; although, truth to say, love as a motive power plays otherwise no part in the stern epic.

The nine days of respite have almost elapsed, and with his following still more increased by the many troopers that have joined it, the Cid passes on from Cardeña, leaving his loved ones to the care of the faithful abbot, Don Sancho, and bidding them farewell in affecting terms, thus rendered by Ormsby:

The prayer was said, the Mass was sung, they mounted to depart;
My Cid a moment stayed to press Ximena to his heart:
Ximena kissed his hand, as one distraught with grief was she:
He looked upon his daughters: "These to God I leave," said he;
"Unto our Lady and to God, Father of all below;
He knows if we shall meet again:—and now, sirs, let us go."
As when the finger-nail from out the flesh is torn away,
Even so sharp to him and them the parting pang that day.
Then to his saddle sprang my Cid, and forth his vassals led;
But ever as he rode, to those behind he turned his head.

Shortly before arriving at the Moorish frontiers, the Cid has a vision in his sleep, and in it appears to him the Angel Gabriel, who promises him success throughout his life. This is the only element of the supernatural in the poem; one wonders even whether an apparition in a dream may be termed such. The lack of supernatural elements is a surprising circumstance, if we are to suppose, as some do, that the author was a cleric. Still more surprising is this lack, when we remember how common are visions and celestial apparitions in the epic compositions in Old French.

In the next seven hundred verses or so the poet recounts the various skirmishes, strategic maneuvers, and open battles by means of which the Cid makes a successful advance over Moorish soil, winning one village after the other, and enriching himself with the spoils of war and by levying tribute upon the inhabitants of the captured settlements. Strange to say, the Moors of Alcocer, although they have had to ransom themselves from the Cid, weep with regret for his departure, when he leaves them to push on his career of conquest.

With great zest the poet enters into details of description when he deals with scenes of battle, and—a point in which the *Poema del Cid* differs from the mediæval epic of other lands, and notably from the *Chanson de Roland*,—there is no great indulgence in hyperbole on the poet's part; usually the deeds described are within the bounds of human possibility or are only slightly exaggerated. A good

example of the poet's power of rapid and vivid narrative, rendering well the swift movement of battle, is afforded by Ormsby's version of a passage beginning at verse 685, in which we witness a sally made by the Cid and his men from Alcocer against the Moors who are beleaguering them there:

Then said my Cid: "Let all go forth, all that are in our band;
Save only two of those on foot, beside the gate to stand.
Here they will bury us, if death we meet on yonder plain,
But if we win our battle there, rich booty shall we gain.
And thou, Pero Bermuez, this my standard thou shalt hold;
It is a trust that fits thee well, for thou art stout and bold;
But see that thou advance it not, unless I give command."
Bermuez took the standard and he kissed the Champion's hand.
Then bursting through the Castle gates upon the plain they show;
Back on their lines in panic fall the watchmen of the foe.
And hurrying to and fro the Moors are arming all around,
While Moorish drums go rolling like to split the very ground;
And in hot haste they mass their troops behind their standards twain,
Two mighty bands of men-at-arms—to count them were in vain.
And now their line comes sweeping on, advancing to the fray,
Sure of my Cid and all his band to make an easy prey.
"Now steady, comrades," said my Cid; "our ground we have to stand;
Let no man stir beyond the ranks until I give command."
Bermuez fretted at the word, delay he could not brook;
He spurred his charger to the front, aloft the banner shook:
"O loyal Cid Campeador, God give thee aid! I go
To plant thy ensign in among the thickest of the foe;
And ye who serve it, be it yours our standard to restore."
"Not so—as thou dost love me, stay!" called the Campeador.
Came Pero's answer: "Their attack I cannot, will not stay."
He gave his horse the spur and dashed against the Moor array.

To win the standard eager all the Moors await the shock:
Amid a rain of blows he stands unshaken as a rock.
Then cried my Cid—"In charity, on to the rescue—ho!"
With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances pointed low,
With stooping crests and heads bent down above the saddle-bow,
All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.
And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice rings out,
And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle shout,
"Among them, gentlemen! Strike home, for the love of charity!
The Champion of Bivar is here—Ruy Díaz—I am he!"
Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,
Three hundred lances down they come, their pennons flickering white;
Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every blow;
And when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging back they go.
It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day;
The shivered shields and riven mail, to see how thick they lay;
The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead;
While Moors call on Mohammed, and "St. James!" the Christians cry,
And sixty score of Moors and more in narrow compass lie.

Although, according to the *Poema*, the Cid has been unjustly driven into exile by the Castilian monarch, he harbors no keen resentment against him. On the contrary, out of the booty that has fallen to his lot, he sends a present to the king by his lieutenant, Alvar Fáñez Minaya. Alphonsus is not yet willing to remove the ban upon Rodrigo, but he graciously accords permission to all Castilians so inclined to go and join the Cid's victorious forces. Meanwhile, Rodrigo has come to blows with the Christian Count of Barcelona, Ramón Beren-

guer, an old enemy of his, who claims a protectorate over the Moorish region invaded by the Castilian knight. The Count of Barcelona is defeated and taken prisoner; but the Cid releases him after three days of captivity, during which he treats him with a sort of grim humor not unmixed with kindliness.

Here there is a breathing spot for the minstrel who recited or chanted the *Poema*. In a new *gesta*, as it is called, the poet continues his story of the successive acquisitions of the Cid, culminating in the seizure of Valencia. This most signal event in the hero's life is dismissed in but a few verses; whereas the *Poema* has elaborate accounts of the taking of very minor places. Driving off the Moorish King of Seville, who tries to dislodge him from the captured city, Rodrigo sends presents a second time to the King of Castile by his ambassador, Alvar Fáñez, and directs the latter to request of Alphonsus permission for the wife and daughters of the Cid to join him in Valencia. Mindful of his duty as a Christian and showing also that he claims the prerogatives of a ruler, the Cid establishes a diocese in Valencia, and sets up as bishop a Spanish Turpin, the militant cleric "from the East" (i. e., from France), Don Jerónimo.

Alvar Fáñez has been successful in his mission to the King, and returns with Jimena and her daughters, who are received joyfully by the Cid, and installed in the citadel of the conquered capital.

Inflicting a disastrous defeat upon the King of

Morocco, who has come over to attack him in his stronghold, Rodrigo despatches Alvar Fáñez a third time with rich presents for the King. The monarch is profoundly impressed with the repeated instances of the generosity of the exile; no less filled with admiration for his liberality and appreciation of his growing fame are two leading nobles of the court, the Infantes of Carrión. The cupidity of these arrogant but impecunious courtiers is excited to such a degree that they beg the King to act as intermediary in securing their marriage to the daughters of the Cid.

Alvar Fáñez brings to his Chief the message that the King recommends these marriages as worthy of the maidens and to the Cid's advantage, and states that the King desires an interview with Rodrigo. The interview takes place on the banks of the Tagus; the Cid is pardoned and is highly honored by Alphonsus; and the monarch urges the union of the Cid's daughters and the Infantes of Carrión. Reluctantly, because he has a premonition of evil, the warrior accedes to the repeatedly made request. The Infantes accompany him on his return to Valencia, and their weddings occur. As the Cid disclaims all responsibility for the matches, the young girls are given in marriage by Alvar Fáñez, the appointed representative of the King for this purpose. The second division of the poem ends here, and the third and last opens with an instance of the poltroonery of the Infantes, Fernando and Diego González.

In Valencia was My Cid, with him were his trusty vassals;
And his sons-in-law were there, those Infantes of Carrión.
On a chair in quiet slumber sat Lord Roderick, the bold Champion,
When an accident alarming in their very midst occurred.
From his cage the lion bounded, roamed at will among them all,
Spreading fear and panic dire in the heart of Roderick's court.
But the Champion's faithful warriors wound their cloaks about their arms,
Took their stand about their master, keeping guard beside his seat.
Fain Fernando would have clambered to some place of safety there;
But no passage saw he open, leading to a tower or chamber;
Underneath the chair he scurried; so o'ercome with fear was he.
Through the door rushed Diego, crying: "I shall ne'er see Carrión!"
Then behind a wine-press plunged he; such the fear that overcame him.
There his pretty robe and mantle were with noisesome fluids sullied.
At this point did he awaken, who was born at a good hour;
Saw his resting-place surrounded by his good and sturdy men.
"What means this, men of my train? Pray, what would ye, standing here?"
"Honored Sir, the raging lion burst upon us in the court."
On his elbow first uplifted, to his feet My Cid arose;
With his mantle hanging loosely, straight upon the lion moved he.
When the lion saw him coming, full of shame he cowered low,
Humbly bowed his head before him, never dared to gaze upon him.

Then My Cid, Lord Roderick Díaz, firmly caught him by the mane;
Leading him as by a halter, thrust him back into his cage.
As a wonder all did hold it, those who saw this deed courageous.

. . . . . .

For his sons-in-law My Cid asked and lo! he found them not.
Though the call for them goes forth, answer none by them is made.
When at last they were discovered, pale with fear they ventured out.
Never saw you sport so merry as was made throughout the court;
But my Cid, the noble Champion, bade them all to check their mirth.
Those Infantes of Carrión deemed themselves unduly flouted;
Bitterly they grieved and fretted over what to them had happened.

The Infantes have also shown their cowardice on the field of battle, and though the Cid had not known it, they have for some time been the butt of ridicule for all in Valencia.

The Moorish King Búcar has come against the city, only to be defeated and slain by Roderick, who is ably supported by his clerical vassal, Don Jerónimo, in the encounters of the campaign. How well the bishop acquits himself is told in this passage (translated by Ormsby):

But lo! all armed from head to heel the Bishop Jerome shows;
He ever brings good fortune to My Cid where'er he goes.
"Mass have I said, and now I come to join you in the fray;
To strike a blow against the Moor in battle if I may,

And in the field win honor for my order and my hand.
It is for this that I am here, far from my native land.
Unto Valencia did I come to cast my lot with you,
All for the longing that I had to slay a Moor or two.

. . . . . .

Then send me to the front to do the bidding of my heart:
Grant me this favor that I ask, or else, My Cid, we part."
"Good!" said My Cid. "Go, flesh thy blade; there stand thy Moorish foes.
Now shall we see how gallantly our fighting Abbot goes."
He said; and straight the Bishop's spurs are in his charger's flanks,
And with a will he flings himself against the Moorish ranks,
By his good fortune, and the aid of God, that loved him well,
Two of the foe before his point at the first onset fell.
His lance he broke, he drew his sword—God! how the good steel played!
Two with the lance he slew, now five go down beneath his blade.

The Cid's court is now smiling so broadly at the pusillanimity of Diego and Fernando, his sons-in-law, that they deem it wise to return to their homes in Carrión. Of the unwitting Cid they obtain permission to depart with their wives and with the splendid bounty that he has heaped upon them. A presentiment of harm assails Roderick as he bids farewell to his daughters, and he sends one of his nephews, Félez Muñoz, with them to escort them for a good part of their journey.

The wicked Infantes have been plotting an outrage all the while. Reaching the oak-grove of Corpes, they send Félez Muñoz and all their train ahead, and then, stripping their wives—who are hardly

more than children—they beat them cruelly, and leave them as dead, exposed to the wild beasts of the woodland. Fortunately, Fĕlez Muñoz has suspected evil, and returning without the knowledge of the Infantes, who have resumed their journey, he finds and rescues his unconscious cousins.

The news of the infamous insult put upon him by his sons-in-law is brought to the Cid, who at once demands vengeance of the King, reminding Alphonsus that he, the monarch, had assumed responsibility for the marriages. This the King admits. He summons all his nobles to a solemn court at Toledo, where the Cid is to present his case against the Infantes. Before the great gathering Roderick sets forth the wrongs done him by the recreant sons-in-law. At his demand they are forced to return the battle-swords and the dowries that he had bestowed upon them, and finally it is decreed that they must enter the lists against his chosen champions.

The scene in the open court is marked by vigorous denunciation of the Infantes and their kindred by the Cid and the men of his race, and by an insolent display of bravado on the part of Diego and Fernando. As the King silences their recriminations, two envoys enter the court. They come on behalf of the princes royal of Navarre and Aragon, who seek the hands of the Cid's daughters. With the Cid's assent, the King authorizes these second marriages, and nothing is said about a dissolution of the first marriages, which, however, seems to

follow naturally as a result of the ultimate degradation of the Infantes of Carriôn.

The battle in the lists already decreed comes to pass. The base Infantes and their kinsmen are overcome and great is the woe of those of Carriôn. The *Poema* ends with the bald statement that the Cid's daughters wedded the princes of Navarre and Aragon, and that

> To-day the kings of Spain are his kindred.

This last statement was true of the rulers of the different Christian kingdoms in Spain at the time when the *Poema* was written; after the lapse of centuries it holds still for Alphonsus XIII. One of the Cid's daughters—not both—married into royalty, contracting a union with the Infante of Navarre, and her son became King of Navarre in 1134, and therefore an ancestor of the present royal house of Spain.

In many fundamentals the *Poema* agrees with the story of the Cid as it is given in authentic historical documents; it is unnecessary to insist upon the elements of fact which the poet has made the basis of his account. Being a man of imagination, with especial interests of his own, he has magnified the importance of certain minor events in the actual career of his hero—particularly when they had reference to localities dear to himself; he has disturbed occasionally the chronological order of happenings; he has altered some undoubted facts by exaggeration of them; and, above all, he has idealized the personality of Roderick, the rude warrior, who has

become for him the representative spirit of Castilian patriotism and Christian fervor. Then, too, the author of the *Poema* has introduced into it factors of a fictitious nature which convert what would otherwise be a mere verse chronicle into a truly poetical composition. It is not improbable that the poet found in local tradition, already associated with the name of the Cid, certain of the episodes which he has woven into his narrative; but it is also fair to assume that he had sufficient ability to take them from the universal stock of folk-lore, where they are found, or even from other literary documents, and apply them to the general enhancement of the interest of his subject-matter. In this connection one thinks naturally of the incident of the chests full of sand, and of that of the escape of the lion, both of which are easily paralleled elsewhere in literature and in folklore. For some, the first marriages of the Cid's daughters with the Infantes of Carrión are wholly of the invention of the poet, but Menéndez Pidal, who finds the existence of the Infantes avouched in the archives, deems it not impossible that those marriages actually occurred.

We know naught of the individuality of the author of the *Poema*. Was he a cleric, was he a layman? Opinion is divided on this point: but after all it would seem that the poet was a man of some training, and, as a rule, training was found only in the ranks of the clergy in the 12th century. One thing is certain. The author had some knowledge of the methods of the French epic poems, the *chansons*

de geste, for there are instances of imitation by him of situations and even of verbal characteristics common in the French works. A large influx of French clergy and of French soldiery into Spain, from the 11th century on, as well as the constant resort of the French devout to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in northwestern Spain, throughout the Middle Ages, brought the French poems into the peninsula, and it was only natural that those compositions which affected more or less markedly the literary traditions of mediæval Italy, mediæval Germany, and mediæval England, should also influence the literary traditions of mediæval Spain. But when we cast up the sum total, we find that, after all, the French influence on the *Poema del Cid* does not go far. It is chiefly formal, and does not extend to important details of the poetic substance, which remains essentially of native tradition.

Written at a time when the Spanish language had only just emerged as a literary medium, the *Poema* displays few graces of style. On the other hand, it has none of the turgidness which has become the besetting sin of Spanish literature. The syntax is uninvolved; the movement of the sentence is rapid; and the diction is effective. Figures of speech are rare, indeed; epic formulæ, however, abound, and recur with frequency.

As to the aspect of the language, Old Spanish, it is worth while to say that, despite its antiquity, its graphical conditions are such as to make it not al-

together impossible for one to read it, even with some comfort, although he has hitherto been familiar with only modern Spanish.

Even were we to grant—which we do not—that the metrical structure of the poem is imperfect, because the poet knew not the metrical art, we should still have to express high regard for this genuinely heroic monument of Spanish literature. In the opinion of the late Menéndez y Pelayo, a critic steeped in the lore of classic antiquity, and usually temperate in his appreciations, it is one of the most profoundly Homeric works found in literature as a whole. What constitutes its greatest charm, he thinks, is that it seems to be living poetry, poetry in action, and not merely something sung. It is the product of a mysterious force which has become identified with nature itself, and whose secret we men of cultured times have lost. The personality of the poet, be he minstrel or rhapsodist, matters not at all; he is simply unknown. His subject-matter dominates him, carries him away, takes entire possession of him and puts upon his lips an untaught song. He sees reality as one who is within it, and he has given expression to qualities that have won for his poem its high place among the products of the epic muse.

"Such," continues Menéndez y Pelayo, "is the ardent national sentiment which enlivens it throughout, that the figure of the hero as here traced is for Spaniards a symbol of nationality, and outside of Spain it is confused with the very name of the land.

This is a privilege due not precisely to the grandeur of the deeds narrated, for there are many greater recorded in Spanish history which have never soared aloft on the wings of song, but to the moral temper of the hero, in whom are combined the most noble attributes of the Castilian soul—seriousness of purpose and of speech, simplicity of manner that is familiar yet noble, a natural and easy courtesy, dignity unstrained, imagination rather solid than brilliant, piety more active than contemplative, emotion displayed soberly and circumspectly, . . . conjugal affection rather deep than expansive, the prestige of the domestic bond and of military authority accepted without question, a clear and unimpaired sense of justice, loyalty to the monarch and yet the courage to complain of his excesses, a strange but pleasing mixture of the chivalrous spirit with the rude directness of the people, and a native honesty, full of virile and austere candor."

II

THE HEROIC TRADITION: THE BALLAD

THE balladry of Spain is a priceless heritage, which she has guarded with unremitting care through the ages of her rise to world power, her exercise of imperial sway in two hemispheres, and her return to her condition of a simple European state living its life within its natural geographical boundaries. Already lusty, as positive fact shows, in the 15th century—and, if certain scholars are right in their arguments, vigorous even at the dawn of Spanish literature—the ballad, or, in Spanish, the *romance*, had glorious fortunes in the 16th and 17th centuries, the Golden Age of Spanish letters; was still cherished by the Frenchified spirits who dominated Spanish literary circles under the sway of the Bourbons in the 18th century; in the early 19th century provided fruitful inspiration, in its heroic and legendary forms, to the fervent Romanticists, who molded it to their own purposes with no little success; and to-day, when the 20th century is nearing the end of its first quarter, that same ballad form flourishes among the common folk of Spain who exercise over it the right of ownership and development.

Wherever the spirit of adventure and the yearning for conquest have carried the roving Spaniard,

thither has the ballad gone with him. To the colonies which he founded in the New World he took it, and there it remains and there it thrives, although the colonial power of Spain has faded to naught. In New Mexico, within the territorial bounds of our United States, the peon who still speaks Spanish recites ballads that are redolent of antiquity and frames new ones on subjects of current interest. This has been made manifest by Professor Espinosa, who has collected from the lips of untrained inhabitants of the region precious examples of its balladry. To other painstaking investigators and collectors we are indebted for information respecting the surviving and the newly contrived *romances* of Mexico, Cuba and the several states of South America down as far as Chile. The Phillipines in the Pacific and the Canaries off the coast of Africa testify no less strikingly to the depth to which the ballad has struck root and the strength with which it flourishes and propagates. Nay, even the very outcasts of Spain, the Hebrews exiled at the end of the 15th century, transported the *romances* with their other treasure, and, still speaking Spanish in the linguistically isolated colonies formed by them in Turkey or on the African coasts of the Mediterranean, they have preserved interesting relics of the older ballads and they continue to use the ballad form for the expression of many of the varied experiences of life. From the transcripts made by Danon, Wiener and other folklorists one may readily judge of the close relationship of the Judeo-Spanish

romances to those of the motherland and of the colonial settlements elsewhere in the Old World and in the New.

The name *romance* points to the Latin adverb, *romanice*. Originally *loqui* or *fabulare romanice* signified speaking in the Roman manner, i. e., of speech, and more particularly in the Vulgar Latin that the Roman colonists and soldiery took to the various Roman colonies, among them, Spain. Developing into a noun, the word came to signify the neo-Latin or Romance Languages evolved out of the popular Latin and, in Spain, was, at the beginning of the period of literary productivity, applied to any kind of composition in the new vernacular. By degrees, it is not known how early, but at least by the 15th century, it began to denote specifically the brief epico-lyric compositions which formed the original stock of Spanish balladry; and it is with these that we are now dealing.

One is tempted to see, in the appropriation of so general a term to so special a form of composition out of the many that have come into being in Spanish, a proof of the antiquity no less than the inherent importance of the genre, in other words, to regard the ballad as a form coexistent with the heroic lives and achievements of those old Spanish warriors of the 8th to the 11th century, that are celebrated in the traditional among the ballads. That there are no written survivals of such early ballads, that we know of nothing of the sort as committed to writing prior to the 15th century, would simply

imply that they had an oral existence only, that they were pure folklore and had not attained to the dignity of permanent record. Consider the history of the popular drama in Spain during the Middle Ages. We have preserved in writing but one play in Castilian from the whole period extending from the 12th century down to the middle of the 15th; yet we have sufficient evidence that dramatic performances in Spanish were given during that long stretch of time. With respect to the ballads it is possible to argue that they were regarded by men of any training as being but a popular pastime and unworthy of their notice. When, in the first half of the 15th century, the great Marquis of Santillana mentions them in a famous letter of his, which is really a brief history of early Spanish literature, he seems to treat of them as something already well established in popular favor but as worthy only of his contempt. As long as the writers had no esteem for the ballads, these could not, of course, enter into the categories of literary forms.

All this is speculation; still it was formerly believed that out of ballads, at least as old as the oldest period of composition in the language, there grew, by accretions of several of them, or by the expansion of individuals among them, the epic poetry actually preserved to us and that which is supposed to be discernible through accounts of heroic happenings given in the Chronicles. The theory of the epico-lyric genesis of the epic, originated probably by the Frenchman D'Aubignac,

is familiar to us through the endeavors made to explain by it the origin of the epic poetry of the Greeks, as exemplified in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* of the Germans, as we view it particularly in the *Nicbelungenlied;* and of the French as we know it in the splendid *Song of Roland* and other *chansons de geste.* The theory is, of course, that heroic personages and events were first celebrated in short songs—our epico-lyric ballads, if you like—coeval with the heroes and happenings that they sang; and that later these short songs grew into lengthy epic poems through the workings of a unifying spirit, gifted with an active sense of artistry, a spirit which, in the case of Greek literature, we know as a Homer.

Apropos of the French epic poetry, the *chansons de geste,* this theory has recently been impugned by Professor Bédier, who does not give credence to the belief that the *chansons de geste* were evolved out of brief songs or *cantilènes.* In so far as the Spanish epic material is concerned, the theory met with some objection, soon after the middle of the 19th century, from the able critic and historian, Milá y Fontanals, and to his ideas an elaborate development has been given by Professor Menéndez Pidal, who spoke to us on the subject, not long ago, at Harvard University.

In the opinion of Menéndez Pidal—and he has the adherence of the late critic, Menéndez y Pelayo,—the Spanish ballad as a specific form did not exist before the Old Spanish epopee, but is the result of a

disintegration of the latter. The very earliest of the extant ballads do not antedate the 15th century, when they, but few in number, are found in certain *Cancioneros* or collections of lyrics. It is to be admitted, however, that the 14th century possessed examples of the kind, because references in works by writers of that time imply their existence. Now, argues Menéndez Pidal, the epics in Spanish enjoyed favor for a couple of centuries or so, but by the 14th century the people began to weary of hearing the *juglar*, the popular entertainer, chant or recite the protracted epic accounts of a hero's exploits, and when the *juglar* appeared in their midst to regale them with his poetic wares, they demanded of him the recitation or singing of only the more exciting and interesting portions of his lengthy poems. Short episodic snatches of the epics were the parts that struck the popular fancy; for them the people clamored; and consequently, by dint of constant and separate recitation, these episodic portions gained an entity of their own. These, says Menéndez Pidal, were the original Spanish ballads, heroic in their nature, because they derive from an antecedent national epic celebrating the feats of old Spanish heroes. On the model of these favorite bits carved out of the ancient epics and thus becoming ballads, Menéndez Pidal further maintains that the people—or, if you will, the popular entertainers, the *juglares*—composed similar ballads, some of which continued to commemorate the ancient heroes, while others concerned themselves with contem-

porary personages and events, such, for example, as those of the reign of Peter the Cruel. The vogue grew, and hence our rich Spanish balladry.

Perhaps one may gain an idea of the feasibility of such a process of devolution of the ballad, as Professor Menéndez Pidal sees it, by considering what might happen, and possibly is happening, to some of our extensive narrative poems in English, which no longer enjoy the very great popularity that once was theirs. For some reason, possibly because we have lost our relish for romantic narrative in verse, we disdain to read these poems in their entirety. Yet we do not discard them wholly. We still read and re-read, even commit to memory, parts of them which have for us a certain impressiveness, which are often the same parts that the Anthologies cull out of them as illustrative of the best in them. Familiar with these extracts, we may go so far in our neglect of the whole compositions whence they derive, as to forget the nature of these latter, their titles, and the names of their authors. The extracts exist in and for themselves now. As children and even later in our lives, have not many of us declaimed the lines so justly remembered for their condemnation of the man without a country?

> Lives there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said:
> This is my own, my native land? . . .

We need not continue the quotation; few will admit that they do not know the passage in question.

Yet, how many of us can recall the title of the long poem from which this is but a very short extract? Do we all remember that it comes from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* and that Scott wrote it? Beyond a doubt, these verses have taken the popular fancy. What if the people desire other brief poetic declamations extolling a good or decrying a bad quality, or, if we may pass from the abstract to the concrete, brief accounts in verse of men and deeds exemplifying the virtues of patriotism or the vicious effects of its opposite? Can not a poetic genre come into being on the model of our passage from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel?* May not something parallel to the Spanish heroic ballads be the result? There is no need to press the issue further, for it has no pertinency for the history of English literature; we are satisfied if it helps to illustrate the theory of Menéndez Pidal.

The theory which Menéndez Pidal has elaborated, which before him was apprehended by Milá y Fontanals, and before Milá—although few are aware of this—by the noble South-American scholar and poet, Andrés Bello, has its attractions for the student of Spanish literature. We might, of course, admit it for Spain, without in the least impugning the validity of the opposite theory, that of the evolution of the epic out of the ballad, for Greece, Germany and France. The circumstances in Spain would seem, at least to the average student, to be met satisfactorily by the explanation which it affords.

But there are those scholars who maintain that

only the proverbial Scotch verdict can be rendered when Menéndez Pidal's case is submitted to the court of careful judgment. Notable among them is Professor Lang of Yale University, who declares it rash to assume that ballads did not exist in oral tradition long prior to the 15th century. He has arguments favoring their presence in the early period of Spanish literary activity, and declares that it is unwarranted to see long epic poems rather than short ballads back of the narratives of heroic deeds preserved in chronicles since the 13th century and there confessedly based on the accounts sung by the minstrels.

For Professor Lang the ballads are at least as old as the earliest preserved epic, that on the Cid; he believes that the history of their origin is probably bound up with that of the lyric poetry of Galicia in northwestern Spain. Thus he states his arguments:

(1) Castile had no epic poems of large proportions before the *Poema del Cid;* therefore, before the middle of the 12th century.

(2) Poems like the *Poema del Cid* or the conjectured epic on the Infantes de Lara—which Menéndez Pidal would reconstitute on the basis of the prose narrative, with vestiges of an original verse form in it, found in the *Crónica General* and its redactions,—are not popular poems in the sense in which Menéndez Pidal takes them to be such, but literary productions.

(3) The *Poema del Cid* is not in the same class with the Homeric poems or the French epics, be-

cause it is in the first place isolated in Castilian literature and in the second place largely due to cultural conditions introduced from abroad. Parenthetically let us say that we regard Professor Lang as going somewhat too far in this statement.

(4) For these reasons alone, if not for others, the ballad, in so far as it is considered a popular type, cannot be the result of a degenerate art, that is, a result of the breaking up of alleged popular epics of unknown or irregular versification. Besides, the texts which are generally admitted to be true specimens of the ballad-type, both in the literary traditions of the 15th and 16th centuries, and in the folklore of the Hispanic world to-day, differ regarding their *strophic* form and the *verse* form employed; they are compositions with or without refrain, with stanzas of four lines or without such clear division, in the octosyllable or the *verso de redondilla menor*. It has not been proved, nor has even an attempt been made to prove, that all these forms sprang from the supposed decadent epic. They show, on the contrary, that their models or musical bases must have existed before. As a matter of fact, narrative poems of the same structure are preserved in the literary traditions of the 12th century, that is, long before the alleged decay of the long epic is supposed to have taken place Finally, it is to be assumed that the short, simple narrative form, that of the ballad, is the original one consistent with the social conditions of Spain.

Professor Lang is an acknowledged authority on

the early lyric forms of the Spanish peninsula, especially those of the Portuguese (Galician) School existing in the 13th century, a time when even the great Spanish king, Alphonsus X, to whose efforts a great bulk of prose composition in Castilian is due, wrote his verse in Portuguese. The methods of the Portuguese or Galician lyric were certainly communicated to Spanish lyric composition by the 14th century, and the question which Professor Lang means soon to discuss is the relation of those lyric forms to those of the ballads. Not knowing what trend his arguments will take in this connection, we cannot now say aught regarding their plausibility; it is meet, however, to bear in mind that the great majority of the extant traditional or heroic ballads in Castilian do not use varying meters and rhyme schemes or regular strophic divisions, but have the double octosyllabic line, which we have admitted as the original verse line of the *Poema del Cid*. Using an English example, we cannot convey any more vivid idea of the metrical make-up of this line, which by all odds is, with its accompanying assonanced ending, the favorite verse form of the Spanish race, than by quoting from *Hiawatha*, treating, as without effort can be done, two of Longfellow's short lines as forming one verse:

Ye who love a nation's legends, Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike, Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—Listen to this Indian legend, etc.

For his use of this meter Longfellow acknowledged indebtedness to the Finnish epic, *Kalevala*, which he had examined in the original and in the German verse translation of it that copied its form. Perhaps we may be excused for intimating that his acquaintance with its effective employment in Spanish balladry had something to do with his determination to avail himself of it for *Hiawatha*.

Up to the present but scant attention has been paid to study of the musical accompaniment of the ballads. When the musical elements have been investigated properly, new light may be cast on the question of origins. No great amount of notice has been accorded, either, to the history of the association of the ballad or *romance* with dancing; and as the people of Spain dance even to day to the rhythm of sung ballads, there is here a field of exploration which may well repay endeavor and help to clear up details of the general subject.

We must not tarry too long in our discussion of origins. The subject is engrossing, and has undoubtedly interested before now those of us who have followed Professors Child, Kittredge and Gummere through their illuminating researches into the origins and development of the English ballad and of communal poetry in general. At the risk of being boresome, we may now state what seem to be conclusions:

As a general proposition there is nothing unsound about the argument that there were in Spanish epico-lyric songs contemporary with the Old Spanish

events and heroes from the 8th century on, that are celebrated in them. Back in the 16th century the notably good Spanish scholar, Argote de Molina, appears to have assumed that ballads were the source of the chronicle details avowedly drawn from the stock of minstrelsy. On the other hand, modern Spanish scholars, particularly Milá y Fontanals, Menéndez y Pelayo, and Menéndez Pidal, seem to admit only extensive epic compositions as the source of the poetic material taken up in the chronicles. Menéndez y Pelayo does not hesitate to affirm that these long poems came down through the years by *oral transmission* to the compilers of the chronicles. Confining our attention to the early and traditional among the ballads that we actually have, we venture to declare:

(1) That certain among them may well run back through oral channels to the heroic age which they commemorate. These stand independent of any developed epopee.

(2) That some of the early preserved ballads—above all some of those on the Cid—have so close resemblance to passages of the known epic material that there is always the possibility of their having been simply those passages, which because they were popular favorites, the minstrels recited as separate compositions, refashioning them, perhaps, as time went on.

(3) That some of the traditional ballads have so obvious affinities with the heroic stories as preserved in the chronicles that we are inclined to believe them

based on just those chronicle accounts. Let it not be forgotten, however, that back of those chronicle accounts lay still earlier poems, whether ballads, as Professor Lang insists is possible, or epics, as is maintained by Menéndez Pidal.

When we have to deal with ballads which are not of the traditional category, but are clearly erudite and artistic compositions of 16th century or the 17th, and are often by known authors, we have no hesitation in declaring that they drew their matter directly from the chronicles, or were modeled upon the existing traditional ballads. In their turn these artistic ballads were made the subject of constant imitation by later ones of their kind.

Out of the more than 2,000 Spanish ballads that have actually been collected, only a small proportion can be classified as traditional. The rest show the ballad form perpetuated and now utilized for various purposes, for example, to record current historical happenings from the age of Peter the Cruel on; or to set forth incidents of the border warfare between the Christians and the Moors of Granada (these are the so-called *romances fronterizos*); or to repeat in a more ornate and, all too often, in a more artificial manner, the substance of the traditional and heroic ballads; or to permit the author, who is sometimes a well-known poet, to indulge the free play of his own fancy. Many of the later ballads tend to become so wholly lyrical to the exclusion of all narrative elements, that it is a question whether they should be classified at all among epico-lyrical

compositions, of which they have retained only the meter and the assonance. If some of the ballads, without changing the traditional external form, thus incline to become purely lyrical in subject and treatment, on the other hand we find full rhyme and other meters than that of the double octosyllabic line entering into the artistic ballads that still treat of the old heroic material. The appearance of these elements is an argument against antiquity in the case of the individual ballad.

When in quest of Spanish ballads, one seeks them in collections. Of these none was made prior to the 16th century. A few early specimens are found scattered through manuscript *cancioneros* or collections of lyrics of the 15th century, With the activity of the printing-press in the first half of the 16th century, broad-sheets containing separate ballads or groups of them began to appear. Then, about or just before 1550, there was published the first important collection which is ostensibly one of ballads, the so-called *Cancionero de romances*. This came forth at Antwerp and does not itself bear any date. New editions of it, however, were soon issued, beginning with one of 1550. In that same year there was put forth at Saragossa the *Silva de varios romances*. These publications contain the greater number of the really old ballads known to us. Into later collections entered those that show erudite and artistic treatment and those dealing with matters of many sorts. Among them are the Moorish ballads, which pretend to handle Moorish life and

customs, but in reality have hardly anything of Moorish origin in them; and among them also are ballads of an amorous, chivalresque, satirical, or buffoon nature, and even parodies, too.

On the basis of the various accumulations there were formed the *Romancero general* of 1600 and the *Segunda Parte del Romancero general* of 1605, which were followed by many lesser collections in which we see the ever growing tendency to use the ballad form for purely lyrical purposes. Besides, there were a separate collection of ballads on the Cid, made by Escobar and issued in 1612, and one embracing only ballads on the Infantes de Lara along with a number on the Cid, made by Fr. Metge and printed in 1626.

To great folklorists like Jakob Grimm (1815) and Depping (1817) the value of the Spanish ballads was manifest and they showed their appreciation by reprinting selections of them. Now we reach the *Romancero general* of Durán, of which the second edition appeared between 1849 and 1851. This provides us with the richest assemblage of ballads of all sorts and from all periods; but it is defective in methods of arrangement. One interested only in the traditional ballads and in the best text of them will resort, not to Durán, copious though his collection is, but to the *Primavera y Flor de Romances* of Wolf and Hofmann (Berlin, 1856). This has been reprinted with additions and corrections by Menéndez y Pelayo (1899), who discusses the whole subject of Spanish balladry with admirable clear-

ness and fullness in the Introduction to his edition. It is hardly necessary to say that zealous folklorists are constantly adding by their discoveries to the material already accessible. Menéndez Pidal is industriously at work upon the corpus of all the available material, and from him we may expect a work that will supersede all else that we now have.

Now let us pass in review some of the traditional ballads and also some of the artistic examples reflecting their manner, and try to appreciate how Spanish heroic matter was treated in epico-lyric fashion. For those who cannot read these ballads in the original text, it is quite possible to get a conception of the subject-matter and tone of some of them—though not of their true metrical and assonating principles—from the versions of J. G. Lockhart and James Young Gibson, to mention two of the more deserving English translators. Unfortunately, these men did not pay so much attention to the older ballads as they did to the more recent among those treating traditional subjects.

Before we begin our illustration, it will be well to listen to the succinct characterization of the typical ballad which a young American scholar, Professor Morley, has given: "Since modern criticism first became interested in popular poetry, the old Spanish *romances* have been famous as embodying its most desirable qualities. Spontaneity, freshness, the substitution of dialogue for narrative, boldness of psychology, are characteristics which they possess in common with the best folk songs of

other lands. The beauties peculiar to themselves may be summed up as laconic realism and unfailing dignity. The *romance* is always close to life. It knows nothing of the elves and fairies so intimately associated with the folklore of northern peoples, nor of hammer-hurling gods quarreling among themselves and intervening in the affairs of men; and it is equally innocent of the melancholy yearning expressed in the plaintive refrains of the *Folkeviser*. On the other side, the *romance* never falls into the commonplace, as do so many French popular songs, children of a later and less heroic age. Its closest parallel is the English and Scottish ballad, which resembles it in freedom and spirit, with the addition of greater flexibility and variety.

The *romance* tells in vigorous clear-cut phrases a story stripped of ornament and unnecessary verbiage; it begins and ends abruptly, and leaves behind the impression of a single episode perfectly outlined. It is never trivial and seldom humorous, except with a grim humor not far removed from tragedy. Direct, dramatic and earnest, the Spanish ballads have called forth enthusiastic praise from critics of many nations."

Making our survey according to the cycles of Spanish heroic tradition as it is represented in the ballads, we go back to the story of Roderick the Goth, whose criminal love for the daughter of one of his vassals, Count Julian, earned him the hatred of that injured father. In his desire for revenge, Julian is said to have brought the Moors into Spain

to war upon King Roderick, and they, after a series of battles, inflicted a signal defeat upon him in 711, causing his fall and that of the Visigothic monarchy. There is very little that is really historical in the legend, but a 14th century form of the *Crónica General* evidences the existence of an early poetical treatment of it. No very old ballad belongs to this cycle, but there is a famous one of the 16th century which begins:

Las huestes de Don Rodrigo

and which we may read in Lockhart's version.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw the field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepped to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed: his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see—
Thence all about of that wild rout his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks
like rain:—

Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no King am I:
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,
To-night not one I call mine own:—not one pertains to me.

Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seniory!
Unhappy me that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow are thou, why fearest thou to smite?"

As to Roderick's ultimate fate after his last battle, one legendary account has it that he did penance for the carnal sin through which he had brought ruin to his land by shutting himself up in a tomb and letting himself be slowly gnawed to death by a serpent. There is a reference to this punishment in the *Don Quixote*, and it is recalled to day in popular ballads sung by the folk of Asturias in northern Spain. Roderick's story was given currency by a novelesque chronicle concocted by one Miguel de Luna as well as by the ballads, and its fortunes abroad show themselves in the use of it by Scott (*The Vision of Don Roderick*), by Southey (*Roderick, the Last of the Goths*) and by Washington Irving (*Legends of the Conquest of Spain*). At home inspiration was drawn from it by Lope de Vega in his play, *El postrer Godo de España*, and by the leading Romantic poets of the 19th century, Rivas (*Florinda*),

Espronceda (*Pelayo*), and Zorrilla (*El puñal del Godo* and *La calentura*). Victor Hugo made use of the ballad which we have cited in one of *Les Orientales*, and Landor shows his knowledge of another ballad of the cycle in the fourth Act of *Count Julian*.

As a rule it is Castilian warriors that figure in the heroic tradition of Spain, but a northern hero, an Asturian, alleged to have been of the 8th century, when, of course, the Moors had overrun and held Castile, is the center of one cycle of ballads. His legend is an elaboration of the minstrels; it contains only the most tenuous thread of fact. According to it, this hero, Bernardo del Carpio, was the result of the unsanctioned union of Ximena (Jimena), sister of King Alphonsus the Chaste of northern Spain, and the Spanish Count Sancho of Saldaña. The angry monarch cloistered Ximena and imprisoned Saldaña, and had Bernardo brought up at court in ignorance of his high origin. Blood tells, however; Bernardo became the great champion of his country and headed her forces in resisting successfully the invading armies of the Frankish Charlemagne. In a development of the legend, Bernardo is made the slayer of Roland at the battle of Roncesvalles. Learning the truth respecting his own birth and the fate of his father, Bernardo goes to the King and demands Saldaña's release. Alphonsus consents to this in return for the surrender to him by Bernardo of certain important strongholds that he has, and the possession of which makes him a dangerous person with whom to reckon. It is

agreed that the symbolic surrender of the fortresses and the delivery of the father shall occur at a certain place on a certain day. When, however, the King sends his officers to take the now aged Count from his jail, they find that he has just died. But the King is desirous of the strongholds, and therefore he directs that the corpse is to be brought, mounted on horseback, as though the Count were alive, to the place of meeting. There Bernardo keeps his part of the bargain only to learn, too late, that the King has deceived him and has given him a dead body. The chronicle accounts reflect much of what the old Spanish minstrels sang about Bernardo, and seem to have vestiges of the verses as such. There are some forty-six ballads dealing with him. One of these, *Con cartas y mensajeros*, is really ancient; the others can derive from nothing earlier than the chronicles. Here is the ancient ballad, which expresses the enmity between the King and Bernardo, after the King's deception.

Messengers and letters both to El Carpio sent the King;
Ever wary is Bernardo, treachery he now inferred;
On the ground the letters cast he, to the messenger he spake:
"Messenger thou art, my friend, censure thou deservest none.
Still, unto the king who sent thee, take thou back this word from me:
Say that I esteem him not, nay, nor those who rally round him;
Yet, to learn his will of me, thither do I list to go."
So he had his men assemble; in this wise to them he spake:
"Men of mine, four hundred are ye, ye who daily eat my bread;

To el Carpio go one hundred; they shall guard el Carpio well;
O'er the highway go one hundred; they shall let no man pass by;
I shall take with me two hundred, converse with the King to hold.
Should his speech to me be ill, worse to him shall be retorted."
He has made the journey's stages; at the court he has arrived.
"God preserve thee, noble King; yea, and all who rally round thee."
"Welcome has thou none, Bernardo, traitor son of father base.
As a fief I gave El Carpio; thou dost call it thine estate."
"King, thou liest, yea, thou liest, thou dost not declare the truth.
Yet, were I a traitor foul, thou in part would'st be to blame.
Of El Encinal have thought, and what happened in that place,
When the men from foreign parts brought thee to so sorry plight;
For they slew thy steed beneath thee, and thyself they sought to slay.
'Twas a traitor, one Bernardo, from their midst did pluck thee forth.
Then thou gavest me El Carpio, under oath as mine estate.
Thou didst promise me my father, but thy troth thou didst not keep."
"Seize and hold him, oh, my knights! he has dared to beard me here."
"Hasten hither, my two hundred, ye, who daily eat my bread;
For at last the day has come, when we all shall honor gain."
When the King had heard these words, in this fashion he did speak.
"What means this, oh, my Bernardo? Why art thou so stirred to wrath?

What a man says but in jesting, wilt thou take as said in earnest?
I did give to thee El Carpio, under oath, as thine estate."
"Jests like thine, oh, King Alfonso, are not seemly jests to jest,
Thou didst brand me as a traitor, traitor son of father base.
Now I will not keep El Carpio; keep it to thyself, oh, King;
But when I shall list to have it, I shall well know how to take it."

A more recent ballad, realizing this same scene of recrimination between the King and Bernardo, has been translated by Lockhart. Bernardo still lives in the oral tradition of Asturias; the late Juan Menéndez Pidal gathered from the lips of the peasantry there three ballads that they sing about him: and in chap-book form his story is still hawked about. When Juan de la Cueva established the historical drama in the first half of the 16th century, one of the legendary subjects treated by him was the story of Bernardo del Carpio.

The real, although not the nominal, emancipation of Castile from the suzerainty of Leon, dates from the time of its battlesome Count, Fernán González, who fought in the 10th century, and who became the personification of Castilian patriotism in its struggles against the tyranny of the overlord, the Leonese king. In the popular conception he is the greatest old Spanish hero after the Cid. History tells us of his campaigns against the Moors and also against the Christians of both Navarre and Leon: and in heroic poetry his fame was magnified. In a learned and monastic composition of the 13th

century we see, him treated in epic fashion, and back of this composition we can apprehend an earlier popular handling of his story. The verse legends about him have also been taken up in the *Crónica General*. Three of the ballads about him are of some antiquity and, in the opinion of Milá y Fontanals and Menéndez Pidal, the best of these, that beginning: *Castellanos y Leoneses*, is a variation of an episode in the earlier epic treatment of him. The only details of his legend of importance to us now relate to his double captivity at the hands of Christians; once when he went to the court of Navarre, by invitation, to wed the sister of the Navarrese king and was treacherously imprisoned, but was released by the princess, who fled with him and became his bride; a second time at the court of Leon, when again the lady, now his wife, set him free, in this case by entering his cell in the disguise of a pilgrim and exchanging garments with him, so that he was enabled to issue forth unchallenged. The early ballads do not take up a wholly fictitious element of his legend, according to which he secured the release of Castile from all fealty to the crown of Leon through the sale to the Leonese monarch of a wonderful horse and a no less marvelous hawk that he possessed. Yielding to the importunate requests of the King, Fernando sold them to him with the stipulation that, if the purchase price were not paid by a stated date, it should double for each day that it remained unpaid. Fernando did not press for payment until the date was long gone by; then

when he requested his money, it was found, by a simple calculation in geometrical progression, that there was not treasure enough in the world to meet the obligation. In default of other means of redeeming the royal word, the King had to agree to the only terms that would satisfy Fernando, and the latter insisted upon the emancipation of Castile. The method of explaining the fact is fanciful, but the fact is that virtual emancipation came about in Fernando's lifetime. The ballad *Castellanos y Leoneses*, already mentioned, gives full expression to the feelings of enmity between Fernán González, as the chief noble and real ruler of Castile, and the King of Leon:

Strife is raging fierce and baleful 'twixt Leon and fair Castile;
Words insulting have been bandied, taunts that show the wrath they feel,
Twixt the Count Fernán González and King Sancho of Leon.
O'er their lands they are disputing, where to place each boundary stone;
Hand on sword, each dares the other, flinging off his mantle rare;
Nor can truce be made between them by the courtiers standing there:
But two brothers come before them; blessed men of God are they;
To a fortnight's truce they pledge them; they will brook no more delay;
And to Carrión's broad meadows must the noble couple go.
If the King arises early, the good Count's no sluggard, no:
Forth from Burgos fared González, from Leon forth Sancho fared;
At the ford of Carrión as they met, their anger flared;

While their trains disputed hotly as to which should cross the stream.
Sancho rode his mule about, smiling aye with joy supreme;
But Fernando, grim and haughty, forward spurred his nimble steed,
Cast on Sancho sand and water by his movement full of speed.
Quoth then Sancho, that good monarch, pallid was his face with ire:
"Most uncivil art thou, County, arrogant to one much higher;
Were there not the truce between us, which we to the monks have sworn,
From thy shoulders thy proud head even now I should have shorn;
And thy life-blood, gushing from thee, this clear river would have dyed."
Boldly then the Count responded; he could never threats abide;
"What thou saist, good King, I doubt it; ill prepared art thou to try.
On a sleek mule thou art mounted, on a courser swift am I;
Thou a silken doublet wearest, link of mail for coat I wear;
Showy sword of gold thou bearest, in my hand a lance I bear;
If thou hast a royal scepter, I a sharpened dart have here;
Thine are gloves of scented leather, gauntlets mine of steel most clear;
Holiday attire thy cap is; helm of proof is mine, indeed;
Thou hast five score men on mule-back; fifteen score on steeds I lead."
As they thus each other taunted, lo, the monks haste to the place:
"Gentlemen, be still! we beg you, hush! ye men of noble race.

Solemnly the truce ye swore us, but that truce ye keep it badly."
Spake the good King Sancho then: "I the truce would keep full gladly."
But the Count responded stoutly: "Here I stand and hold the field."
Sancho does not cross the ford; Sancho sees that he must yield;
Backward to his land departing, bitter is the wrath he shows;
Anguish dire the monarch suffers, swearing loudly, as he goes,
Death unto Fernán González, and destruction to his county.
Then to court he called his nobles, summoned those who take his bounty.
All have come with one exception, for the Count does not obey.
To the Count there goes a message, bidding him make no delay;
And the message from the monarch was delivered in this way.

Our next cycle is particularly rich in old ballads; it is that of the Seven Infantes of Lara. Their legend is one of the most tragically imposing in all mediæval literature. Although there is extant no professedly epic poem about them, the researches of Menéndez Pidal have tended to prove that the *Crónica General*, in its different redactions, contains the substance and even long passages of the actual verse form of lost *cantares* or epics relating their sad fate. It will be remembered that Professor Lang contends that the lost poetical sources of the chronicle narrative may as well have been very early ballads as epic poems.

According to the chronicles and the ballads the

seven Infantes of the district of Lara in Castile came to the wedding festivities of their aunt, Doña Lambra, who had just married their liege lord, Don Rodrigo de Lara. Punishing a servant who had offended him, the youngest of the Infantes grievously injured the feelings of his aunt, who swore bloody revenge upon him and all his family. She prevailed upon her spouse, Rodrigo, to plan that revenge. This he did. He sent the father of the Infantes, Gonzalo Gustioz, on a pretended mission to the Moorish ruler at Cordova. The sealed letters carried by Gonzalo requested the Moor to slay him; but, instead of doing so, the Moor imprisoned Gonzalo under the care of his own sister, a Moorish princess. In the meantime, Rodrigo de Lara calls all his liege men together for the ostensible purpose of inaugurating a campaign against the Moors. The Infantes, accompanied by their old *ayo* or tutor, answer the call. Rodrigo has secretly arranged with the Moors to lead the vanguard of his forces, which is to contain the young Infantes, into an ambush which the Moors are to prepare. All this is done. The Infantes, surrounded by superior numbers of the enemy, thus conniving with Rodrigo, all perish after fighting desperately. Their heads, along with that of their tutor, are cut off by the Moors and taken off to Cordova. There the Moorish ruler requests their father to identify the heads of certain Christians who have been slain. The father, undertaking to do this, takes head after head out of the bag in which they have been brought to him, and doing so,

recognizes child after child of his own. Over each head he utters a lament both proud and pathetic, praising the virtues of the dead son. The latter part of the legend is more romantic. After the lapse of some years, Gonzalo, the father, is allowed to return from prison to Castile, where his wife, Doña Sancha, is living in misery, and where with her he has to undergo persecution from Doña Lambra and her treacherous husband. Before leaving Cordova, Gonzalo breaks in two a ring, and, giving half of it to the princess, bids her to deliver it to her child by him, when that child shall have reached man's estate. Growing up, the boy Mudarra, of half Moorish and half Spanish origin, learns the truth of his parentage and the sad story of his father and and his half-brothers. With a force of captive Christians, who are released to him, he goes to Castile, is acknowledged by Gonzalo, and, after killing the evil uncle Rodrigo in an encounter, finally wreaks vengeance on the aunt who had caused all the trouble. The most celebrated ballad of the cycle begins with the words: *A cazar va don Rodrigo.*

There are versions of it by both Lockhart and Gibson. That of Lockhart is exceedingly free; that of Gibson is somewhat closer to the original, but gives too highly developed a lyric form to it. We quote Gibson:

A-hunting went the noble knight,
And Don Rodrigo was he hight,
  Rodrigo, he of Lara;
The noon-day heat was very great.

Beneath a shady beech he sate,
And cursed the young Mudarra;
"Thou son of Moorish maid," quoth he,
"If I should lay my hands on thee,
Thou bastard of a curséd race,
I'd tear thy heart from out its place."

Thus spoke the lordling in his pride;
A stranger youth came to his side,
And due obeisance made;
"Sir knight, God's blessing rest on thee,
Beneath the green and shady tree;"
The knight he bowed, and said:
"Good squire, thy coming it is blest,
Pray sit thee down a while and rest!"
"Nay, good sir knight, before I go,
Thine honored name I fain would know."

Then up and spake the knight of fame:
"'Tis Don Rodrigo is my name,
Rodrigo, I, of Lara;
My sister, Lady Sancha fair,
Wedded Gonzalo, Lara's heir;
My nephews were the youthful band,
Whose fate is known through all the land,
The seven sons of Lara;
I wait Mudarra in this glade,
Son of the curséd Moorish maid;
If he were now before my sight,
I'd tear his heart out to the light."

"If thou hast come from Lara's stem,
And Don Rodrigo is thy name,
Then I'm the young Mudarra,
Born of the Moorish renegade,
Gonzalo's son by Moorish maid;

I am the Lady Sancha's heir,
And these, they were my brothers fair,
The seven sons of Lara;
Their lives, O traitor, thou didst sell,
In dark Arabiana's dell,
May God above be in my aid,
And I will lay thee with the dead!"

"Wait here a space within this field,
Till I shall bring my sword and shield,
I'll fight with thee, Mudarra!"
"The space thou gavest them, I'll give,
One moment more thou hast to live;
Go, traitor, to thy doom below,
My father's curse and Sancha's foe!"
Struck home the young Mudarra.

When Juan de la Cueva inaugurated the historical drama in Spain, the legend of the Infantes de Lara was another of the sources whence he drew his plots. After him many playwrights have sought inspiration in the same material, and like Lope de Vega, in his *Bastardo Mudarra*, some have preferred to handle the more romantic story of the young Moor rather than the savage and tragic details of the first part of the legend. Still, the rather poor play of Matos Fragoso written before 1650, *El traidor contra su sangre*, is not so limited in scope, and it has also better fortunes than it deserves, for it is performed to-day even in the very region of the Infantes de Lara. With much better literary effect than in the drama of Matos Fragoso the old tradition was revived, during the movement of 19th

century Romanticism, by the Duke of Rivas, whose splendid narrative poem, *El Moro expósito*, is in no way inferior to the best of Scott's verse romances.

Our inspection of the traditional ballads reaches its proper conclusion with the cycle of those dealing with the Cid; and this is the richest of all. In her particular ballad-book of the Cid, Señora Michaelis de Vasconcellos, one of the best folklorists in the peninsula, has gathered 205 of them. Of these about a dozen date from the 15th century; some of the most attractive and most justly famous belong to the 16th century at the earliest, and are of the category of artistic ballads. The more ancient of the Cid ballads have relations to the poetic material in the chronicles and also to that badly garbled 14th century document, the *Rodrigo*, or *Rhymed Chronicle of the Cid*, which has the first account of the Cid's youthful deeds and of his union with Ximena, the heroine of Guillén de Castro's play, *Las Mocedades del Cid*, and the Chiméne of Corneille's play, *Le Cid*. By the more than eighty verse translations of Gibson the *Romancero* of the Cid may be appreciated in many of its phases. As a picture of wedding festivities in the sixteenth century, to which it belongs, the following ballad, describing the Cid's marriage procession, is of no little interest.

They come from church and altar,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bishop Calvo leads the way,
The Cid is by his side.

The rank and wealth of Burgos
In gay procession march
Along the street with rushes strewn
Beneath a noble arch.

The windows and the balconies
Are decked with hangings gay;
The minstrels chant a thousand songs
To greet them on the way.

The banners wave, the pennons stream,
And music fills the air;
The country folks are wild with joy,
And mirth is everywhere.

Out comes Pelayo, smartly dressed,
With horns to ape the bull;
The lads and lasses caper round,
To dance and play the fool.

Out comes the merry Antolín,
A humble ass rides he;
He makes it prance and curvet so,
It is a sight to see.

Stout Pelaez, with bladder and peas,
Bounds forth with clattering noise,
And buffets all the people round,
To please the shouting boys.

A nimble page, in devil's dress,
Pursues the shrieking ladies;
The King has hired him, horn and hoof,
For sixteen maravedis.

Behind them all Ximena comes,
Led by the royal hand;
The Queen, her sponsor, walks beside,
With all the bridal band.

From every open window
A shower of wheat descends;
The King receives it in his cap,
Her head Ximena bends.

The golden grains were on her neck,
And down her bosom fell;
The King was fain to gather them,
He liked the duty well.

Cries envious Suero, with a grin,
That all might understand:
"'Tis mighty fine to be the King,
But I would be the hand!"

The laughing monarch gave his plume
To pay the saucy jest,
And vowed the bride must kiss the youth
Before she went to rest.

With merry talk the King goes on,
But not a word says she;
Her silence is more eloquent
Than any words could be.

They enter through the palace gate;
The gallant King and gay
Conducts her to the banquet-hall,
And feasting ends the day.

III

CERVANTES: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

As a beginning for our consideration of the immortal Cervantes, nothing could be more appropriate than to quote the tribute paid to him by one of our American poets, William Cullen Bryant, at a gathering in New York, on April 23d, 1878, in commemoration of his death:

As o'er the laughter-moving page
  Thy readers, oh, Cervantes, bend,
What shouts of mirth, through age on age,
  From every clime of earth ascend!

For not in thy fair Spain alone,
  But in the sunny tropic isles,
And far to either frozen zone,
  Thy memory lives embalmed in smiles.

Dark woods, when thou didst hold the pen,
  Clothed this great land from sea to sea,
Where millions of the sons of men
  Now take delight in honoring thee.

To thy renown the centuries bring
  No shadow of a coming night:
The keen, bright shafts which thou didst fling
  At folly still are keen and bright.

Indulging his spritely fancy in the Letter Dedicatory of the Second Part of the *Don Quixote*, Cervantes

pretends that the Emperor of China has despatched a special messenger, requesting the author to send him the novel, because the mighty ruler plans to found a college in which the Castilian tongue shall be taught and desires that the story of Don Quixote shall be the book studied for the purpose. Cervantes is here jesting; his tone is one of pleasantry and not of boastfulness. Yet, this playful advertisement of his masterpiece as a classic, destined—or shall we say, doomed—to be a pedagogic instrument, has proved to be one of the surest of prophecies. In all foreign lands today in which the language and the literature of Castile are studied, one of the great objectives of teachers is to induct their students into the pages of the world's greatest work of prose fiction.

Beyond a doubt the world fully recognizes the *Don Quixote* as one of the classics of its literature, and it is the one product of the Spanish genius that is read universally, just as it is the only one that has penetrated into the idioms of all civilized nations, and has captivated the interest of all readers.

Only recently, when the novels of De Morgan began to appear, the critics who showed their common sense by greeting them with praise, pointed with unfeigned surprise to the fact that the charming writer, only then achieving public notice, was quite an old man. How many of us realize that Cervantes was nearly 60 years of age when the First Part of his imperishable story issued from the press? And with what sad and even wretched experience had been

filled the 60 years—or, to be exact, the 58 years—through which he had passed, years of suffering and ill-requited endeavor that would have blighted the soul of many a less sensitive spirit! The unquenchable optimism of the man and of his race—that race which believes that there is always a dawn to come and that God will come with it and bring prosperity: *Dios amanecerá y medraremos*—carried him, ever more mature in wisdom and unsoured of disposition, through poverty and degradation, to the day of triumph. Triumph, indeed, for those two children of his fertile brain, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, were known throughout Europe two years after the record of their sallies and adventures had first met the eyes of the public. How we should like to say that the remaining eleven years of his life were brightened by the consciousness of his firmly established fame, and by a marked improvement in his domestic fortunes! We cannot do so; he remained in narrow circumstances, largely dependent on the meager rewards from his publishers and on the bounty of the Count of Lemos, a patron of men of letters, who opened his purse-strings occasionally to the poor commoner—since raised to a higher niche in the House of Fame than that occupied by the proud noble—but who does not seem to have helped him to any position of dignity commensurate with his worth. I would not be understood, however, as censuring Lemos. Perhaps he did his best by Cervantes, his protégé, and the latter could not rise to the occasion, for, without scruple

be it said that Cervantes gives evidence of having been far from competent in the handling of his own mundane affairs; and to be just to Lemos it should be stated that friendly relations between him and Cervantes continued to the very end, and the last recorded words of the poor author are those of an affecting dedication to Lemos of his final work of fiction, which he wrote on his deathbed.

A simple account of the ascertained facts of the life of Cervantes may be made to read like the pages of an engrossing work of fiction, even though all too many years were spent by him in the rather low surroundings of neglected poverty. As overmuch of the purely legendary has entered into the ordinary biographies of the man, it is, perhaps, not unprofitable to survey the real facts.

A contemporary of Shakespeare,—for these two greatest writers of their respective nations died in the same year, 1616,—Cervantes was the older of the two. He first saw the light of day in 1547, in the university town of Alcalá de Henares, which is situated at a short distance from Madrid. His father, an indigent surgeon with noble pretensions and nomadic propensities, could give the lad few of the advantages of higher education, and the young Miguel did not study in the academic halls of either Alcalá or Salamanca. Indeed, his school training cannot have gone to any great lengths; certainly he was not a man of erudition. Like the average Spanish youth, he soon tried his hand—the head and the heart need not enter for much into the

process—at the fabrication of lyric verse, and his earliest datable effusions were printed by his twenty-second year. A few months later, toward the end of 1569, he was in Rome, a member of the train of the Italian prelate, Acquaviva, who had been in Madrid and had there taken Cervantes into his service. Thus, like so many of those Spaniards who contributed to the glory of Spanish letters of the Golden Age, he visited Italy and came into direct contact with the spirit of the Renaissance, which, radiating forth from Italy, quickened the literary impulses of France, England, Spain and Portugal, and what other parts of Europe possessed cultural instincts.

In the succeeding year, 1571, occurred the battle of Lepanto, which put a check at the time to the territorial ambitions of the Turk in Europe. Cervantes fought on board a galley, as a member of a Spanish infantry corps, and thus shared in the great naval victory. He gained there, moreover, a title to glory in which he exulted throughout all the rest of his days; for he received several wounds, and his left hand was injured so severely that its effectivity was permanently impaired. Thereafter he took pride in referring to himself in passages of his writings as the cripple of Lepanto, *el manco de Lepanto.* Restored to health, he played some part in lesser military operations of the Spanish forces, and then, after six years in or near Italy, he determined to seek his native land.

To promote his chances of success at home, he

provided himself with letters of recommendation from Don John of Austria, and the Duke of Sessa, who was the Spanish viceroy in Italy. It is said that these credentials were his undoing. The vessel on which he embarked for Spain was seized by Algerian corsairs, who, judging by the testimonials that he bore that he was a person of rank and importance, took him a captive to Algiers and held him there for five years, under heavy ransom. Any protests of his insignificance that he may have made were not heeded; the ransom was not lowered to the level of his true station, and of course his family, always very poor, could not meet the demand made.

It is a well avouched fact that Cervantes made several strenuous attempts to escape during the period of his enforced sojourn in Africa; more than that, he engineered plans by which other Christian captives strove to obtain their freedom. Activity of this sort usually brought severe punishment, generally death by impalement, to the Christians whose escape had been thwarted. But Cervantes tells us, and other captives have given testimony to the same effect, that he was never castigated after any of his unsuccessful attempts, except by closer confinement for a short while. There is something strange about this which has never been explained. Did admiration for his very temerity outweigh all other considerations with the Moors? Possibly. There is no evidence to the point, but one might well wonder whether they did not for some reason—possibly calculated extravagance of

behavior on his part,—regard him as somewhat insane, and therefore, in accordance with Mohammedan usage in the case, not to be held responsible for his acts. He gives no hint in his writings bearing upon his period of captivity, for example, in the play, *El trato de Argel*, and in the episode of the Captive in the *Don Quixote*, that he was deemed at all mentally incapable by his captors, and his fellow captives have had naught to say in this connection; but the leniency shown him requires some explanation, and hence that suggested. One who pictured so admirably an insane Don Quixote might well have played to perfection the part of an insane man.

Finally Cervantes obtained his liberation through a mere caprice of fortune. A Trinitarian monk, Fray Juan Gil, who had come over to secure the release of a certain Spanish noble also held captive at Algiers, found that the funds at his disposal were regarded as inadequate for the purpose. Casting about for some other worthy subject of his charity, Fray Juan Gil learned that one Cervantes would be released on the payment of 500 escudos. The sum which he had fell short even of that, but the deficiency was made up by the liberality of some Christian traders in Algiers, and the good monk procured the freedom of the future author of the *Don Quixote*. He was only just in time to do so. The Mohammedan official whose slave Cervantes was had embarked all his goods and chattels, including Cervantes, on board a vessel, intending to return to Constantinople. But for the intervention of Fray Juan Gil

and the kindliness of the traders, few are the chances that we should ever have had the *Don Quixote*.

So, after eleven years of absence—five of them in the bagnios of the Moors,—Cervantes was again free to return to Spain; it was in 1580 that he did so. There were all too many returned soldiers in the Spain of that day, and all too few public employments to give them. With friends as powerful as Don John of Austria and Duke Sessa, Cervantes might have fared better than most; but the archives show only that there was entrusted to him the accomplishment of some casual and unimportant official tasks.

He undoubtedly needed the means of making a livelihood, he had come back impoverished to his equally impoverished relatives. It is clear that he began to versify at once, and he appears to have cherished the fond hope of beating the wolf from his door by composing for the stage. By 1587, that is, within seven years, he had written, as he informs us, twenty or thirty dramatic pieces; but the theatrical directors did not find them to their liking, and Cervantes's dream of pecuniary gain through them faded away.

While a captive in Algiers, he had beguiled part of his enforced leisure by framing plays. Of these none survive to us, and of the twenty to thirty belonging to the first years of his renewed residence in his own country only two have been preserved, the *Trato de Argel* and the *Numancia;* moreover, we know these first in an edition of 1784; for none earlier

has come to light. Both of them are deficient in point of dramatic technique; yet they are memorable productions, because the *Trato de Argel* gives pictures of the surroundings amid which the author lived in Algiers, and introduces him as one of the characters, while the *Numancia* is one of the most famous examples of patriotic declamation in the Spanish language.

Still keeping up his futile endeavors at profitable playwrighting, he was also engaged upon another literary task—one which a number of other Spanish men of letters of the Golden Age deemed obligatory in their career—the concocting of a pastoral romance, and by the end of the third year of his repatriation he had completed his *Galatea*. A glance at the list of works of the category that luxuriated amid better growths in the field of Castilian letters of the period will show that the pastoral novels were numerous indeed. They were not intended for the mass of the people and could hardly have appealed to them; like their common parent, the *Arcadia* of the Italian Sannazzaro, and like the later French and English varieties of the genus, they were intended for the recreation of fashionable society, which sought in the perusal of an account of more or less harmless pastoral love-affairs a relief for its nerves overtaxed by the demands of strenuous court and camp life. They were in a way the fashionable gazettes of the time; they registered certain of the social happenings, especially those for which the little blind god was responsible. The characters figuring in them

were only make-believe shepherds and shepherdesses; they were in reality persons of higher or lower social standing, introduced under disguises and in relations easily penetrated by the people of their set.

Now, Cervantes did not belong to any fashionable set; far from it; but he was a literary man, and these novels had to be written by such. Moreover, we may well suppose him a denizen of a kind of Greenwich Village which took itself seriously in its social matters, quite as much so as fashionable ladies and gentlemen took themselves in theirs. At all events, he wrote his pastoral novel in which he himself, his friends and the lady-loves of his friends, all play at love-making, under the guise of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Out of the many works of this order in Spanish, the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor and its sequel by Gil Polo alone have a right to take a very high place; the contribution made by Cervantes is not the worst of the kind; it is also not the best. To read it is certainly a tax on one's patience. Artificiality of sentiment, tone and setting prevails throughout, and hardly any one nowadays but the biographer aware of the revelations about the author and his friends that the work contains, and possessed of the key that opens up their meaning, will take the trouble to study the book from cover to cover. In the famous examination of the books in Don Quixote's library, the author, through the mouth of the Priest, passes judgment on his own work: "the book," he says, "has some good invention in it, it

presents us with something, but brings nothing to a conclusion." For self-praise this is surely not extravagant.

Legend has it that Cervantes designed the *Galatea* to win for him the regard of the lady, Catalina de Palacios, whom he married in 1584, soon after it was finished. There is no proof that it had anything to do with his courtship. Of this latter we know nothing, and, furthermore, we know next to nothing of the married life of Cervantes. As Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly says in his careful biography, the best that we have in English, our information is limited to this: "There are signs that he was not highly esteemed by some members of his wife's family; but this is the common lot of husbands." Miguel was eighteen years older than Catalina; but then that represents a condition of affairs common enough in Spanish marital life and not at all incompatible with domestic happiness.

For the *Galatea* Cervantes received the modest sum of 1336 reales, or, approximately, $140, which, of course, had a much greater purchasing power then than now, but still it could hardly be deemed more than the recompense of a Grub Street hack. His author's pen was clearly proving an unsatisfactory weapon of defense against the wolf still prowling at the door; needs must he seek some employment which, even though it yielded but little, did so steadily; and he was fain to accept whatever post friends possessing political influence might be able to obtain for him. So it is that in 1587 he

became one of the commissaries of the Royal Treasury and as such was directed to requisition supplies for the great Armada, then preparing for its disastrous expedition. His duties were harassing, perhaps often bemeaning; moreover, his salary was chronically in arrears and opportunity for serious literary production must have been lacking to him. To cap the climax, even this inferior post was jeopardized by the failure of the Armada. Now desperate, he petitioned the King in 1590 for appointment to one of several places vacant in America. If he had been designated for one of these, he would have gone to Central America or, possibly, to some town in the northern part of South America, and here again was a menace to the coming into existence of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote. But his petition was denied, and he had to continue his weary round of labors for the Royal Treasury. He was in a dire state of poverty, and the gloom was thickened by accusations brought against him of irregularities in his official accounts. Without prejudice, we may acquit him of intentionally dishonorable practices; undeniably, however, he was lax in his business methods. He was declared in the wrong, and his sureties had to make up the deficit in his accounts.

It is distressing to follow Cervantes through the lamentable vicissitudes of his wretched career as a petty official during the next ensuing years. He suffered imprisonment for several brief periods, whether as a victim of a misunderstanding between

local authorities and the Royal Treasury for which he worked, or in consequence of fresh charges of deficits discovered in his accounts by the auditors of the Treasury. It is pertinent to observe that he was incarcerated only during the examination of the accusations made, and not as a result of conviction in court. His incompetence is not the only explanation for the new proceedings against him; he was behind in his payments to the Royal Treasury partly because of the failure of the banker to whom he had intrusted the funds collected by him. Finally, by the beginning of 1598 we see him deprived of the public employment that had brought him at least sustenance along with so much trouble.

How he made shift for some time after this we are unable to say. There is no trace of him for a while, and yet this is the period when, according to all probability, he was writing the *First Part* of the *Don Quixote*. This was ready by the end of 1604, and early in 1605 it was issued by the publisher Robles at Madrid. Its immediate success is shown by the fact that six editions of it—authorized and pirated—appeared in that same year. From now on his star shines bright in the firmament of Spanish letters, but, no material prosperity came to him. After the event which established his literary fame for all time came a most untoward event. Along with his natural daughter, Isabel, one of his sisters, a niece, and other persons, he was arrested on June 27, 1605, on suspicion of complicity in the slaying of a certain noble rake, who was found dying in the

apartment house in which they all lived. Cervantes was held only a few days, as the testimony before the examining magistrate implicated him not at all; moreover, the real culprit was never brought to justice. The obvious fact to be deduced from the record of the proceedings is that Cervantes and his family were living in low and somewhat sinister surroundings, driven thereto by his abject poverty. Registering certain unpleasant details once for all, let us admit that Cervantes's natural daughter, Isabel, a living testimonial of an infirmity on his own part, might have had a better reputation for virtue. Her indiscretions appear to have been rather continuous, and biographers are puzzled as to how far her father was cognizant of them or,—but we are not ready to believe it—privy to them. The occasional grossness in the *Don Quixote* need not excite extraordinary surprise in one who knows in what a sordid entourage the author spent at least part of his life. Still, we must not exaggerate the importance of this fact in connection with his literary career. Certainly, contemporaries among noted writers did not disdain his friendship. Lope de Vega, who at the time sat throned on high, acknowledged sovereign in the literary world of Spain, hobnobbed with him occasionally, and, if now and then he sneered at Cervantes and his ability, again he praised him. The occasional verse that Cervantes was putting forth all the while was often laudatory of the works of various notable writers, and his companionship with them is to be inferred not only

therefrom but also from the laudatory puffs which they in turn gave him.

For the declining years of his life he had to depend upon the earnings of his pen and upon whatever gratuities he received from his patron, the Count of Lemos, with whom he first came into contact in 1610, the year in which that noble was made Viceroy at Naples. His collection of twelve short stories, termed by him *Novelas ejemplares*, came forth in 1613, and netted him 1,600 reales from the publisher Robles. That he was a pensioner of Lemos would seem to be avouched by the words of the Dedication of the *Novelas*, addressed to the Count.

During the three years that were to complete his allotted term on earth, the mind and the pen of Cervantes worked with ceaseless activity. A rhymed review of contemporary versifiers, the *Viage del Parnaso*, came from the press at the end of 1614; the *Second Part* of the *Don Quixote* and the *Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses nunca representados*, toward the close of 1615; and he finished his novel of love, travel and adventure, the *Persiles y Sigismunda*, but just before his death. The last-named appeared posthumously. Four other works upon which he had been engaged never appeared and no manuscript of them has been discovered.

In the Dedication of the *Persiles* to Lemos, Cervantes made his last recorded utterance. He died on April 23, 1616. He was buried in the convent of the Discalced Trinitarian Nuns at Madrid, and

there his bones lie in an unidentified grave. His widow survived him by ten years.

Of the portraits of Cervantes none is known to be authentic, but we have less reason to regret this than might otherwise be the case, for the reason that, in the Prologue to the *Exemplary Tales*, he has left us a pen picture of himself as he was at the age of 66 years. He was, he tells us, "a man of aquiline visage, with chestnut hair, smooth and unruffled brow, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, although well proportioned, a silver beard, although not twenty years ago it was golden, large moustache, small mouth, teeth not important, for he has but six of them and those in ill condition and worse placed because they do not correspond the one with the other, the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion bright, rather white than brown, somewhat heavy-shouldered and not very nimble on his feet."

Cervantes essayed his powers as novelist, writer of short stories, dramatist, lyric poet and literary critic. In prose fiction he attained to an unqualified triumph; in the drama he evinced some ability but not enough to win for his pieces a place on the boards; in his verse he was pedestrian more often than not; and in his attempts to appraise the literary productions of others he evinced great kindliness of heart and hardly any critical acumen.

The *Viage del Parnaso* he indited near the end of his career, when his own creative powers were highly matured. His only other serious venture into

the field of criticism, the *Canto de Caliope*, came early, for it is contained in the *Galatea*. Both are imitative. The *Canto de Caliope* is modeled on the *Canto de Turia*, which occurs in Gil Polo's sequel to the *Diana*, Montemayor's pastoral novel, and Cervantes's *Canto* is simply a lengthy list of contemporary poets and poetasters, who are praised without discrimination. The *Viage del Parnaso* follows the manner of the similarly named *Viaggio in Parnaso* (1582) of the Italian Cesare Caporali; but in substance it is, like the earlier *Canto de Caliope*, an accumulation of ill-bestowed because ill-merited laudation. The modern literary historian may have his interest stirred a bit by Cervantes's mention of writers otherwise little known or not known at all; but he is not prompted to feel that Cervantes's praise of them argues their intrinsic goodness or their right to fame.

The occasional verse which strews the whole path of the literary course of Cervantes, as well as the effusions imbedded in his longer works, such as the *Don Quixote*, reveals his mastery of meter and rhyme, but they disclose also his lack, except on rare occasions, of true lyric inspiration. Writing verse he did not feel that secret influence which comes from on high. Perforce we must extend to him the verdict that Boileau enunciated for the ill-starred candidate for poetic honors:

Pour lui Phébus est sourd et Pégase est rétif.

Cervantes felt this himself, and in the *First Part* of

the *Don Quixote* he admitted candidly, that he "had more experience in reverses than in verses."

We should not fail to realize, however, that somewhat of his verse is deliberately satirical, or ironical, or burlesque, and it must be declared that he makes good his aim in such compositions. As an instance of felicitous burlesquing we have the verses recited by Don Quixote amid the crags of the Sierra Morena, when he practiced austerities upon himself and fancied himself suffering because of the disdain of Dulcinea. It is thus that Gibson has rendered them:

Ye trees and herbs, and bushes all,
That grow within this pleasant site,
So great and green, and hugely tall!
If in my pangs ye've no delight,
List to my holy wails that fall;
Let my loud groanings din you not,
Though truly terrible they be, ah!
For with his tears to pay his scot,
Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
The absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

This is the spot to which did fly
The lovingest and truest wight,
And from his lady hid did lie,
And fell into a woeful plight,
Without his knowing whence or why;
Love kept him ever on the trot—
No rest from such an imp as he, ah!—
And so with tears might fill a pot,
Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
The absence of his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

On a rare occasion, as when he was fired with the inspiration that came from his actual experience in scenes of war, he could pen a sonnet as admirable as this, which has also been translated by Gibson:

O happy spirits who, betimes set free
From mortal robes of flesh, have upward sped,
By deeds of worth, above earth's lowly bed,
To better climes above the heavens that be!
What manly strength could do in war did ye,
Enflamed with noble rage, by honor led;
And with your own and hostile blood dyed red
The sandy soil, and stained the neighboring sea.
'Twas not your valor failed; 'twas ebbing life
Unnerved those arms that to the latest breath
Maintained the fight, and vanquished won the prize;
And this your mournful fall in the dire strife,
'Twixt wall and sword, has gained for you, by death,
Fame in the world, and glory in the skies.

But after all the true poetic spirit of Cervantes is to be sought in those glowing passages of inspired prose which abound in his masterpiece, the *Don Quixote*, and are so dear to the Spanish mind and heart.

To the writing of plays Cervantes was incorrigibly addicted. We know that he tried his hand—probably his 'prentice hand—at them while a slave in Algiers. Fancy suggests that he meant by means of them to beguile his tedium and the sadness of himself and his fellow-captives. As the plays have vanished, we can only guess regarding their nature and the author's intent. Only two plays survive, as we have said already, of the more than twenty

that he composed after his return to Spain and before 1587: the *Trato de Argel* and the *Numancia*. Long after the age of Cervantes, the latter piece, which glorifies the heroism and patriotism of the ancient Numantians, was acted once with efficacious results. When the troops of Napoleon held the inhabitants of Saragossa hard beleaguered in 1809, during the Spanish War of Independence, there was produced within the walls of the city a situation closely paralleling that in ancient Numantia, besieged by the forces of Scipio Africanus, as described in Cervantes's drama. To remind the 19th century Spaniard of the unflagging courage with which his remote ancestor had resisted the invader and had preferred starvation and death to surrender, the authorities of Saragossa had Cervantes's piece performed, and its pictures of civic devotion and sacrifice did not fail to impress. None the less, it is only a cabinet play, although Shelley seems to have thought well of it, avowing himself "interested in the highest degree in the skill of the writer, who has hardly a rival in the art of exciting pity and wonder." Shelley was, however, constrained to add: "There is, I confess, little that may be styled poetry in this play, although the force of the diction and the harmony of the versification are such that they easily induce one to believe that it is a question of a poetical work." Goethe also lauded the *Numancia*. It was unfortunate for Cervantes that the theater managers of his day were not attracted as much by the piece as these two modern poets.

The collection of eight plays and eight interludes which, although he had renounced his hopes of scenic success, he still persisted in giving to the press, as he did in 1615, is chiefly notable for the vivid realism of the briefer pieces, the interludes. These one-act playlets are of the category of farces which the Spaniard has always favored, and which had been given particular vogue just before Cervantes's own period of activity by the *pasos* of Lope de Rueda. While they have never found a place on the boards, they have some importance for English literature, since Massinger found in them the plots of his plays, *The Fatal Dowry* and *The Renegado*. Of the eight plays in the collection the critics have little that is good to say, although one of them, the *Pedro de Urdemalas*, is not without some merit. As a matter of curious interest in the present connection we may register the opinion of the 18th century neo-classic critic, Nassarre, to the effect that Cervantes "deliberately made his plays bad, as parodies and satires of the corrupt taste of his time." This is a false idea; the plays are poor because Cervantes could not make them any better. That Cervantes himself believed in the goodness of the pieces printed in 1615 is to be inferred from the tone of his *Adjunta al Parnaso*, a piquant dialogue in defense of them and against the theatrical managers and actors who refused to let them be performed. That he had a correct sense of dramatic propriety is obvious from the critique of the drama of his period which he puts into the mouth of the Canon in the

48th chapter of the *Don Quixote*, and from the sane and moderate views expressed by the figure Comedia in his interlude, *El Rufián dichoso*. But he did not realize his own limitations; power of characterization and command of dialogue he did possess, but ability to carry through a well motivated dramatic plot was not his. His inferiority in this regard to the dazzling dramatic genius Lope de Vega is manifest to us, and, truth to say, if we judge by various passages in the writings of Cervantes, he was aware that Lope far surpassed him.

After all, we need not regret that Cervantes saw fit to devote so much time to dramatic composition. There came of it this good: it led him to perfect himself in the use of dialogue, which he puts to good stead in the *Don Quixote*, as, for example, in the inimitable colloquies between Sancho and his master and between Sancho and his wife. Taking his cue probably from the form of the dialogue utilized in the dialogized novel *Celestina* at the end of the 15th century and developed with understanding by his predecessor, Lope de Rueda, Cervantes invested his own treatment of it with qualities of popular and picturesque diction and style that lent to it vividness, appropriate quaintness and impressive force.

When he addressed himself to prose fiction, Cervantes exercised his talents with consummate skill. The *Galatea* represents his earliest preserved venture into this field. Perforce we refuse to accord any particular degree of praise to this excursion of his

into the domain of the highly conventionalized pastoral romance; but it was the inherent defects in the genre itself, the entire incompatibility between so natural a spirit as that of Cervantes and the artificial matter and form of the pastoral romance and not any immaturity of story-telling power on his part that explains his failure to score a triumph here. Withal, he had a real love for the pastoral setting. Several times throughout his later life and even but a few days before his death, he promised a sequel to the *Galatea*, and though, of course, this never became a fact, he did indulge his fondness for the quasi-romantic background and coloring of the bucolic in the episode of Marcela and Grisostomo in the *First Part* of the *Don Quixote* and in the counterfeit Arcadia of its *Second Part*.

A noteworthy detail in the execution of the *Galatea* is the introduction into it of short stories, little *novelas*. These announce the coming collection, the *Novelas ejemplares*, in virtue of which Cervantes is acknowledged as the prince of tale-tellers in the Spanish language. The collection did not appear until 1613, but the individual tales were certainly composed at intervals before that time. There is a reference to one of them, the *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, in the *First Part* of the *Don Quixote*, and this proves that, in some form, that narrative existed already in 1604. Indeed, Cervantes, even while he was writing his greatest work, was engaged in the composition of still other short stories than those later grouped

as the *Novelas ejemplares*, for we find similar tales of an episodic nature woven into the plot of the *Don Quixote*, which, besides, contains so famous an example of his skill as the *Ill-Advised Curiosity*.

Collecting, then, twelve of his novelettes, Cervantes gave them to the press, with a Dedication and a Prologue, under the title of *Exemplary Tales*. Why "Exemplary" he aims to tell the Reader in the Prologue: "I have bestowed on them the name *Exemplary*, and if thou dost look well to it, there is not one of them from which thou could'st not derive a profitable example; and if I did not fear to dwell too long on this matter, perchance I could show thee the savory and honest fruit which could be derived as well from all of them together as from each one of them by itself." He fears to dwell too long upon an explanation justifying the term "exemplary" and with good reason. It hardly harmonizes with the nature of the subject-matter of some among them. Cervantes was an inveterate wag, and no more averse to playing a joke upon his dear Reader, than Sancho Panza was upon his master. For exemplary teaching, for moral edification, one might as profitably resort to the stories of the *Decameron* and its numerous progeny in Italian, or to those of Gautier, Zola, de Maupassant, and D'Annunzio among moderns, as to the *Novelas ejemplares*. The pictures of picaroon life in the *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, the description of a rape in the *Fuerza de la sangre*, and similar features of others

of the twelve tales, make their use for the purpose of imparting moral instruction a very dubious procedure. The author, now over sixty-four years old, really felt the force of censure that would be directed against the *Novelas*, for he adds in the Prologue: "One thing I shall adventure me to say: that if by any chance it come to pass that the reading of these *novelas* could tempt anyone who should peruse them to any evil desire or thought, rather would I cut off the hand that wrote them, than bring them out in public."

In this same Prologue Cervantes lays claim to being "the first to essay *novelas* in the Castilian tongue, for the many *novelas* which go about in print in Spanish are all translated from foreign languages, while these are mine own, neither imitated nor stolen." By *novelas* he probably means short stories of the type to which Boccaccio and countless *novellieri* after him had given currency, —little word pictures of living reality, intended usually to entertain and rarely to edify,—and he is giving himself credit for originality as a Spanish creator of tales of the kind. This is a claim that cannot be contested. Of course, Juan Manuel of the royal family of Spain had written an admirable collection of fifty short stories back in the 14th century. But they were unknown to men of the age of Cervantes, and, moreover, they are not strictly *novelas*. Then, too, whatever other brief tales had appeared prior to his, were, as he maintains, translations or, at the most, servile copies of foreign originals, and

poor things in their way. To all intents and purposes, Cervantes did set up the model for the short story in Spanish.

In practically all of the twelve tales, and certainly in the best of them, there is unity of action because the plot is carefully and consistently developed. In them character is drawn and manners are set forth in a faithful and engaging way, as could not fail to be the case when a master of his art was writing with his eye fixed upon breathing and moving creatures of flesh and blood, and knew how to seize their salient traits and to fix their distinctive poses. The expression of sentiment is in general good—excellent when the humorous and the whimsical are in play, less commendable when the pathetic is attempted. Without cavil praise may be conferred upon the diction and style, even though the punctilious critic must make the reserve that Cervantes has not escaped that besetting sin of the Spanish narrator, prolixity, of whose presence no one was more aware than himself.

For an analysis of the individual stories we may not stay. The weight of opinion is that these four are superior to the rest: the *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, with its vivid scenes from the underworld of Seville; the *Colloquy of the Dogs*, with its arraignment of society recalling the earlier satirical treatment of it in the 16th century novel of roguery, the *Lazarillo de Tormes;* the *Gypsy Girl*, whose heroine is said to live again in the Esmeralda of Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris;* and the *Jealous Extremaduran*, with the

ever recurring theme of the infelicitous union of the old husband and the young wife.

To the *Novelas ejemplares* succeeding generations of dramatists have had recourse for plots for their plays. Alexandre Hardy, one of the founders of the French drama of the 17th century, quickly saw the dramatic possibilities lying in Cervantes's novelettes, and adapted three of them to scenic purposes. It is thought that Molière may have indirectly derived the idea of the famous sonnet scene in the *Misanthrope* from a similar scene in the *Licenciado Vidriera* of Cervantes. In England, Beaumont and Fletcher as well as Middleton and Rowley had their dramatic imagination stirred by the contents of certain of the *novelas*, just as at home in Spain important playwrights drew upon them as source material.

The influence of the *Novelas ejemplares* upon later tale writing was not so great as upon dramatic composition. It is, however, a fact of transcendent importance that Scott declares the reading of them to have inspired him with the desire of excelling in this literary genre; while before him Fielding delighted to acknowledge the Cervantes of the tales as his master.

Were the *Don Quixote* not there to the credit of Cervantes, the *Novelas* would insure his permanent fame as a leading Spanish man of letters. There remains, notwithstanding, this compelling fact: the vogue of the story of the Ingenious Knight and his Squire has thrown the *Novelas* into the shade, and

these latter have always been and are today far less read than their deserts demand.

Just when Cervantes began work upon the *Don Quixote* has not yet been determined. There is internal evidence suggesting that he did so after 1591, a time at which his affairs were in their most desperate state. An unfounded tradition has it that the *First Part* of the novel was written in prison; but he was never long enough incarcerated to have made the task physically possible—not all the terms of his imprisonment taken together would have sufficed for the purpose. Moreover the tradition had its start in an unjustifiable interpretation of a statement in the Prologue to the story to the effect that the hero is a "dry, shrivelled, whimsical offspring, full of thoughts of all sorts and such as never came into any other imagination—just what might be begotten in a prison, where every misery is lodged and every doleful sound makes its dwelling." This implies no more than that the first conception of the character of his chief figure came to the author during one of his enforced periods of leisure in jail, if, indeed, it is to be interpreted even as literally and definitely as that.

But where and how Cervantes undertook his splendid labor it is less important for us to know than *why* he entered upon it. He had undoubtedly the initial purpose of assailing the romances of chivalry, whose vogue had been enormous during the 16th century. The friend with whom Cervantes holds converse in the Prologue says that the book

"aims at nothing more than to destroy the authority and influence which books of chivalry have in the world and with the public." These compositions, first acquiring prominence at least as early as 1508, when the earliest known edition of the *Amadis de Gaula* left the press, and multiplied to an almost incredible degree during the succeeding years of the century, certainly merited attack for their baneful exaltation of hidalgoism, a species of idolatry of race and caste which, without assuming the militaristic arrogance of Prussian Junkerthum, had in it the same germs of ultimate national disaster. The world outside had given up the mediæval attitude of mind with respect to romantic knightly adventure and derring-do; but in Spain these works of fiction, fantastically and futilely conceived and developed, still glorified the value of such enterprise and ignored entirely or bred contempt for honest labor and industry, the only sure bases of national prosperity. The Spanish national authorities were not unaware of the danger to public spirit engendered by overmuch reading of these novels and by unwholesome adoption of their theories of life. Both Charles V and the Cortes deemed it necessary to take measures against the diffusion of them and their anachronistic ideals. The preachers in the pulpit cried out against them; and the more practical-minded among the clergy wrote, on the model of the secular novels, a kind of Sunday-school book in which they sought to nullify the effect of the chivalrous romances by substituting Christ and the Saints for the profane

heroes. All this movement against the chivalrous category was not without its effect. A decline in the popularity of the *Amadises*, the *Palmerines*, and their cognates had already made some progress when finally Cervantes appeared in the arena and with his onslaught brought their vogue to an end. It is of record that no *new* novel of chivalry was printed after the *First Part* of the *Don Quixote* was issued in 1605.

There have been those—especially romantic spirits with inverted ideas of cause and effect—who have ventured to think that the destruction of the popularity of the stories of derring-do was an evil for Spain. Byron has this curious misconception in his *Don Juan:*

> Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
> A single laugh demolished the right arm
> Of his own country; seldom since that day
> Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
> The world gave ground before her bright array;
> And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
> That all their glory, as a composition,
> Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.
>
> Canto XIII, Stz. XI.

This is sheer nonsense. Apart from the fact that Cervantes simply completed a process already begun, of which Byron was probably ignorant, it must be obvious that the poet of the *Don Juan* had little or no knowledge of the social condition of Spain in the 16th century. The chivalric fancies had become a noxious influence, the checking of which was im-

perative and had been begun independently of any efforts by Cervantes; even though he had never existed, the chivalric spell would have been broken sooner or later. It was his hap to break it and how? By copying the very methods of the chivalric romance in his own story, which is an egregious example of a parody and burlesque far superior in every respect to the genre that it mimicked.

For the world at large it is a matter of entire indifference that the author of the *Don Quixote* set out with the primary purpose of ridiculing out of existence a certain kind of literary composition, precisely because the book grew into something infinitely beyond that purpose. It became a stupendous social document, excelled neither before nor since in the annals of literature, one in which interest centers in the striving for the ideal and the acceptance of the real as figured in the adventures of two characters, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who, if at times they contrast sharply, are again mutually complementary. Having originated them, the author brings them into contact with a calculating, matter-of-fact world, and the real lesson of the work lies in the result of their experiences. In the end Sancho remains just what he was in the beginning, an embodiment of lower-class materialism, dislodged for a while from the sphere of its own self-satisfied routine, prompted during that brief while to a yearning for better things, but destined to final acquiescence in its own sordid lot because it lacks the innate spirit of truly idealistic strivings, and

the guidance that it received from without emanated from the crazed idealism of an unbalanced master and leader, Don Quixote. Without going into details of the parallelism, we might find the situation realized in the Bolshevism of today.

Don Quixote is a failure, and he admits this on his death bed. But the defeat of Don Quixote does not mean that true idealism will come to grief or that heroic endeavor will go unrewarded in this world of ours; rather does it signify the fate awaiting that unhinged form of idealism which in its attempt to conquer the world develops into anarchical individualism.

But readers at large care little about the profound moral and social aspects of the problem which the *Don Quixote* presents. Unconsciously they take in the lesson involved and no doubt they acquire all of it that they need. For them the novel is what the author most of all desired it to be—a work of entertainment, replete with the humor of character and incident, diversified with comical sayings and uproarious, farcical happenings. The chief incidents and episodes that advance or adorn the main thread of the story's plot are too familiar to need recounting here. The assault upon the wind-mills, the battle with the Biscayan, the adventures in the inn, including the tossing of Sancho in the blanket, these and the many other experiences of knight and squire are ever present to our minds. And then the delight which we derive from the various dialogues in which master and man express their feelings, in which

Sancho constantly pours forth the quaint wisdom of the Spanish peasant in a concatenation of proverbs—there are at least four hundred of them in the whole book—and in which Don Quixote, now lucid and again as mad as a March hare, quotes incessantly from his beloved chivalrous romances or discourses at length on important matters of the body politic, social, and literary.

Of the two Parts of the *Don Quixote*, the *First* is that generally read; the *Second* is treated with unjust neglect. While the latter part does not abound so much as the *First* in humor and farcical effect, it does, being the work of a man whose powers have been ever maturing, show more constructive insight, better delineation of character and more realism and probability in its action. Besides this sequel or *Second Part* which the original author furnished in 1615, we have another sequel, due to some one whose identity is still a secret, for we are acquainted with him only under his pseudonym of Alonso Fernández de Avellaneda. Many attempts have been made—the most recent one is of 1918 and is by a Chilean scholar—to penetrate the disguise of this pseudonym; but all have been in vain. The circumstances leading to the appearance of two sequels are these. At the end of the *First Part* Cervantes penned certain words that seemed to invite who so would to continue the story. Nevertheless, he set to work on his own continuation, not mentioning the fact, however, until 1613, when, in the Prologue to the *Exemplary Tales*, he announced

that it would soon present itself to view. But, apparently taking the concluding words of the *First Part* in good faith, Avellaneda had by that time written a good deal of his *Second Part.* He finished it and put it forth in 1614, prefacing to it terms of outrageous abuse addressed to Cervantes. Nettled thereby, Cervantes completed his own sequel in all haste and published it the next year, expressing the resentment, at the same time, that Avellaneda's scurrilous language had aroused in him. Cervantes's continuation has thrown that of the unknown into shade; but, notwithstanding, Avellaneda's performance is not wholly negligible; its subject-matter is interesting, its style and the qualities of its humor are not bad, even though inferior to those of Cervantes.

With his final novel, the *Persiles y Sigismunda,* Cervantes promised to outdo his own previous efforts in the field of fiction; but he did not succeed. This story of love, travel and adventure, modeled on the late Greek romance as exhibited in the *Theagenes and Chariclea of* Heliodorus, is in a more elaborate style than anything else that he wrote, but though it received some welcome when his widow published it, it has been treated with scant courtesy by posterity, who have had a chance to compare it with the *Don Quixote,* to the immeasurable advantage of the latter. In the *Persiles* the characters are constantly weaving and narrating long-winded tales; there is a prolonged and bewildering entanglement of love-episodes; and the geographical coloring,

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which, because of the wanderings of the chief personages, should be important, is decidedly hazy. As in the *Galatea*, so in the *Persiles*, Cervantes essayed the conventional and unnatural, and his nature, which loved only the natural and the real, rebelled against the task.

IV

THE RISE OF THE DRAMA AND ITS TRIUMPH IN THE GOLDEN AGE: LOPE DE VEGA

As a form of literary composition the drama is present already in the oldest period of Spanish literature, for to the 12th century, or at least to the beginning of the 13th, belongs an interesting little mystery play, generally called the *Misterio* or *Auto de los Reyes Magos*. It is defective in the sole existing manuscript, but, in all probability, only a small part, its closing scene, is lost. Although it is simple enough, there are no signs of the apprentice hand discernible in the aspect of this piece, intended for performance on the Feast of the Epiphany or Twelfth Night, and with good reason, since it is a Spanish redaction of an earlier work in Latin, and is, in fact, an offshoot of the Benedictine liturgy, which was brought from France to Spain by the French monks who flocked into the peninsula during the 11th and 12th centuries. As compared with the nearest of its prototypes, a Latin office or liturgical play written at Orléans in the 12th century, our Spanish document, with its rather elaborate and fairly successful rhyming scheme, shows that, while its unknown author derived much of his art

from his Latin model, he also possessed some powers of invention and has improved upon that model. He has imported more action into his piece, he has given more definiteness to its characters, and he has made events develop logically through its four or five scenes. Here then was a promise of a very early start for a religious dramatic tradition such as we find exemplified for French in the *mystères* and *miracles* of later date, for English in the York, Chester, Coventry and other cycles, and for Italian in the *sacre rappresentazioni*. But the promise seems to have remained void of effect. The little *Auto de los Reyes Magos* is the sole instance of its kind in mediæval Spanish; it is unparalleled until after the mid-point of the 15th century. During a period of two centuries and a half nothing of a dramatic nature was produced in Spanish that has been preserved for us. This is a surprising fact, when we realize the bulk of other forms of literature, epic, lyric, novelesque, and what not, that came into being in the vernacular during that long stretch of time, and when we recall the pronounced fondness of the Spaniard for the theatre. But it is not to be inferred that popular dramatic performances were unknown in Spain throughout the Middle Ages. We have striking evidence to the contrary in a famous code of laws, the *Siete Partidas*, which was prepared in the second half of the 13th century by direction of the ruler and author, Alphonsus X of Castile. Among the laws there contained is this: "The clergy shall perform no farces which the people

are to come and see played; and if other persons perform such pieces, the priests shall not be present, because in them occurs much that is ugly and improper. Then, too, these things must not be performed in the churches; on the contrary, we command that those who do things of this sort be driven out of the churches in disgrace; for the church of God exists for prayer and not for the performing of farces. . . . Yet there are performances which are permitted to the clergy, as, for example, that of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which it is shown how the angel came to the shepherds and how he said to them: "Jesus Christ is born": and again that of the Epiphany, and how the three Magi came to adore Him; and that of His Resurrection, which shows how he was crucified and rose again on the third day. Such things as these, which encourage men to do good and to have reverence for faith they may perform, for the additional reason that men may remember that it all really happened as it does here. But they must do it in an orderly way and with great devotion, and in large cities where there are Archbishops or Bishops, and at the behest of these or their representatives; but not in villages or in evil places or for money-making purposes." From the law thus stated certain conclusions may safely be drawn: scenic performances were widespread in Spain and in city and country alike, and excesses in connection with them led to the restrictions which the law imposed; the pieces treated both religious and profane subjects and

were performed by both ecclesiastics and laymen, and both within and without the church. What the law-book thus shows for the 13th century we are probably free to suppose also for the 14th, but how is one to explain the absence of all record of written plays either religious or secular between the *Auto de los Reyes Magos* and the still rather primitive religious pieces of Gómez Manrique and of Juan del Encina, which belong to the second half of the 15th century? There is an unsolved problem here. At all events the clergy were undoubtedly edifying the faithful all the while with *autos* derived from the ritual and celebrating the great festivals of the Church; and actors of the barn-storming class were probably wandering about and performing the unedifying farces at which the law in the *Siete Partidas* was aimed. These actors may have been the descendants of the mimes of Roman times, and they may have improvised their pieces and have possessed no fixed repertory of written plays.

Be this as it may, the Spanish drama as a literary phenomenon is again a fact in the two religious and the two secular plays, all four simple of form and content, which were composed by the poet Gómez Manrique, who figured in politics and at court during the reigns of Henry IV and the Catholic Sovereigns, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon. It is not without interest that the Princess Isabella, who had not yet acceded to the throne, played a part in a court performance of one of the

Momos or secular pieces of Gómez Manrique. During the period of Isabella's rule there flourished Juan del Encina, a man of no mean merit as a lyric poet and as a musical composer. With some exaggeration the historians of Spanish letters have termed him the patriarch of the Spanish drama, and yet, because of the influence which he undoubtedly exerted upon certain playwrights of his own day and the immediately succeeding generation, he must be accorded a place of prominence. His first pieces, two of which had been performed by 1492, are of the same nature as the ancient *Auto de los Reyes Magos*, and mark hardly any advance in dramatic art. However, Encina was after a fashion a humanist, and through his study of Vergil he achieved some progress in his later work both as poet and dramatist. Certainly he expanded the possibilities of plot with a development of the element of intrigue in what is perhaps his best secular play, the *Placida y Victoriano*, which won applause when presented before high dignitaries of the Church at Rome in 1513. His two periods of residence in Italy contributed no doubt to the improvement of Encina's artistic feeling, but he was there too early to profit much by an observation of the methods of the Italian writers who from 1515 on were to endeavor to found a Renaissance theater on imitations of the classic drama of Greece and Rome. Although he composed chiefly for the delectation of high society in both Spain and Italy, Encina had a pronounced love for purely popular traditions of his native literature,

and just as he took the charming *villancico* or Christmas carol of the Spanish folk and, making its form his own, introduced it into the fashionable circles which he sought to entertain, so, too, he took up the truly popular farce, which through the ages had remained alive among the people, and in his *Auto del Repelón,* he produced a rollicking piece with much rough play of students and shepherds in it. This little composition on the one hand harks back to those broadly humorous pieces which King Alphonsus barred from the church precincts in the 13th century, and on the other announces the coming *pasos, entremeses* and *sainetes,* the comic curtain-raisers and interludes, which first obtained vogue as a result of their treatment by Lope de Rueda at the opening of the age of glory of the Spanish stage, retained favor all through the 16th and 17th centuries, survived in the 18th century in the delightful *sainetes* of Ramón de la Cruz when all else tolerated on the boards by the initiate had to wear a neo-classic dress, were still present in the *comediejas* of Bretón de los Herreros and similar works by other playwrights of the 19th century, and today in the various forms of the *género chico* are a source of unfailing delight to playgoers wheresoever the Spanish speech prevails.

Along with Rueda, who will soon take up our attention, two other writers of plays may be singled out as ushering in with honor to themselves the Golden Age of the Spanish drama. Both of these, Gil Vicente and Torres Naharro, learned somewhat

from Juan del Encina, but in some respects at least they progressed beyond him. Gil Vicente is one of the greatest figures in the history of Portuguese literature, but he also occupies a respectable niche in the Spanish temple of Fame. Like innumerable Portuguese of the 16th century and later, he handled Castilian with perfect ease, and out of his forty-two or forty-three plays some ten are entirely in that language. Beginning as a disciple of Encina, as, for example, in his particular treatment of the Twelfth Night theme, seen in his *Auto de los Reyes Magos*, he quickly evinced in his further work a certain degree of inventiveness, especially in the painting of manners. It cannot be said that he deliberately imitated the ancient drama, yet he handles the comic in a fashion which suggests the methods of Aristophanes. The mordant and piquant qualities of his satire relate him to Erasmus of Rotterdam, for whom he appears to have had veneration, and through Erasmus to Lucian, the exquisite Greek satirist. Nature and the delights of country life made an appeal to him both directly and through his study of the *Eclogues* of Vergil. But above all other things, Vicente was a genuine poet, and he infused his dramas with a spirit of lyricism which enhances their charm even as it does so strikingly a century later in the case of the plays of Calderón. Some depth of philosophical thought was possible for him, and this he exhibits above all in his masterpiece, the dramatic trilogy of the three *Barcas*—Hell, Purgatory and Paradise—of which the third

part is in Spanish. Finally, it is to Vicente's credit that he enlisted the attention of leaders among succeeding dramatists, for Rueda, Lope de Vega and Calderón learned from him and borrowed from him.

Torres Naharro, a contemporary of Vicente, was active especially in the second decade of the 16th century. With him the comedy of intrigue is definitively established in Spanish. A soldier and adventurer, he suffered captivity in Algiers, and after his release settled in Italy, publishing at Naples in 1517, under the collective title of *Propaladia*, his plays which had previously appeared separately. There is a little reason to doubt his early adherence to the manner of Encina; it is perfectly clear, too, that he outstripped him in knowledge of dramatic technique and in the application of its principles. Torres Naharro was, in the opinion of Fitzmaurice-Kelly, a worthy judge, "the first Spaniard to realize his personages, to create character on the boards; the first to build a plot, to maintain an interest in action by variety of incident, to polish an intrigue, to concentrate his powers within manageable limits, to view stage-effects from before the curtain. In a word, Torres Naharro knew the stage, its possibilities, and its resources."

A masterful writer of plays, Torres Naharro was also the first dramatic critic of Spain. In the Preface to the collected edition of his pieces he laid down principles of dramatic composition. There we see him advocating the division of a play into five acts, which of old Horace had regarded as sacrosanct but

which was not destined to maintain itself in the works of the later Spanish playwrights, for they reduced the number to four and finally to three, which remained the accepted number. He argues for the appearance on the boards of only a restricted number of personages, no fewer than six, no more than twelve, a principle which he violated on one occasion himself. Moreover, Torres Naharro conceives of two chief classes of plays: the *comedia a noticia*, or realistic play, dealing with the persons, things and happenings of actual life, and the *comedia a fantasía*, or drama of imaginative invention, which must, however, avoid treating the impossible. With both satisfaction and pleasure we can read the pieces of Torres Naharro even today, and we feel that he was not wholly eclipsed by the great masters who came after him. Having a rugged sense of the dramatic possibilities in real life, he created characters ever consistent with events and themselves and never merely pale representatives of a type, and he was an expert in the disposition of peripetia and scenic effect. With him a gigantic step forward is made in the course of the true drama of lasting worth. Admitting into the frame of the old farce figures representing all ranks and conditions of life and not simply shepherds, hermits and their like, he expanded vastly the possibilities of action and provided a free scope for the exposition of manners. The comedy of intrigue, only timidly essayed before him, is now established firmly. As remarks in the Preface to the *Propaladia* indicate, he had studied

the ancient Latin theater and he had kept his eye on the contemporary Italian imitation of it, but the plots of his plays seem to be his own and not elaborations of the conventionalized themes of Renaissance Italian comedy. He who would know and appreciate Torres Naharro at his best need but study him in his *Comedia Himenea*, in which he gives ample proof of his skill in rendering current manners and in exploiting the element of intrigue. Moreover, this comedy is noteworthy in another important respect. It is the first Spanish play to give emphasis as a motif to the punctilio, the *pundonor* or point of honor, which later dominates all other interests in hundreds of plays of the Golden Age and is carried to monstrous extremes by Calderón. Of course there are imperfections in the dramatic work of Torres Naharro, and these are the result chiefly of his exaggerated realism, as when, bringing upon the boards personages of different nationalities, he makes them speak each in his own language and thus produces a Babylonic confusion of tongues, or as when he exhibits a tendency to make the humor of the situation unduly farcical.

We have now reached the period of Lope de Rueda. With him begins unmistakably the popularization of the drama as a literary form. Encina, Vicente, and Torres Naharro did not write for the masses and did not court their favor; they sought the approval of only the higher circles. Rueda made the theater national, and this he did while combining the functions of actor and playwright, a union of activities

which after his day produced so glorious results for the history of the drama in England and France, through the medium of a Shakespeare and a Molière. Originally a goldbeater at Seville, he abandoned his craft somewhat before the middle of the 16th century to become a member of a troupe of strolling actors, and, not content with the repertory available for himself and his fellow-players, he began to compose actable pieces on his own account. We have, after all, but scant information respecting the details of his life as actor-author. Indeed, the fullest statement about him is that made by Cervantes in the Prologue to his *Ocho Comedias*, published in 1615. There Cervantes tell us that, in a conversation which he had with several friends, the point was raised as to "who was the first in Spain to take plays out of their swaddling-clothes and dress them up in well-appearing and ornate attire. I, as I was the oldest there—Cervantes was speaking fifty years after the death of Rueda—said that I remembered having seen the great Lope de Rueda play, a man famous for his acting and for his intelligence. . . . He was admirable in pastoral poetry. . . . In the time of this celebrated Spaniard all the outfit of an actor-manager could be put into a single bag. It consisted of a few white sheep-skin robes—such as shepherds wear—adorned with gilt leather, a few beards and wigs, and a few shepherds' crooks. The plays were colloquies, of the nature of eclogues, between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess. These colloquies he furbished up, and he expanded

them by means of two or three interludes, dealing now with a negress, again with a pimp (*rufián*), now with a simpleton (*bobo*), again with a Biscayan; for all four of these figures and many more did Lope develope with the greatest excellence and propriety that can be imagined. At that time there was no stage machinery. . . . The stage was made up of four square benches with four or six boards on top of them, rising four palms length from the ground. . . . The only ornamentation of the stage was an old blanket, drawn by two cords from one side to the other, and constituting what is called a dressing-room; behind this were the musicians, who, without a guitar, sang some old ballad." Thus do we find Cervantes testifying, among other things, to the exceedingly rudimentary nature of the popular stage and the scenic outfit at a time when the 16th century had already advanced well in its course; and we can form some idea of the difficulties with which the embryo popular theater had to contend, difficulties which, however, were paralleled in the early history of the stage in the other European lands as well.

The pieces preserved that are with certainty to be ascribed to Rueda fall into the categories of *comedias*, *coloquios* and *pasos*. The *comedias* represent his most ambitious and least successful endeavors, and yet are not to be dismissed as failures. They do lack, however, the element of originality; for some, if not all of them, reveal a dependency upon Italian models, with which, it may be granted,

they compare not unfavorably. There reappear in them familiar themes and motives, known of old in classic Latin, repeated again and again in the Italian *novelle* and Italian plays, and used later with good effect by Shakespeare in *Cymbeline* and *Twelfth Night*. The *coloquios*, written with but two exceptions in prose, as were also the *comedias* and the famed *pasos*, are very like the *comedias*, differing notably in that they have shepherds as their personages. Still, some of the *coloquios* might be classed as longish *pasos*, displaying, as they do, a certain similarity to the *pasos* in their style, their supple use of dialogue and their clever treatment of farcical incident. But when all is said and done, Rueda really cared less for long, elaborate plots than for brief dramatic episodes, particularly those in which he could reproduce popular and comic types of his time. Hence his invention of the *paso*, related of course to the farce current among the common folk, but fashioned by him into an interlude in which attention is confined to some very simple situation, the interest of which depends not so much upon action, for that is generally lacking, as upon the wit and liveliness of the dialogue and the appearance on the boards of many representive popular types, even those of a villainous character. From below the back-stairs, from the streets and hovels of the poorer quarters of the city, from the underworld, and from the rural districts, he draws forth his individual figures, so that servants, old crones, thieves, rustics and the like make their appearance,

and each type uses its own peculiar style and language. Rueda took particular pleasure in reproducing the type of the *bobo* or simpleton, who, as the clown in the dramatic masterpieces of his successors, was to amuse by his antics and merry quips and, at the same time, like the chorus of the old Greek theater, provide a commentary on the behavior of the leading personages. Giving greater prominence to a factor already discernible in the *Himenea* of Torres Naharro, he also outlined clearly the character of the lackey, who in the hands of Lope de Vega, Calderón, their peers and their followers, became the aid and abettor of his master in the latter's maneuvers, and also helped to diversify the interest of the action by duplicating in his humbler sphere the scheming and love-making which the master carried on in the higher and more refined circles. In the elaborating of these and other parts Rueda prepared the way for the later dramatic writers, and they, as his heirs, had simply to put to good stead the patrimony that he bequeathed to them. As has been said, he preferred prose for his pieces, where his predecessors employed only verse, but that he could also succeed in verse he proved beyond a doubt in his versified *Diálogo sobre la invención de las calzas*, an eminently humorous and witty *paso* in the form of a dialogue between two lackeys, which has the purpose of casting ridicule on the great amplitude of the knee-breeches of the time, breeches which were often stuffed with straw and other materials to swell them out to huge pro-

portions. Not even Molière could have treated the subject with more efficacious play of humorous satire. Leaving Rueda, let us record again a fact announced in a previous lecture, this is the obligations under which Cervantes rests to him, obligations which come out clearly when we read the *Novelas ejemplares* and even the *Don Quixote*. In both of these masterpieces there are qualities of style and diction, especially in the use of dialogue, and there are elements of character drawing, which recall similar features of the work of Lope de Rueda.

After 1550 the dramatic writers of Spain are many. No few produce more or less free versions or formless imitations of classical and especially Latin tragedies and comedies; but to none of these, infelicitous in manner and unfertile in valuable results, do we care to give attention here. The tragedies due to them can elicit no praise whatsoever; modeled on those of Seneca, they are distinguished mainly by their endeavor to outdo the Senecan plays in details of sanguinary horror.

Now, as marking the last important steps in the progress of the constantly developing dramatic art that was to be delivered to Lope de Vega and by him to be given the impress of genius, we consider briefly the labors of Juan de la Cueva, whose collection of *Comedias* and *Tragedias*, some fourteen in number, appeared in 1583. We have from him also an exposition of his conception of the principles of dramatic art, his *Ejemplar poético*, stating theories that are put into practice in his plays. Familiar

with the rules of classical composition, he declared himself averse to their application, and at the same time expressed himself as dissatisfied with all things dramatic thus far put forth in Spanish. He cast aside with little ceremony the rigid precepts that the classicists would enforce, and, after reducing the acts of a play from five to four, he devoted himself to the task of increasing and varying the metrical and versified forms used on the stage. An innovator in this last regard, and therein a precursor of Lope de Vega, so prodigal of rhyme and meter in his plays, he showed still more his enterprise by establishing the historical drama on the boards for good and all. In the better of his historical pieces, Cueva took his themes from the heroic tradition which he found treated in the ballads and therefore, as in the case of his *Siete Infantes de Lara* and his *Cerco de Zamora*, he lent scenic animation to legends dear to the Spanish popular heart. With less success he attempted the historical play based on recent historical events, as in his *Saco de Roma y Muerte de Borbón*, which, as the title implies, deals with happenings in Charles V's campaigns in Italy. Still another item of interest is afforded by Cueva's dramatic career, in that he was the first Spaniard to give scenic consistency to the figure of the arch-villain, the Titanic scoundrel. This he did in *El Infamador*, whose libertine hero, Leucino, is a prototype of the Don Juan of Tirso's *Burlador de Sevilla*, whence derive Molière's *Festin de Pierre*, the *Don Giovanni* of operatic fame, and the 19th century

product of Romanticism, Zorrilla's *Don Juan Tenorio.* But not only does the *Infamador* introduce the cynical and shameless libertine to Spanish theater-going audiences, it is also the first example of the "cape and sword" play, the particular form of the drama of manners and intrigue that Lope de Vega was soon to appropriate and make the lasting foundation of his fame.

Properly we should chronicle here the part that Cervantes played in the dramatic annals of his time. In a former lecture we have been obliged to admit that his dramatic skill was far from great and that he failed to score a success on the boards for any of his pieces. His mighty talent had to find and did find expression elsewhere. There can be no doubt, too, that he realized the immense superiority of Lope de Vega to himself as a dramatic poet, and gave way before him, even though he continued to write cabinet plays throughout nearly all of his life.

With the advent of Lope de Vega (1562–1635) the era of dramatic glory begins. But it came with no abruptness. We have had occasion to view the gradual evolution of the Spanish drama from the second half of the 15th century to the moment of Lope de Vega's accession to the theatrical throne, and we have seen appearing one after another and accepted as legitimate forms of literary composition the *auto* or religious play, the *paso* or comic interlude, the comedy of manners and intrigue, and the historical play. The pure tragedy was there, too, but, if we judge by the survivals of it, it had hardly

emerged from the bounds of academic experimentation, any more than it had done so in the hands of the Italian writers of the Renaissance. Indeed, it is safe to say that the absolutely genuine and unadulterated type of tragedy was not a favorite at any period of the Golden Age; the Spaniard preferred to it the mixed type which we call tragicomedy, as he did sometimes, but which he often labeled as simply *comedia*.

By the genius of Lope de Vega, of Calderón, and of the more notable of their contemporaries and followers, the Spanish drama was, during the long stretch of time extending from the second half of the 16th century almost to the end of the 17th, raised to a height of excellence not since equaled in Spain and able to challenge comparison with the national drama of all other lands, ancient or modern. Memories of the heroic past of Spain, examples of the unbounded religious faith of the people, innumerable phases of the daily contemporaneous life with its incessant hurly-burly, all these things and many more did the Golden Age bring upon the stage and mirror with a fidelity that found recognition in the minds of all who witnessed the show. The popular heart throbbed responsive to the scenic play of human action and sentiment, stirred no less by the moving reality and naturalness of the performance than by the religious and patriotic fervor that pervaded it and by the infectious echos of the ballad verse which the Spanish theater took over from the *romances*.

It cannot be repeated too often that unreserved religious faith and blind patriotism infuse the spirit of the Golden Age as exhibited in the vast dramatic output of the time, a faith and a patriotism that had been kept ever active during the past ages of the Reconquest of Spain from the Mohammedan, and which remained as potent as ever even though Granada had fallen before the end of the 15th century.

Manifold were the sources whence the prolific playwrights of the Golden Age derived the material which forms the substance of their pieces. Biblical narratives; legends of the saints; traditions from national history and from the history of foreign lands in the form in which Spain knew it; scenes from contemporary life in which figure personages of all ranks from royalty down, but particularly the great middle class with its heroes of gallant adventures, its jealous ladies, and its simple-minded yet witty clowns (*graciosos*); all these provided matter for the dramatic poet's mind and pen.

The great body of resulting plays may be grouped roughly in two divisions: (i) the religious, and (ii) the secular. Of these the religious may be subdivided into (a) *autos sacramentales* and (b) *comedias de santos*. The last-named, although primarily religious in their nature, are not essentially different in technique from the secular plays. The secular plays have the two leading subdivisions of (a) *comedias de capa y espada*, the drama of intrigue and manners, and (b) *comedias del teatro*, or spectacular

drama, in which scenic display is very prominent and the presence of royalty on the boards is usual. Among lesser categories are the *loa* or prologue; the *entremés* or interlude, of which the *paso* is one form; and the *zarzuela* or vaudeville.

The growth of the national drama was greatly fostered, of course, by the setting up of permanent stages, such as the theaters established at Valencia and Seville in the first half of the 16th century. Madrid, which had not yet acquired metropolitan importance, since it did not become the recognized royal residence until 1561, followed in 1579 with the establishment of the *Teatro de la Cruz* and in 1582 with that of the *Teatro del Príncipe.*

At first, theatrical performances were greatly promoted by religious confraternities and societies having charge of hospitals and kindred charitable institutions, which, in order to obtain funds for the institutions under their care, provided premises for the players and their audience, and acted as sponsors for the production of this or that play. It is a proof of the popularity of the Spanish drama that it was thus utilized for religious and charitable purposes. Before deliberately planned playhouses were erected, the theaters were merely the yards of houses, *corrales*, at one end of which a stage was constructed. The greater number of the spectators took their place in the yard before the stage, while the noble and wealthier contingent witnessed the performance from the windows of the surrounding house-walls.

Félix Lope de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid in 1562, some two years earlier than Shakespeare. He was an extraordinarily precocious child and already in his fourteenth year he had written a play, *El verdadero Amante*. Let us not judge the quality of his precocity, however, by the play as we have it, for he undoubtedly polished it up in his later years. Like Cervantes he served his country, which means that Lope did duty aboard one of the vessels of the ill-fated Armada directed against England; and while so engaged he found himself with the leisure necessary for the composing of the major part of an epic poem, the *Hermosura de Angélica*, which he wrote as a continuation of the *Orlando furioso* of the great Italian poet, Ariosto. It is a disagreeable task to chronicle the details of the life of Lope; there is all too much of the scabrous in them. Whoso lists to look, will find all set down in the excellent account of Lope's career prepared by Professor Rennert of the University of Pennsylvania. Having examined the pages thereof, he will come to this conclusion: in no case more than in that of Lope de Vega is it necessary for the modern reader to dissociate the inglorious life of the man from the splendid labors of the poet. There is no little danger that the moral blots on Lope's personality will sadly impair the luster of the writer, if they be not sedulously kept out of view. For Lope was a strange compound of sensuality, pettiness, servility and genius. Fortunately, this last quality outweighed all the others.

Still a very young man, he was brought to trial

for a scandalous libel upon a woman whom he had loved and upon her family; and as a well-deserved punishment for his crime, he was exiled from the kingdom of Castile for two years, under pain of death, and was banished from the capital for a still longer period. Later on he seems to have been arrested for cohabitation. Twice married, he figured constantly in amours of which children were the result. Even after taking Holy Orders for the express purpose of "bringing order into his disorder," he fell again from grace. Furthermore, while engaged in his own erotic pursuits, he acted as a poetical pander, and indited love ditties, intended for the mistresses of his patron, the Duke of Sessa. It was not heedlessly, either, that Lope sinned again and again. His correspondence shows that he realized the enormity of his conduct. Repentance was ever on his lips; his spirit was very willing to reform, but his flesh was deplorably weak as long as lusty youth and manhood lasted. It cannot be said in his case, as in that of the Italian genius, Cellini, that he claimed, as a privilege of genius, exemption from the penalties of crime and sin. When old age came upon Lope, when his vanity was now wounded repeatedly by the favor shown to playwrights of a younger generation, the poor sinner's heart was broken and his end hastened by two grievous calamities—the death of his son Lope and the elopement of his daughter Antonia. Retribution came to him in this world; let the world forgive and forget his frailties. Lope died in Au-

gust of 1635; the resting-place of his bones is unknown to-day; they were originally laid away in a church on the Calle de Atocha in Madrid, after protracted funereal ceremonies in which took part hundreds of persons, including some of the highest dignitaries of the time.

Contemplating Lope the author, who dominated the Golden Age of Spanish letters, one is overcome with sheer amazement at the magnitude of his literary labors carried on despite the aberrations and distractions of a life of moral turpitude. Practically all the forms of verse composition were essayed by him. In the epic, as we have said, he tried his fortunes with the *Angélica*, a sequel to the Italian *Orlando furioso;* and not content to vie with Ariosto, he sought to emulate Tasso with another epic attempt, the *Jerusalén conquistada.* More successful than these ventures is the mock-heroic *Gatomaquia,* after the manner of the ancient *Battle of the Frogs and Mice.* Elements of the mythological prevail in a number of poems that could never have provided a foundation for his fame. The historical furnishes the motive for several verse compositions, mediocre from the artistic point of view, but with a certain curious interest for us for other reasons, especially when they evidence the contemporary Spanish attitude toward the English. This they do in the *Dragontea,* a fierce attack on the English corsair, Francis Drake, and in the *Corona trágica,* a sympathetic treatment of the fortunes of Mary, Queen of Scots, which is, as might be expected, not at all

partial to her enemy, Elizabeth. The didactic comes to view particularly in his *Arte nuevo de hacer comedias* and in his *Laurel de Apolo*. The former, to which we return later for a second, is his dramatic *Ars poetica*, intended to reveal his close acquaintance with the strict rules of the classic drama and to explain why he disregarded them in his own dramatic creations; the *Laurel* is an uncritical and biased rhymed review of about 300 poets, and, like the *Viaje del Parnaso* of Cervantes, it unduly exalts many poetasters.

Lope would not confess himself outdone by any writer of his time in any form of composition; all kinds were elaborated by his pen. Hence his particular contribution to the class of pastoral romances, his *Arcadia* in mingled prose and verse, with high and noble personages figuring in it as the denizens of Arcady; and his prose tales designed, no doubt, to show him as able as Cervantes in the handling of the short story, and certainly proving that he was not. In the pure verse pastoral Lope did score a triumph with the exquisite *Pastores de Belén*, which contains a beautiful lullably sung by the Virgin over the Child Jesus. Somewhat of the delicate charm of the original may be felt in Ticknor's rendering of it:

Holy angels and blest,
Through these palms as ye sweep,
Hold their branches at rest,
For my Babe is asleep.

. . . . . .

My Babe all divine,
With earth's sorrows oppressed,
Seeks slumber an instant
His grievings to rest;
He slumbers,—He slumbers,—
Oh, hush, then, and keep
Your branches all still,—
My Babe is asleep.

. . . . . .

The best of Lope's prose works is the *Dorotea*, ostensibly a play in five acts but really a novel in dramatic form, like the 15th century *Celestina*, which was its model and to which, among the many imitations, it is the closest approximation. He began the *Dorotea* early in his career, kept it by him throughout his life, constantly adding to it, changing and embellishing it, and making of it a kind of diary, so that Professor Rennert and other biographers have found it desirable to consult it for the pieces of self-revelation that it contains.

To all the works mentioned and many for which we cannot stay, there must be added an enormous mass of sonnets, ballads, odes, elegies, verse epistles and the like, published in collections or interspersed through his other productions, especially the plays. Lope was a true, a supreme poet, and genuine sentiment inspires his lyric verse. Sinner though he was, he surpassed most of his countrymen, and most foreign poets as well, in devout expression; and when he wrote devout poems, he did not play the hypocrite. As a man he was a composite of

antithetical and extreme qualities, and even while most flagrantly culpable in the carnal way, he could compose a religious sonnet as beautiful as this which Longfellow has translated so gracefully:

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

It is with Lope's plays that the world is mainly concerned, and the number of these almost overtaxes one's credulity. According to a statement made by the poet himself, he composed no fewer than 1,500 dramas, exclusive of hundreds of *autos*, or short religious pieces, and of *loas* and *entremeses*, that is, comic curtain-raisers and interludes. It has been estimated that this means more than five million verses of assonance and of full rhyme, in all the usual native and foreign Italian measures. His fertility was prodigious. According to another assertion of his, he wrote more than 100 of his *comedias* within the space of twenty-four hours each. Of this vast output of *comedias* there are known to

be extant between 400 and 500, enough certainly by which to judge of Lope's merits and faults, Professor Rennert, who has studied about 300 of them, makes "bold to assert that there is not one which is wholly bad—not one without repeated bursts of lofty poetry which only a splendid genius could have written."

It is meet here to stress the fact that Lope was entirely cognizant of the fact that his plays do not as a rule obey the classic precepts observed in the regular tragedies and comedies modeled on those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. This is attested by characteristic remarks in his treatise, *The New Art of Making Plays*. "True it is," he says, "that I have sometimes written following the rules that are known to few, but as soon as I see the monsters . . . coming forth, to which flock the public . . . who canonize this sad spectacle, then forthwith do I return to my barbarous custom;

> And when I undertake to write a play,
> I put the rules aside, I lock them up.
> Terence and Plautus from my room I thrust,
> That they may not complain; for 'tis the wont
> Of truth to cry aloud e'en from mute books:
> And then I write according to the art
> Of those who court the favor of the mob.
> The mob pays for the show; 'tis only right
> To speak in terms uncouth for its delight."

We cannot attempt here any thoroughgoing analysis of the nature and subject-matter of even the more striking of Lope's dramatic masterpieces;

in his *History of Spanish Literature*, Ticknor has outlined the plots of characteristic plays. Once for all the admission may be made that in qualities of style Lope's dramas are often uneven, and not seldom deficient. They lack the smoothness of finish which only deliberation and slowly matured execution can give and which are requisite for a work of art. This is tantamount to saying that Lope's theater is largely one of improvisation. He wrote his plays hastily to answer an imperious and never sated popular demand for something new on the boards, and no one was more aware than Lope himself of the risk which he ran in this speed of production. The wonder of it all is that, under these circumstances, he remained ever inventive and could escape the reproach of monotony of fancy. His dramatic imagination was a gift of nature—contemporaries called him *El monstruo de la naturaleza*, a prodigy of nature—and his imagination did not fail him no matter how much he abused it. But depth of philosophical thought was not one of his characteristics; he did not attempt abstruse philosophical problems, and, therefore, with all his marvelous fertility of invention in devising dramatic plots, he remains a rather superficial spirit in too many of his pieces.

It is an obvious trait of Lope's plays that they are dominated by a popular feeling. Hanger-on though he was of the great, he could think and feel even more with people than with the circles of the court. This may be disputed by some, but it seems patent

in those *comedias* in which he brings episodes from Spanish national history and legend upon the boards, and it seems no less clear in many of his plays of intrigue and manners, that is, his *comedias de capa y espada*. True it is that Juan de la Cueva anticipated Lope in the conception of this particular genre, but where Cueva was only a tyro, Lope was a past master in the art. Framing the cape and sword drama to suit his fancy, Lope raised woman in it to the dominant place, and made her the center of action calling forth gallantry and superinducing intrigue, and he was the first to do this on the boards in Spain. Taking the *bobo*, the simpleton of the earlier *pasos* and *comedias*, he recast him as the witty and knavish *gracioso* or clown, not the least of whose functions is the censorious and generally critical attitude that he often assumes with regard to the other characters and their behavior. To the point of honor some dramatic importance had already been accorded by Torres Naharro; with Lope it becomes a powerful motive of dramatic action leading to a tragic dénouement upon occasion or again to a complication of situations promising disaster, from which the hero or the heroine is extricated happily by a skillfully devised peripetia. The point of honor has its most frequent application when woman's virtue is in question; the least stain upon her honor, even though caused by no fault of her own, marks her as the victim,—no less than the male offender,—of the avenging wrath of husband, father or, perchance, brother, when the last-named

is regarded as the defender of the family's good name. On the whole, Lope was not so readily inclined to carry this use of the point of honor to morbid extremes, as Calderón was in the 17th century. Reading Lope's lines and, still more, reading between his lines, we must feel that he would have released woman from certain of the bonds in which she was held by the social conventions of his time. We may well subscribe to the opinions expressed by Professor Schevill, the most recent critic of Lope's dramatic art, when he declares that Lope "championed a saner and, if we may call it so, a freeer position for women; he emphasized again and again the necessity of granting them greater liberty of choice in determining their own happiness in marriage or any other state. He justified their opposition to distasteful unions and their desire to see and speak freely with men they are to marry. We reach this conclusion chiefly by inference from many scenes in his plays. Perhaps the exaggerated liberties which some of his women characters take, quite contrary to local custom, also imply a desire on Lope's part to see a greater freedom for womankind realized. In this connection we may add that nowhere is the honor code so overemphasized as in the cases in which arbitrary fathers or brothers keep a hawk-like vigilance over the actions of daughter or sister, lest she bring discredit on their honor and name. These pictures frequently imply a criticism of the selfishness and arbitrary authority of the man and a plea for a more reasonable position for the woman."

Depicting the young gallant who stands over against the *dama* or heroine, Lope probably held the mirror up to nature, copying the models found in middle class and court society of his age, but he seems hardly ever to conceive of the young gentleman without giving him a servant as an important concomitant figure, even as he furnishes the heroine with her attendant *criada* or maid. There is more than realism in such combinations so manifestly stressed by him; they remind us of stock situations in the ancient drama and in the Italian *novelle* that were familiar to him as to other Spaniards who knew the literature of the Italian Renaissance; but no matter whence he derived the idea of the combinations, he used them with theatrical effectiveness in his game of duplication, whereby he consciously develops "infinite possibilities in situation, humor and comic confusion." He balances the pair of servants over against their master and mistress, and thus, as Schevill remarks, "it is apparent that the servant may not only duplicate the master's love affair, but he may also find himself involved in the same predicament as his employer and frankly burlesque, by the absurdity of his own situation, the mock-serious plight of his master." Such a possibility Lope recognized as a source of comic effect and he made the most of it.

We must renounce all further investigation of even leading types that figure among the thousands of characters—some one fond of figures has calculated that he introduces in the neighborhood of

20,000 persons on the stage—that belong to Lope's *dramatis personæ*.

On his treatment of the religious drama pure and simple we have not the time to expatiate. In this part of his work he was excelled by his successor as theatrical dictator, Calderón, but no one will gainsay the statement that in Lope's hands the old religious *auto* received more vital force than it had yet possessed.

To his mastery of dialogue, clear at once to those who read even a single one of his pieces, the critics accord praise with one voice; and they call attention to the skill with which he has adapted metrical conditions to this essential of dramatic construction. Although in his *Dorotea* he pointed out the advantages of the use of prose for the drama, he composed his mighty array of plays in verse. Spaniards have never favored, as the French and the English dramatists have done, the policy of carrying a single verse form through an individual play. Like Cueva before him, Lope employs many different metrical and rhyming schemes, and with him the practice is established for the rest of the Golden Age. Moreover, he regulates the principles in accordance with which the separate schemes may be used to render varying emotions and different effects. So it is that the *romance* or ballad verse does duty in expository and narrative passages and thus the assonating measures of the old heroic poems live on with never-ending usefulness; the sonnet is found desirable for soliloquies; the *redondilla* is good for love-making;

the *décimas* for plaints; and so on with the remaining forms, both those of native origin and those that the poets Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega had imported from Italian and naturalized in Spanish.

V

THE CULMINATION OF THE DRAMATIC MOVEMENT: CALDERÓN

Lope de Vega, the universal genius, left untried none of the possible forms of the drama that found acceptance with the Spanish people of his time. He failed in his treatment of none of them; he gained a dazzling success in some of them, and did so notably in the drama of manners. Practically all of the contemporary playwrights acknowledged his supremacy and were content to be regarded as of his school. Undeniably of his school was the talented man, Gabriel Téllez, to whom reference is usually made under his pseudonym, Tirso de Molina.

Born about 1571, Tirso was not much younger than Lope, only some nine years, but he seems to have reached his thirty-fourth year before his first play of certain date appeared, and by that time Lope had long been famous and arbiter of the destinies of the Spanish theater. Tirso became a clergyman and a member of the Mercernarian order; he was twice superior in the order and a chronicler of its activities. He traveled widely on business connected with it, and his journeys took him even as far as Santo Domingo. He died in 1648.

Now there is that in the literary productions of

Tirso, especially in the plots of some of his most highly valued plays, which shocks the pious and scandalizes even those whose feelings in the matter do not go beyond asking a sense of propriety of gentlemen of the cloth. To put it frankly, the libidinous is so strongly accentuated in the behavior of certain of his most highly developed dramatic characters that one wonders how a priest in orders—one apparently always in good odor and not under the censure of his superiors,—could reconcile it with his conscience to parade on the boards a callous or at least a frivolous conception of morality. For some of us there is an unsolved enigma here. Tirso did not take orders until he was almost thirty years of age, so that he might well without the impairment of his priestly character have gained that knowledge of rakes and wantons and their ways which certain of his plays exhibit, and especially the most noted of those attributed to him, the *Burlador de Sevilla*. But no right-minded priest could put that knowledge to stead in the devising of characters and the elaborating of scenes that depend so largely for their interest upon a display of lascivious conduct, as is the case in the *Burlador de Sevilla*. It is against his supposed connection with this piece that our strictures are directed particularly, for in respect of other plays, undeniably his, in which looseness of morals is too prominent, we should rather reproach the author with aberration of taste than for any willful exposition of the unbecoming. Of course, all stricture loses force, if the ascription of the *Burlador* to Tirso

can be doubted; and it has been doubted seriously, chiefly for the reason that, while Tirso gathered his plays into some five different *Partes*, he did not include the *Burlador* in any of these groups. Be all this as it may, the *Burlador de Sevilla* has had magnificent fortunes in Spain and without. At home it inspired two of the greatest apostles of the Romantic movement of the 19th century; for Zorrilla based upon it his *Don Juan Tenorio*, which is probably the most popular drama in the whole Spanish repertory, and Espronceda took from it the motive force of his powerful dramatic poem, the *Estudiante de Salamanca*. Indirectly it provided Molière with the material for his *Don Juan* and very directly it provoked imitation by four or five other French playwrights. Shadwell's *Libertine* (1676) reproduces the essentials of the Spanish *Burlador* in an English dress; Byron's *Don Juan* shows the wayward hero, originally a dissolute Spaniard, running the career of intrigue that a young English blood—or a Lord Byron—could run in the first half of the 19th century. On the operatic stage, where the appeal is cosmopolitan, the genius of Mozart has given everlasting fame to the arch-scoundrel Don Giovanni, who is Don Juan in the *Burlador*.

Some suggestion of the dramatic possibilities in the figure of the undaunted villain was apparent already in the preceding century in the *Infamador* of Juan de la Cueva, but the full realization of those possibilities did not occur until the jeering scoundrel, the arch-contemner of female virtue, the wrecker

of hearts and homes, Don Juan Tenorio, began the career of debauchery that constitutes the plot of the *Burlador de Sevilla*. In this piece, by some ascribed to Tirso, by others—and we would fain be of them—denied to him, we view the scoundrel guilefully working his will with one woman after the other, flouting the male friends whose lady-loves are among his victims, slaying the father of one of the injured women, and eventually lured to his doom, which is Hell, by his cold-blooded acceptance of an invitation to dine with the stone-statue representing that father and marking his tomb.

Debauchery is the aim of all Don Juan's existence, and he boasts of the fact:

> Sevilla a voces me llama
> El Burlador, y el mayor
> Gusto que en mi puede haber
> Es burlar una mujer
> Y dejalla sin honor.
> Jornada II, Scene VIII, l. 268.

His attendant lackey, Catalinón, warns him constantly that destruction will be his fate, but he refuses to listen to any admonition and encounters the well-deserved punishment without any expression of compunction not to say contrition for his career of crime. The character of the scoundrelly hero stands forth, clear-cut and consistent with itself.

In lighter comedies of manners, where we are certain that we are dealing with Tirso, the element of amorous intrigue is pursued through a labyrinth of scenes absolutely bewildering in their effect upon

the spectator and the reader. Here the prime agent is often a woman, who, disguised in male garb, pursues her recreant lover, outwits the other women wooed by him or seeking to captivate him, and eventually wins him for herself. Sometimes, as in *Don Gil de las calzas verdes*, the woman thus disguised makes love to another woman or is made the object of another woman's ill-concealed passion. Hence some humor of incident. Tirso's women know little restraint in the manifestation of their amorous feelings; they are resolute, fiery and skilled in all the resources of intrigue. In comparison with them the men of Tirso's more airy comedies are weak and timid; they are but the playthings of the women.

Beyond a doubt Tirso excels in the presentation of character, and in this regard he has not limited his attention to any one stratum of society. The great middle class is pictured to us in the *comedias* with unquestionable fidelity; with all the truth of reality and with evident sympathy the representative types of the lower class are depicted, the peasant in his village, the servant in the household, and the merry clown everywhere, for his especial privileges as attendant and entertainer, permit him to enter upon scenes where even the great figure. In the historical play, which Tirso handled with facility, as is demonstrated clearly in the grandiose *Prudencia en la Mujer*, his conception of the proper behavior of high society deserves favorable comment. There again woman is the center of action, and in the *Prudencia* we see the sagacious Queen-Mother facing the dif-

ficulties of her lofty position as regent during the minority of her son, Ferdinand IV of Castile.

Tirso was a trained theologian, and as such he expounded on the boards the vital doctrines of free-will and predestination, for they furnish the theme of the *Condenado por desconfiado* (The Doubter Damned), which we still ascribe to him, although others refuse it to him. A holy hermit, learning that his own end will not be any better than that of a certain notorious bandit, grieves thereat, and in his resentment passes to moods of doubt and infidelity. At the point of death, the bandit, who has led a life of sin until that moment, repents and is saved; while the hermit, at his end, in spite of his years of mortification and holiness, goes to eternal damnation, because at the close of his career he has yielded to feelings of doubt and diffidence. The legend which infuses the plot inculcating the theological argument is a very ancient one, and it has been discussed learnedly by Menéndez Pidal in his *Discourse* pronounced at the time of his reception into the Spanish Academy. Centuries ago, long before the Christian era, it was used by the Brahmans of India to illustrate phases of the doctrine of the tramsmigration of souls, and after wandering far and wide, it now subserves the purposes of Christian teaching in a Spanish drama of the 17th century.

Of some four hundred plays that Tirso is reported to have written, in the neighborhood of eighty are available today. These are enough, certainly, to provide a basis for judgment regarding his talents,

and that judgment appears to be that in general, for he attempted all the forms of *comedia* in vogue, he is not far inferior to Lope de Vega, and in his forceful presentation of character and his lively use of dialogue he is to be deemed at least equal to Lope and possibly superior to him. His style and diction are usually pure, and devoid of the vicious manifestations of culteranism, that manneristic plague which vexes the modern reader in so many otherwise masterly dramas of the Golden Age. When culteranistic bombast and obscurity show themselves in passages of his pieces, one finds, at least on certain occasions, that they are there for realistic effect, that is, they are intentionally made part of the speech of affected personages among his characters.

Before the heyday of Calderón's flourish there appeared a number of playwrights of high rank, who reflect like Tirso the influence of Lope. One notices the recurrence in one after the other of them of the same or similar dramatic motifs and themes. This is largely attributable to immediate borrowing by the one poet from the other, and the borrowing was done openly, for no one was supposed to blush for the act or to fear the effects of a possible charge of plagiarism. Sometimes the borrowing went so far that the poet in question took over, without more ado, without acknowledging any indebtedness, a whole scene of a play by a predecessor or a contemporary, and simply furbished it up and adapted it to his own needs. From Tirso much was calmly filched in this fashion, and Calderón himself was in

no wise loath to fit into his pieces a passage, a scene, or a situation which had already done duty in a work by Lope or some other dramatist, and even—not without improved results—to revamp a whole composition by a fellow playwright. All engaged in the process, and protest seems not to have been made or expected. Modern Spaniards, without practising plagiarism of substance, have, in their own productions, revived on the stage the self-same situation that one or another dramatic author of the Golden Age had previously elaborated. Zorrilla's *Don Juan Tenorio*, so dear to the Spanish-speaking folk in all parts of the world, is but a romantic interpretation of the wild career of the libertine hero of the *Burlador de Sevilla*. In like manner the tear-distilling melodrama, *Los Amantes de Teruel*, of the 19th century romanticist Hartzenbusch, has revived for modern playgoers the story of true love that did not run smooth, which was brought into the 17th century playhouse by Juan Pérez de Montalbán, the protégé of Lope de Vega, and which bore the same title. Furthermore, Montalbán was but one of several dramatists who exploited the subject in his age. His *Amantes* is the one particular piece that brings him attention to-day.

Passing over some dramatic poets of minor rank—men such as Luis Vélez de Guevara and Mira de Amescua—we pause to consider Guillén de Castro, not the least deserving of those who sought in the popular heroic poetry of the traditional ballads the inspiration for an historical play, in his case, the

Mocedades del Cid. The great majority of trained persons of our surroundings are much better acquainted with the classical drama of France than with the Spanish drama of the *siglo de oro*, and, as a result, the Cid of the theater known to them is the protagonist of Corneille's play, whom many, no doubt, had heard declaiming passages in the *style noble* through the mouth of Mounet-Sully. Now Corneille was a foreigner who did to Spanish plays of the 17th century exactly what the Spanish writers were doing to one another in their regard—he appropriated them, and, as not infrequently happened also with the borrowed material in the hands of the native Spaniard, he bettered them,

In so far as subject-matter is concerned, Corneille invented nothing. He did not have to do so. As a literary artist superior to Castro and as one obedient to the principles of propriety and measured restraint which through him and after him were to dominate dramatic composition in France, Corneille had only to choose from the superabundant material in Castro's work that which suited the aims of his own constructive genius. Hence certain episodes of the history of the youthful Cid, which the Spanish playwright drew from the legendary stores of his native land and to which he gave dramatic setting, were eliminated by the French poet, who focused his attention simply upon the means of developing according to the terms of probability a psychological situation,—the conflict between love and duty. This was already of prime interest for Castro; Cor-

neille has given to it added emphasis. Doing so, he strove to regulate the action of his plot in compliance with the rule of unity of time which the French critics deemed imperative; and, as a result the full measure of probability was not achieved by him.

It is not likely that the heart of Chimène could within twenty-four hours of time determine its inclination in favor of love for the slayer of her father, thus overcoming the promptings of conscience which impelled her, through a sense of duty, to bring destruction upon that slayer; and at all events it is contrary to accepted canons of propriety and decorum that it should do so. The Spanish play, allowing for the lapse of a considerable period between the homicide and the final yielding of the girl torn by conflicting emotions, safeguards the reasonable elements of the plot. But, taking exception to Corneille's undue condensation of action within limits too narrow, we must not fail to remember that Corneille was not a free agent in the matter; he had to cater to a false conception of dramatic law which French classicism imposed with almost fanatic rigor.

The Spaniards who, save for a brief period, when in the 18th century and at the opening of the 19th pseudo-classicism held sway among them, have never cared for the cold precision of the French dramatic rules, consider the *Mocedades* as not at all inferior to the great French work. It is certainly true that in energy and naturalness of presentation of the passions at play, the *Mocedades* proves that

the power of Castro was no less effective than that of Corneille. Having in mind the masterly treatment accorded by the latter to certain scenes that are of capital importance in *Le Cid*, let us look at the Spanish writer's rendition of them.

On the stage are Jimena; the Princess; the arrogant Count, Jimena's father; Peranzules, his retainer; the Cid; Diego, the Cid's father, and Arias Gonzalo, the father's retainer; so that the young man's challenge is witnessed by many characters in the Spanish prototype, whereas in *Le Cid* only the youth and the Count are before us.

Cid. Count!
Count. Who is this?
Cid. Here
Will I tell thee who I am.
Jim. Woe's me, what can this mean?
Count. What dost thou seek of me?
Cid. Of thee I seek speech.
That old man who stands yonder.
Dost thou know who he is?
Count. In sooth, I know him.
Why dost thou ask?
Cid. Why?
Speak low: hear me.
Count. Proceed.
Cid. Dost thou not know that in him were trophies
Of honor and valor?
Conde. So might it have been.
Cid. And that it is his blood and mine
That shows in my eyes,
Knowest thou that?
Count. And did I know it (be brief of speech),
What would its import be?

Cid. If we go to some other place,
Thou shalt learn how great its import is.
Count. Go hence, thou stripling. Can this thing be?
Begone, thou novice knight,
Begone, and when thou hast learned
To give battle and to conquer,
Then thou shalt be able to gain the honor
Of seeing thyself conquered by me,
And I shall not have to blush
For conquering thee and slaying thee.
Give over the thought of thy wrongs,
For never can he achieve vengeance with blood
Who still has the milk on his lips.
Cid. With thee will I begin
To give battle and to learn,
And thou shalt see whether I know how to conquer,
Thou shalt see whether I know how to slay.
And my sword, though ill handled,
Shall tell thee, in my right hand,
That my heart is master
Of this art as yet unlearned.
And I shall be satisfied,
When I mingle with my wrongs
This milk from my lips
And the blood from thy breast.
Peranzules. Count!
Arias. Roderick!
Jim. Woe's me!
Diego. My heart is inflamed
Cid. Where this house casts a shadow,
All is sanctuary for thee. . . .
Jim. Art thou against my father, sir?
Cid. And hence I do not kill thee, even now.
Jim. I beg thee. . . .
Cid. Pardon me, madam;
But I am the son of my honor.—
Follow me, Count.

Count. Stripling
With the arrogance of a giant,
I will kill thee, if before me
Thou dost take thy stand; go hence in peace.
Go hence, go hence, if thou dost not wish
That, as on a certain occasion
I gave thy father a buffet,
I give thee a thousand kicks.
Cid. Thy insolence has gone too far.
Jim. With what good reason am I now distressed!
Diego. Too many words, my son,
Take from the sword its strength.
Jim. O, check thy violent hand,
Roderick.

. . . . . .

(*Exeunt the* COUNT *and* RODERICK, *fighting with their swords, and all after them; behind the scenes is said the following.*)

Count. I am slain!
Jim. O, cruel fate!
Alas, my father!

When one compares this scene with the corresponding one of Corneille's piece, one must confess that the lack of energy and blunt directness in the latter is more than compensated by the noble rhetoric and the softened terms of the words with which its two chief characters address each other.

On the other hand, it is open to question that Corneille has surpassed Castro in psychological insight and in tempered yet effective expression of sentiment in the scene of the first interview between the lovers, after the killing of the Count, and in the apartments of Jimena.

(*Enter* RODERICK, *and* ELVIRA, JIMENA'S *attendant*)

Elv. What has thou done, Roderick?
Cid. Elvira,
What an unhappy day!
But our past friendship
And my woes, bear thou in mind.
Elv. Didst thou not slay the Count?
Cid. 'Tis true:
For my honor I had to do so.
Elv. Well, Sir,
When did the house of the dead man
Become an asylum for the slayer?
Cid. Never for him who sought life;
But I seek death
In his house.
Elv. In what wise?
Cid. Jimena is offended.
In my very soul I regret
The resentment that is in her sovereign eyes;
And because I would be just,
I come to die at her hands,
Seeing that to her liking I am already dead.

(*While they are talking,* JIMENA *is heard approaching with her attendants.* ELVIRA *has the* CID *hide behind a curtain.*)
(*Enters* JIMENA, *who dismisses her suite.*)

. . . . . .

Jim. Elvira, alone with thee
I would rest a while.
The full measure of my misfortune
With all my soul now do I feel; Roderick
Has slain my father.
Cid. (*Aside.*) With sorrow I am mad.
Jim. What must my feelings be, since this is so!
Elv. I beg thee, rest.

Jim. Sore distressed am I!
For one-half of my life
Has slain the other half!
Elv. Is there no consolation for thee?
Jim. What consolation can I derive,
If when I take vengeance for the one part of my life,
I shall lose both parts.
Elv. Thou dost still love Roderick:
Remember that he did slay thy father.
Jim. Yes, and even though he be taken (alas, Elvira!),
He is my adored enemy.
Elv. Dost thou mean to pursue him?
Jim. Yes,
For so does my father's dignity demand.
And thus do I lament
That I must seek the honor that I have lost,
Pursuing that which I adore.
Elv. But, how canst thou—it passes my understanding—
If thou dost esteem the slayer
As well as the slain?
Jim. I have courage,
And though I die, yet will I slay.
I will pursue him until I am avenged.

(RODERICK *enters and kneels before* JIMENA)

Cid. Better is it that my firm love,
Yielding me to thee,
Give thee the pleasure of slaying me,
Without the distress of pursuing me.
Jim. What is thy purpose, what hast thou done?
Art thou a shade, art thou some vision?
Cid. Pierce this my heart,
Which I think is in thy own bosom.
Jim. Heavens! Roderick, Roderick
In my house?
Cid. But hear me.

Jim. This will kill me.
Cid. I simply ask,
That when thou hast heard what I shall say,
Thou give answer with this weapon.
(*Gives her his dagger.*)

In the conversation which ensues, it is clear that Jimena remains constant in her intention to retrieve her family honor by wreaking vengeance on a man whom she still loves. Corneille seems to have seen nothing to improve here, and his adherence to his model is close.

In the printed edition of his *comedias* of 1618, there was published along with the *Mocedades* a *Second Part* of it. This play, generally known as *Las Hazañas del Cid*, is concerned with later events in the life of the hero, as the poet found them described in the ballads. The *Hazañas* is not a negligible piece, but it is mediocre as compared with the *Mocedades*, and it is an undeniable fact that in none of his other pieces—and he wrote about two score of them, mostly tragi-comedies,—did Castro produce anything that could add distinction to his name.

With an imitation of a legendary play by Guillén de Castro, Corneille founded French tragedy of the classic 17th century; with an imitation of a comedy by another Spanish dramatist, Juan Ruiz de Alarcón, he established French classic comedy, for he based his *Menteur* on the *Verdad Sospechosa* of this author. Here again Corneille chose wisely; his model is unquestionably an excellent one, and so much so that

the *Menteur*, fully entitled though it be to a post of honor in the annals of French comedy, can hardly claim equal rank with its Spanish source. Here the Spaniard surpasses the Frenchman.

Alarcón was born in Mexico, and went to Spain when he had just about reached man's estate. He studied law at Salamanca, and returned to Mexico in 1608, hoping to make his career in his native region. But he did not prosper there, and after five years of endeavor thought it better to seek his fortunes in the motherland. Success did not crown his efforts with any rapidity, and only after prolonged struggles, with his soul embittered by the violent enmity of contemporaries, did he finally achieve honor and independence when, in 1626, he was made a member of the important Council of the Indies. Peculiarly susceptible of temperament, Alarcón had the misfortune to be a hunchback, and he suffered horribly from the taunts which his fellow-playwrights, who took exception to his dramatic methods, directed against his physical imperfections. But he was a redoubtable opponent, and he responded with venom to the attacks upon him, as when, answering some base insults of Lope de Vega, he made a stinging comment on the life of moral turpitude which that genius was leading. If he was disliked by jealous fellow craftsmen, it was not because he outshone them in the public eye; it was simply because they distrusted his manner of conveying moral teaching, and more particularly his manner of holding them up to scorn by molding some of his

despicable characters upon them. As a matter of fact, Alarcón never gained the popular fancy, and this just because he was not an entertainer, like so many contemporary playwrights, but a teacher with a lesson which his age did not care to learn. In his turn, he had supreme contempt for popular favor, and gave expression to this contempt in the Prologue to the *First Part* of his *Comedias*, in which he called the people "a wild beast."

The reason that Alarcón was not a favorite with the amusement-loving populace is to be found in his seriousness, in the more reflective and artistic qualities of his work as compared with that of Lope and the other leading dramatists. To his striving for artistic finish of form, to his stressing of quality rather than quantity, is due his lack of fertility as contrasted with his compeers, for at the very most he does not seem to have written more than thirty pieces. In these we note a penetration into the meaning of the subject-matter, and a logical development of plot and character, which give a particular distinction to the theater of Alarcón and make it more agreeable because it is more akin to our modern tastes, than is ever the case with the theater even of Lope de Vega or of Calderón. In Alarcón's plays action is determined by character as the motive force, and while the author develops character along natural and easy lines, he is all the while driving home a moral precept, for example, that the liar and the slanderer are sure to meet with retribution. In so far as the Spanish stage is concerned, the intentional

and logical enforcement of an ethical and moral conception is an innovation of Alarcón's, and stressing such a conception, he carried to perfection the character-comedy and the comedy of manners. As the perfector of such a form he most interested the French, who imitated him, and he continues to make a strong modern appeal. Were there any movement today to restore to prestige on the Spanish boards the more elaborate and ambitious comedy of character and manners,—which the vogue of the *género chico* has all but crowded out—it would receive a tremendous impetus from the performance of the more representative pieces of Alarcón.

Perfect taste, sobriety of language, animation of dialogue, and excellence of versification, all these are no less eminent qualities of his dramatic work than is his sane treatment of his subject-matter. Illustrative of his art are three superior plays: the *Tejedor de Segovia, Las Paredes oyen,* and *La Verdad sospechosa.*

The first of these treats in a national manner a situation quite like that in Schiller's *Räuber,* differing therefrom in that it ends happily with a rehabilitation of the rebellious hero. The *Paredes Oyen* and the *Verdad sospechosa* are admirable expositions of the fruits of Alarcón's study of manners and character that are of all time, and the pictures that they place before us mirror with fidelity conditions that are as likely in our own midst as they were three centuries ago; the application of principles is as valid and potent now as it was then.

In the *Paredes Oyen* the sterling figure of the upright suitor who, though devoid of the outer graces that charm womankind, will stoop to no unfair means, to no baseness in his courtship of the loved lady, stands in convincing contrast with that of his slanderous rival, whose physical attractiveness is wholly neutralized by the dishonorable traits of his nature. Moreover, one would have to go far afield to find a match for the amiable and wise heroine of the piece. She is a capital realization of the figure of the widow, already inured to men and their ways, and now the object of the attentions of wooers who are so divergent in characteristics and whose relative merits she has to determine.

The added fame that has come to the *Verdad sospechosa* through its use by Corneille is welcome but not vital, and it is unjust to Spanish literature to praise the copy and leave the original neglected. In this play the center of interest is Don García, a young noble, who has been studying at the university, but has not learned wisdom there. He comes to the fashionable life of Madrid, and there proceeds without delay to give astonishing instances of his skill in lying and fabrication. Where the truth would be his strongest recommendation he knows not how to speak it. Through his lack of sincerity he is induced into the error of suing for the hand of Lucretia, when he really means to ask for that of her friend Jacinta, with whom he is in love. The outcome is that he has to marry Lucretia. One might perhaps think that this dénouement is unjust to

Lucretia; but she, entirely cognizant of his deceptions, has still some fondness for him and is trusting enough to think that she can reform him.

While Alarcón was striving vainly to have his age give him at least his deserts, Calderón, whose repute has thrown into the shade the dramatic fame of practically all his contemporaries, was winning the plaudits of the court and of the populace.

Today the careful and unbiased historian of Spanish literature has no more difficult task than that of appraising properly the position of Calderón among great Spanish men of letters. Once he eclipsed even Lope in the esteem of those who thought themselves qualified to judge of dramatic worth. Now, there is danger that in the rectification of their relative places a grave wrong may be done to the later poet, and that he may be depreciated unduly. It is pertinent always to keep present the fact that Calderón dominated his own age no less absolutely than Lope did the preceding one, and that their merits, great in both cases and deservedly so, spring from different sources.

Pedro Calderón de la Barca, born at Madrid in 1600, of a northern noble family, lived a long life of eighty-one years which made him a witness of social and political decay in his native land under the rule of Phillip III, Phillip IV and the imbecile Charles II. All things portended the irretrievable loss of the mighty foreign empire that Spain had acquired during previous reigns; but the arts, and, above all, literature, flourished with undiminished vigor during

this melancholy period of national history. Trained at the University of Salamanca, whose glory was still at its height, Calderón engaged in military service, and fought in Spanish armies in the Netherlands and in Lombardy. Returning to the capital, he was certainly active in dramatic composition by 1629, and seems to have directed performances at the theater of the Buen Retiro. The King, Phillip IV, was attached to him and showed him favor, urging him constantly to the writing of new plays and defraying the expenses involved in the magnificent and costly performances of them in the court theater. For the gratification of the monarch and his pleasure-loving entourage, the poet provided splendid *comedias de teatro* or spectacular dramas which required an elaborate setting and no less elaborate costumes. Thus launched as court poet and dramatist, he was the natural successor to Lope as the manager of theatrical functions at the court when Lope died in 1635. Appointed to membership in the noble Order of Santiago in 1637—his birth made him eligible to this honor,—he served soon afterward with his order in the campaign against the rebellious Catalonians. The sad ending of an amour inclined him definitively to a serious consideration of life, and, like Lope, he took Holy Orders, being ordained to the priesthood in 1651. Unlike Lope, he conformed strictly to the requirements of the sacerdotal dignity. The King made him his Honorary Chaplain and he rose to be superior of the Congregation of St. Peter. Because of royal insistence, he did

not give up his dramatic activity, as his own inclinations prompted him to do, and he was occupied with an *auto* or religious play when he died in 1681.

Be it said once for all: Calderón is a great national poet and dramatist. Coming as he did in the wake of Lope, he inherited the splendid scenic traditions of the 16th century, to which Lope had given an ample development, and to them Calderón gave an interpretation which captivated his contemporaries as it did posterior generations, especially that of the Romantics in Germany, who first preached his gospel in foreign parts, mistaking his glowing lyric qualities for the attributes of a dramatic genius superior to all else that Spain had produced.

Were we to classify Lope and Calderón with Shakespeare as the standard of comparison, we should say that Shakespeare is the dramatic poet of all men and all time, unbounded by the limits of race and age; that Lope is the most universal in genius among Spanish dramatic poets, but remains essentially Spanish; while Calderón is not only essentially Spanish in nearly all the manifestations of his powers, but he is the preëminent Spanish dramatic poet of a single century, the 17th century in which he lived. Only rarely did he venture, or rather seem to venture, outside of the life of his own land and his own period; their ideals afforded the inspiration for the greater part of his work.

Of less varied talents than Lope, Calderón gave expression to himself through his dramas alone, but, none the less, he is one of the sweetest and often one

of the most sublime of Spanish lyric poets, for his dramas are saturated with lyrism from beginning to end.

With the collected editions of his *comedias* published during his lifetime, Calderón concerned himself not at all; he did, however, superintend the edition of a volume of religious pieces or *autos*, which appeared in 1676. On the basis of a list of plays prepared by him in 1680, his biographer and follower, Vera Tassis, published after his death a nine-volume edition of the *comedias*. This, according to the critic Menéndez y Pelayo, "was made somewhat *ad libitum;* but in default of another and better one, it is authoritative, although put together by one of the worst and most culteranistic disciples of Calderón. . . . Some persons have gone so far as to suspect that much of the bombast and Gongorism attributed to Calderón should rather be charged up to the account of the collector of his plays."

This leads us to mention a serious defect in all too many of Calderón's pieces. Even when they are most natural and life-like, as in the case of his more successful plays of manners, they are marred by the presence of passages of overwrought rhetoric, full of all the vicious mannerisms of the misbegotten style called Gongorism. The nearest approach to this stylistic plague known in English literature is the manner termed Euphuism, but even that was not urged to the extremes to which imitation of the poet Gongora's bombast and studied obscurity was

carried by the vast majority of Spanish writers during the 16th and 17th centuries, and, apparently, by none more than by Calderón. It is, to say the least, exasperating to discover the purple patches of this flowery and extravagant style in the very midst of some of the noblest and most rationally conceived scenes of one of Calderón's plays. Yet there they are, to the bewilderment and confusion of modern readers. We should be glad to believe that these offenses against common sense and taste are due rather to the meddlesome editor than to Calderón himself; but the chances are strong that Calderón committed many of the offenses himself.

The extant *comedias* of Calderón are about 120 in number, if there be reckoned in those written in collaboration with others, as well as those entirely his. To these must be added some 70 to 80 *autos sacramentales*, which were not included by Vera Tassis in his edition of the comedias. In his panegyrical *Fama póstuma de Calderón*, Vera Tassis states that the poet had also composed a great number of *entremeses* and *sainetes;* but of interludes of their type only about a score have thus far been collected that can with any degree of probability be ascribed to Calderón.

The secular and religious dramas of Calderón fall of themselves into three leading classes, according to the main ideas that they reflect; and these ideas, eminently distinctive of the 17th century Spain in which he lived, are: (1) intense devotion to the Christian religion, to the Catholic faith with all its

beliefs and practices; (2) absolute and unquestioning loyalty to the Spanish sovereign; and (3) a highly developed, even grossly and abhorrently exaggerated, feeling for the point of honor.

His religious fervor is exemplified by his *comedias devotas*, such as the *Principe constante* and the *Purgatorio de San Patricio*, and more particularly by his justly famed *autos sacramentales*. The *comedias devotas* do not differ at all in technical detail from his purely secular pieces. Analyses of representative pieces of this and other categories of the works of Calderón are given skillfully by Ticknor, and, as we did in the case of Lope de Vega, we refer the interested reader to Ticknor's pages for a good survey of the plots of the poet's most notable plays. As the same fullness of treatment was not accorded by Ticknor to the *autos sacramentales*—of whose beauty, nevertheless, he was well aware,—it may not be amiss to devote some attention to them now.

In a previous lecture we had occasion to see that the *auto* was a brief religious play, which had increasing vogue through the 15th and 16th centuries. Reaching the hands of Calderón, it was elevated by him to a grade of perfection far and away beyond the development given to it by any prior dramatist, and it has become one of his chief titles to fame. The characters of Calderón's *autos*—intentionally limited by him to the interpretation of the mystic powers of the sacraments—are practically all personified abstractions, and they, working out the phases of an allegorical plot, help to prove the all-healing

virtues of the sacrament of the Eucharist, for these are Corpus Christi pieces. So vivid is Calderón's portrayal of the personifications that to our eyes they take on the guise of human beings, and none of the tedious effect that allegorical machinery not infrequently engenders is felt as we behold their action. Well has it been said that, if in his set *comedias* Calderón's personages tend unduly to become abstract types, the abstractions in his *autos* tend to become persons of flesh and blood. Throughout the *autos* Calderón lavishes his lyric gifts, and poetic harmony of the most entrancing sort intensifies the spell which they cast over the unprejudiced reader. But one must certainly approach them without prejudice to enjoy the beauty that they clothe.

One of the most engaging of the *autos sacramentales* is the *Encantos de la Culpa* (The Sorceries of Sin), which, along with certain others of Calderón's pieces, has been rendered into English verse by a truly poetical soul, the late Denis Florence MacCarthy. He has copied the metrical and rhyme schemes of the lovely original, seeking to reproduce even its assonance and therein gaining what meed of success is possible with a rhyming method uncongenial to English. Having mentioned his version, which should be better known to English readers than it is—Ticknor had praise for it—let us consider the plot of the *auto*. It opens with a scene in which Man,—here called Ulysses, because he is the wanderer in quest of experience—is represented as sailing over

the world's wide sea in a bark manned by the five Senses and piloted by Understanding. Escaping from the perils of a great storm, they all land. The Senses go forth to explore the region, and Man, deprived of their active forces, sinks into slumber. The Senses fall under the thrall of the enchantress, Sin, who, a Circe, converts them into brutes. When Man awakes from a troubled dream, Understanding acquaints him with the fate of his guides through life, the Senses, and urges him to repentance, that they may be regenerated. Penance appears, after Man has announced his repentance, and gives him a

> "Beauteous bunch of flowers, all dappled
> O'er with virtues from the life-blood
> Of a Lamb."

With the aid of these flowers he can baffle the magic arts of Sin. She now appears, accompanied by Voluptuousness, Flattery, and others. She proffers Man a goblet of nectar, which shows its harmful properties by bursting into flame as he touches it with the flowers of Penance. Sin is compelled to restore the Senses to their previous form, which they resume reluctantly. Says Taste, who had been transformed into a hog:

> "Let me be a hog, I pray,
> Once again, good Sir, I ask thee,
> Since of all the lives I know
> A hog's life is the most happy."

In spite of his professed repentance, Man has been secretly affected by the witcheries of Sin, and he is

weakening ever more under the desire of the Senses to return to their brutalized sinful delights. In a temporary absence of Understanding, he yields to the blandishments of the enchantress, Sin, lets fall the flowers of Penance, and enters into the voluptuous pleasures with which Sin beguiles him. In the midst of his raptures, he is startled by a sudden call from Penance:

"Oh! forget that thou dost live!"

and from Understanding:

"And remember thou must die!"

A contest for the control of Man ensues between Sin and her wicked auxiliaries, on the one side, and the might of Understanding on the other. Understanding prevails, and again appears Penance, bringing to Man the Eucharist, "the eternal Bread of Life." Fortified therewith, Man sails on again over the seas of the world in "the Church's saving vessel," with Understanding at the helm and the Senses performing the duties of a well-governed crew.

In his secular plays Calderón has succeeded rather by virtue of his lyrism, which is undoubtedly of transcendent quality, than on account of any considerable dramatic ingenuity of his own. His apotheosois has been due to foreigners, more than to his countrymen; for in the eyes of the latter he has been regarded as one who continued worthily what Lope had perfected, but lacked any great initiative. As we have stated some while back, he was not in

the least loath to borrow ideas from his predecessors, and did not scruple to take whole sections of their plays.

In the creation and development of character, Calderón achieved only occasionally a very high degree of success comparable with that of Lope and Tirso. Perhaps he succeeded best of all in *El Alcalde de Zalamea*, which elaborates felicitously dramatic motives already plotted out by Lope in his piece, *El mejor Alcalde el Rey*. Apart from such a piece as the *Alcalde de Zalamea*, Calderón's dramas reveal so much of a sameness in his characters as to justify the charge of monotony brought against him.

To the 17th century understanding of the principle of unreasoning fealty to the monarch, Calderón gives expression in a number of his most read plays, such as the already mentioned *Príncipe Constante* and *La Banda y la Flor*. By the Junker-like courtiers and the meanly subservient writers who surrounded Phillip IV there had been given undue currency to the idea of the divine right of kings, which the Austro-German house of the Hapsburgs had imported into Spain, for the old Spanish race knew it not. A corollary of it was that the king could do no wrong, and if he seemed to infringe the personal or family honor of a subject, the subject had no right to redress. The sublimation of this base principle is seen in the powerful though repellent play, *Del Rey abajo ninguno*, of Francisco de Rojas, a follower of Calderón. Calderón emphasized it enough, but without going to the extremes attained

by Rojas; indeed, upon a notable occasion, in his admirable *Alcalde de Zalamea*, Calderón made it clear that even the king was not justified in tarnishing a man's honor.

It is with repugnance that we approach the plays in which Calderón gives fullest development to the Spanish—and more especially his age's—interpretation of the point of honor. The extravagant and morbid extremes are here reached in such representative pieces as *El pintor de su deshonra; El médico de su honra;* and *A secreto agravio, secreta venganza.* They glorify the abominable practices permitted under the protection of what we know as the unwritten law. Now, no well regulated form of society can tolerate individual enforcement of the so-called unwritten law, especially when it involves entire callousness to the sanctity of human life and a monstrous exaggeration of the marital privileges. For Calderón, in the mood of the pieces mentioned, these last carry with them the assumption that a husband has the right to slay, not only a more or less culpable lover, but even an absolutely innocent wife, whose fair fame chance has beclouded with a suspicion of frailty or sin.

Several times we have adverted to the *Alcalde de Zalamea,* an excellent study of character and manners with additional elements of the historical drama. That this play can please today was proved by the reception accorded recently to its performance in Chicago, where even, if journalistic report be taken seriously, some critic or other expressed the hope that

this man Calderôn would make haste to write some more pieces.

Thanks to the labors of Edward Fitzgerald, this is one of several of Calderôn's pieces that can be read in the English of a writer able to convey skillfully and with freshness the spirit of the original.

The plot turns on the abduction and wronging of a fair young girl by a Captain in the Spanish army, who has been billeted in the town of her father, the peasant-farmer Pedro Crespo. The peasant, being elected mayor of the place, becomes its chief magistrate. Thereupon he has the Captain arrested, gives him a chance to redress his offense by marrying the girl, and, when he refuses to do so, has him tried by the civil powers and put to death. The superior officer of the Captain, Don Lope, although he appreciates highly the peasant-mayor, with whom he has been lodged, would fain wreak vengeance on the town for daring to assume authority over the soldiery, but the King appears suddenly on the scene and justifies the act of Pedro Crespo, making him perpetual mayor of the town. Pedro Crespo, the very incarnation of the best qualities of the Spanish peasant, dominates the piece from beginning to end.

That, when he chose to exert himself, Calderôn could attain to some depth of philosophic thought, is proved by his most celebrated piece, *La vida es sueño*, in which there is a wealth of gorgeous poetic fancy that cannot fail to attract us even despite the intrusions of Gongorism into the style. Arch-

deacon Trench, a whole-hearted but sane-minded admirer of the poet, has put both the metaphysics and the lyrism of this play within the reach of all. *La vida es sueño* teaches the lesson of self-restraint, which it preaches to the highest and mightiest, for even they, the arbitrary rulers, may be brought to see that the sovereign attributes of power may prove as fleeting and as tenuous as the shadowy scenes and figures of a dream. This is what is realized by Segismundo, the Prince, when he comes to his senses:

> Truth—and let us then restrain
> This the fierceness of our pride,
> Lay this wilfulness aside,
> Lest perchance we dream again:
> And we shall so, who remain
> In a world of wonder thrown,
> Where to live and dream are one.
> For experience tells me this,
> Each is dreaming what he is,
> Till the time his dream is done.
> The king dreams himself a king,
> And in this conceit he lives,
> Lords it, high commandment gives,
> Till his lent applause takes wing,
> Death on light winds scattering,
> Or converting (oh, sad fate!)
> Into ashes all his state:
> How can men so lust to reign,
> When to waken them again
> From their false dream Death doth wait?
> And the rich man dreams no less
> 'Mid his wealth which brings more cares;
> And the poor man dreams he bears

All his want and wretchedness;
Dreams, whom anxious thoughts oppress,
Dreams, who for high place contends,
Dreams, who injures and offends;
And though none are rightly ware,
All are dreaming that they are
In this life, until death ends.
I am dreaming I lie here,
Laden with this fetter's weight,
And I dreamed that I of late
Did in fairer sort appear.
What is life? a frenzy mere;
What is life? e'en that we deem:
A conceit, a shadow all,
And the greatest good is small:
Nothing is, but all doth seem—
Dreams within dreams, still we dream!

Of course the moral of the *Vida es sueño* is applicable to a whole people also, when they throw off the shackles of tyranny and undertake self-government.

Another piece of note, because of its relation to a philosophical question agitated by Marlowe and Goethe, is the *Mágico prodigioso*. This is a treatment of the St. Cyprian legend, which is one of the several forms of the tradition known to Marlowe and Goethe as the Faust story.

VI

LYRIC POETRY

To the lyrical expression of his emotions, from the most trivial to the most serious, the Spaniard has ever resorted with extreme facility. It has been said, and the dictum does not seem rash, that there is much more of really good verse in Spanish than of passably good prose, and, be it added, the history of Spanish literature shows that it has at least its share of excellent prose compositions. Not every Spaniard or Spanish-American lisps in numbers or finds that the numbers come readily, but none the less we venture to declare that it is more decidedly a trait of the average trained man of the Hispanic race to voice in rhymed measures the inner disturbances of his soul than it is of the man of any other civilized race. As a result, the bulk of lyric verse in Spanish that has survived the ravages of time is exceedingly great and new compositions are constantly appearing in undiminished profusion.

Back in the formative period of Spanish literature, in the early 13th century, the first song of love in the language was committed to writing. Its manner suggests that it is an imitation of the already well developed French *pastourelle* or Provençal *pastorela*, with a lady and a student substituted for the conventional shepherd and shepherdess. They have

been in love with each other as a result of what report has said of their individual attractions. The student is now in a garden, where he for the first time sees the lady, who, moreover, has never yet seen him. Before having word with her, he describes her:

"Then I saw a lady coming,
None so fair saw I before,
In her cheeks red vied with white,
Ringlets short hung o'er her ear,
White her forehead was and ample,"

and thus he continues through details of description which treat even of her costume. The lady, who has not discovered his presence, bursts into a song of love:

"Thus she sang: O, my beloved,
Shall I ever be with thee?
Now and always will I love thee,
Long as mortal life endures.
Thou a student art, and therefore
Everyone should love thee dearly.

. . . . . .

Rather would I be with thee
Than have rule o'er all of Spain.
But I fear me some beguilement,
For they say another lady,
Courteous, good and fair to see,
Loves thee with a love so fond
That for thee she is distracted.
Therefore do I fear me greatly
That thou lovest her more than me;
But if I might once behold thee,
Surely thou would'st be mine own."

The student reveals himself to the lady; there is an exchange of confidences and love favors; and they part after mutually pledging fidelity.

Later on in the 13th century Spaniards of note, among them no less a personage than King Alphonsus X of Castile, gave vent to their feelings in love verse, but, conforming to a practice of the time, they wrote it in Galician, a dialect of Portuguese, and we are not now concerned with their effusions, often attractive, which have been edited and discussed in scholarly fashion by Professor Lang of Yale University.

The most original Spanish writer of the whole mediæval period, in that his Castilian verse has the note of personal experience, comes to notice in the 14th century in the person of Juan Ruiz, the Archpriest of Hita. An unworthy cleric, he spent a part of his life in the episcopal prison to which his bishop committed him, but even in jail he indulged his spritely fancy and wrote certain of the satirical, humorous and erotic poems that he gathered into the collection called by him the *Book of Good Love*. Along with the scabrous love adventures there recounted, we find compositions full of sparkling wit and covert humorism and no few displaying his interest in popular forms. He handles blithely the *serranilla*, or mountain-girl song, a popular adaptation of the pastourelle, which is a variation of the theme still familiar to us in our nursery rhymes of "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" Thanks to a version made by Longfellow, his lighter satirical

vein may be appreciated in English. Here are some stanzas from his *Praise of Little Women:*

"I wish to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

. . . . . .

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies;
You recollect the proverb says,—A word unto the wise.

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

. . . . . .

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

. . . . . .

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man of the East;
By consequence of woman-kind be sure to choose the least."

The lyric was cultivated in the second half of the 14th century by the Grand Chancellor of Castile, Pedro López de Ayala, whose handling of it may be judged by the specimens contained in his great satirical poem, *El Rimado de Palacio*, an arraignment of all the elements of society of the time. His forms hark back through Galician models to the source of these latter, the erotic, political and satirical verse of the Provençal troubadours of earlier date. The Provençal-Galician models were ever present to the wooden-headed versifiers, more than two hundred in number, nobles as well as commoners, who thronged the court of King John II of Castile in the first half of the 15th century. Versifying as manipulated by them became a base, mechanic art, as denuded of imaginative force and charm as when it was commercialized by the latter-day Provençal members of the Gay Saber and by the Meistersinger guilds. Stale speculation on the origin and nature of love prevails in the many dreary effusions of these Castilian court versifiers, as one discovers immediately on attempting to read them in the *Cancionero* or collection of them made by Baena, the court physician of John II. From such performances one turns with pleasure to the poems of one of the greatest nobles of the time, the Marqués de Santillana, who, though he knew neither Latin nor Greek,

sympathized with the movement of humanism. He drew his best inspiration from the three great Tuscan writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, especially from the first, using their allegorical form with less monotonous effect than was usual in the allegorical concoctions in Spanish of his contemporaries. Unsuccessful in his attempts to acclimate the Italian sonnet form on Castilian soil, but worthy of praise for his well-meant endeavor to do what was first done effectually by Boscán and Garcilaso in the following century, he proved his versatility by polishing up more or less popular forms such as the *serranilla*, which had previously received attention from Juan Ruiz, as we have seen, and the *villancico* or Christmas carol. Love songs, made more notable by the unfounded legend that would have their author the accepted lover of royal ladies than for any other reason, form part of the poetic output of the noble, Juan Rodríguez de la Cámara, who, moreover, was the author of a love novel. With hardly any shade of difference the same kind of conventionalized lyric that flourished at the court of John II of Castile exercised but hardly overtaxed the ingenuity of the Spaniards who frequented the Aragonese court at Naples, during the same period, and it may be appraised by the many samples preserved in the so-called *Cancionero de Stúñiga.*

More spontaneity, more delicacy of poetic expression, more genuine lyrical grace are discovered in the famous *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique, who perished on the battlefield in 1478, than in anything

else of the 15th century in Spain. Commemorating the death of his father, the Master of the knightly Order of Santiago, Jorge Manrique finds consolation in the thought that all earthly things are vain and fleeting, and this life is but a stepping-stone to a better one. The stately dignity and plastic beauty of the original—unexcelled in Spanish literature—are communicated by Longfellow with exquisite skill in his English version.

Oh let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,
More highly prize.

. . . . . .

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.

There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

. . . . . .

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

. . . . . .

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek;
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

. . . . . .

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What are they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,

And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

. . . . . .

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

. . . . . .

Poignant emotion, pure pathos, expressed in the most highly refined terms, woven into a harmony sweet and haunting, whose spell still hangs over us after the song is sung, are the animating spirit of these lines. They remind us at once of the justly far-famed *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis* and other plaints of François Villon, that true poet of France, a contemporary of Manrique, but in a much humbler station in life, who also set forth in musical phrases the inevitableness of Death. It is trite that comparisons are odious, but we may be pardoned for feeling that, in no few respects, the Spaniard shows superiority to the Frenchman, high as we who

know him rate the latter. There is, of course, a pronounced difference in their treatment of the theme in that the Spaniard strikes the note of gentle resignation, while Villon's tone is that of regret.

We have already dealt at length with a branch of Spanish literature in which the lyric element is of prime importance, the ballad. Our interest was focused, however, on the heroic and traditional; we had no occasion then and we have not the time now to survey the countless array of later ballads of the 16th and 17th centuries in which the *romance* or ballad *form* alone remains and pure lyricism in theme and manner has banished entirely the epic spirit. Many of these lyrical ballads are supremely beautiful, especially those colored with love and romance. Even in the translations, as in those due to Longfellow, J. G. Lockhart and J. Y. Gibson, this is more than apparent. Here is Gibson's rendering of the lovely *Rosa fresca:*

"Bonnie rose, bonnie rose,
Rose of love and joy!
When I held thee in my arms,
I was but a boy;
Now my heart is all aglow,
But I cannot have thee, no!

" 'Twas thy fault alone, my friend,
'Twas no fault of mine;
Thou didst send thy servant to me
With a letter fine;
But it was of no avail,
For I heard another tale!

"I heard that in Leon already
Thou hadst there a bride;
A winsome wife, with bonnie bairns
Running at her side!

"He who told thee that, Señora,
Did not tell the truth;
Nor in Castile nor in Leon
Have I been since my youth;
Since I was a simple boy,
Dreaming not of love or joy!"

In the first sally of Don Quixote, you will remember that he addresses the Innkeeper, for him the castellan of a castle, with the opening lines of the ballad, *Mis arreos son las armas*, a wandering knight's lament, and that the Innkeeper, ignorant peasant though he be, caps them with the immediately following verses. Lockhart has rendered all of the brief composition.

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star:

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea—
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

From the press of the 16th century and the early years of the 17th, came the great *Cancioneros* or Song Books, replete with the lyrics of a legion of poets, known and unknown. Of course they contain a great deal of chaff along with the golden grain. Certainly it is futile to attempt to convey here any adequate idea of the variety of their contents, but, in passing, let us note this delightful serenade, which Lockhart has Englished.

While my lady sleepeth,
  The dark blue heaven is bright—
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
  Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze!
  While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
  Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers
  That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
  All my soul would grieve,
Rise on the gentle breeze,
  And gain her lattice' height
O'er yon poplar trees—
  But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
  In the gorgeous sky;
In the stream scarce flowing
  Mimic lustres lie:
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze!

But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

Does this not suggest a familiar serenade in English?

Turn to the *Spanish Student* and judge whether there be not something reminiscent of the old song from the *Cancioneros* in Longfellow's little serenade.

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold they pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

"Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

Speaking of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, Puttenham (1589) says, in his *Art of English Poesie*, that they "having travelled into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English meter and style." At approximately that same period of the 16th century at which the two English poets were Italianizing English verse, importing new measures and rhyme schemes from the land of the Renaissance, two Spanish poets were doing precisely that same thing for Spanish verse. Through the efforts of Juan Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega, the sonnet, the octave, the *canzone*, and other forms long used in Italy were naturalized for good and all in Castilian territory, enriching Spanish prosody without displacing the inherited native forms; for the long series of true poets who, in the succeeding years of the 16th and 17th centuries, shed luster on Spanish letters of the Golden Age use at will both the indigenous and the exotic measures. Glance down the list of only the greatest of these singers and you will encounter the names of Garcilaso, a soldier by profession, who always breathed into the oaten pipe of the shepherd; Herrera, the cleric who excelled in the martial strains in which he celebrated the battle of Lepanto and the prowess of Don John of Austria; Luis de León, the gentle mystic and even-tempered humanist; Góngora, brilliant in his mo-

ments of sanity; Lope de Vega, the irrepressible, the inexhaustible, well-nigh perfect in all lyric accomplishments; Quevedo, the ready satirist; and Calderón, who steeped in lyricism nearly all his dramatic achievement. Time presses and we must not stay to taste the sweetness of their love verse or to appreciate the widely differing moods reflected in their other lyrics of varied import. Still, on our way to our final purpose, an exposition of the lyric spirit of Spain in the more recent period, the 19th century, we may stay a while to consider Luis de León, who takes rank for all time as one of the greatest of Spanish poets. His influence has left its impress on the work of many a master among Spanish literary artists since his time and remains strong today, both in Spain and in foreign lands. At the present moment he is engaging the attention of two profound admirers in the New World, who are situate in places as widely separated as Buenos Aires and Brooklyn; for in the former place, Señor Guillermo Furlong published but the other day an article on "Fray Luis de León in the United States," in which he shows how, among others, Longfellow, Bryant, Ticknor, and Poe manifested a high appreciation of León; while in Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas Walsh is both studying and translating León's rapt lyric strains. Clearly a worthy disciple of Horace in certain compositions, this Spanish poet compels admiration by his religious verse even from agnostics, and he beggars praise when he is possessed by a mystic fervor which causes him to rise far beyond

the bounds of tangible reality. Both Ticknor and William Cullen Bryant have rendered with a fair measure of success the stanzas of his brief poem on *The Ascension of Christ;* and Longfellow has made a felicitous version of *The Assumption of the Virgin.* The last-named, first printed in *The North American Review* for April, 1832, must suffice us now:

"Lady! thine upward flight
The opening heavens receive with joyous song;
Blest, who thy garments bright
May seize, amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

"Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are here:
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou,—peerless Queen of air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

"Celestial dove! so meek
And mild and fair!—oh, let they peaceful eye
This thorny valley seek,
Where such sweet blossoms lie,
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sigh.

"For if the imprisoned soul
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
'Twould own its sweet control
And gently pass away,
Drawn by the maguet power to an eternal day."

To Luis de Léon, to Saint Theresa, to Saint Ignatius Loyola, to Saint Francis Xavier, and to still others has been attributed without due warrant a beautiful

religious sonnet which is one of the best embodiments of pure Christian love that has ever been penned, but whose authorship still remains an enigma. Gibson has converted it into English in this wise:

"I am not moved, my God, to love Thee so,
By that fair heaven which Thou hast promised me;
Nor am I moved to fear offending thee,
By terror of that dreaded hell below;
Thou movest me, my God; my heart doth glow
To see Thee nailed upon that shameful tree;
To see thy body wounded piteously,
To see thee die, with agonising throe;
Thy love, in sooth, doth move me in such wise,
That if there were no heaven, my love would burn,
And if there were no hell, my will would bow;
I love Thee not for hopes beyond the skies,
For did my every hope to nothing turn,
I'd love Thee still, as I do love Thee now."

No sooner had Spanish poetry of the Golden Age reached the heights of sublimity than there was woven about it the blighting spell of cultism, a movement of vicious formalism with concomitant bombast and forced obscurity of expression. To this the poet Góngora gave the great impetus. Along with it came the less dangerous, and yet sufficiently harmful, movement of conceptism, whose chief endeavor was to juggle with thought. These mannerisms, when carried to extremes, produced a bewilderment of the mental faculties that impeded all spontaneous poetic creation and eventually impaired to an alarming degree the æsthetic sense of

both authors and public alike. The result of these noxious forces was that a decadence, ere long practically universal in its workings, set in for Spanish literature at the end of the 17th century, and continued unchecked through a good part of the first half of the 18th.

But, in the fourth decade of the 18th century, a reform movement was inaugurated by Ignacio Luzán, a man of taste and learning, who proposed in his *Poética* that all poetic production in Spanish be subject to rigid rules such as had obtained in France during the classic age of the 17th century and still had sway in that neighboring country. In spite of some opposition, the proposals of Luzán met with acceptance. While the imported rules of pseudo-classicism found an application in Spain particularly for dramatic composition, the lyric written in the second half of the century shows the same spirit of restraint and propriety that regulated the new theater. This is evident in the graceful but seldom impassioned verse which emanated from the coterie of poets known as the Salamancan School, whose head was Juan Meléndez Valdés. Hardly a genius, but certainly a man of considerable talent, Meléndez Valdés was an elegant and facile lyrist, with a certain fancifulness which, as in the case of his followers, was rather intellectual than emotional. It is, perhaps, not unfair to the School to cite as an example of its love verse a little poem by Iglesias, one of its members. It is at hand in a version by William Cullen Bryant.

Alexis calls me cruel:
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold;

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim
And forest-walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

At Seville there had its center, before the end of the 18th century, another band of poets, therefore designated the School of Seville. Preëminent among its members stood Arjona, Blanco, Lista and Reinoso, who, like the representative figures of the School of Salamanca, display in their output the effects of neo-classic restraint, which, however, is tempered in their case by a tendency toward greater freedom of lyric utterance. Therein we see the results of their study of the older native lyric tradition of Seville

itself, to which had belonged the great Herrera back in the 16th century.

One of these young writers of the School of Seville became later of note in England, whither he fled under the hallucination that, having parted from his associations within the Catholic Church, he was going to meet with persecution. In England he called himself Blanco White, and there he had a religious career which took him in turn through practically all the communions that the land could offer. He was a religious maniac, as this queer and rather mournful procession of his shows, and as one may realize even more fully after reading Mr. Gladstone's able analysis of his character in that statesman's account of him (in *Gleanings of Past Years*); but, notwithstanding, Blanco was a poet of true feeling, and it is to be regretted that he has left so few lyrics in Spanish. It is not strictly to our purpose to consider the matter here, but one can hardly refrain from drawing attention to the fact that Blanco White has contributed to English literature one of its choicest sonnets: the *Mysterious Night.*

Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
  Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
    Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,

Whilst fly, and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

With the passionately patriotic utterances of two forceful poets, Manuel José Quintana and Juan Nicasio Gallego, Spanish literature of the 19th century is worthily ushered in. Their odes and elegies voice the sentiments of those Spaniards who, with spirit unbroken, sprang up to combat the French invader when Napoleon sent his armies into Spain to hold the Spanish throne for his brother Joseph. But, with all his hatred for the Napoleonic usurper and his minions, Quintana is, in his literary methods, a descendant of the Salamancan School, of that group of writers who, in the preceding century, had done their best to supplant the older national models by methods and ideas borrowed from France.

Quintana is a skeptic, thoroughly saturated with the philosophical doctrines which the French encyclopedists had disseminated throughout Europe. He essayed his powers in many ways—as lyric poet, as tragic poet, as historian, as literary critic, and as a writer on politics; but he was eminently successful only as a lyric poet, and as such he is seen at his best in the heroic ode, so resonant with ardent patriotic fervor, and in those compositions in which he proclaims himself the advocate of liberalism, of political and social advancement. He is a modern Tyrtæus, with song nerving his fellow-countrymen to deathless resistance to the ruthless military

power of the foreigner overrunning their soil, in his famous odes, *Al armamento de las provincias españolas contra los Franceses* (July, 1808) and *A España después de la revolución de Marzo* (April, 1808); and in virtue of these he will ever occupy a place of glory in the annals of his country's literature.

When rationalized liberalism is his theme, Quintana is fiercely and austerely sincere, but extremely unequal in expression; so much so that, in his lack of moderation, he sometimes launches forth into unwarranted diatribes on the history and institutions of his country. For this part of his work he is, perhaps, seen to best advantage in such an ode as that to *The Sea* (*Al mar*), in which he extols the wisdom and prowess of man, who can tame the sea and make it serve the useful purposes of commerce; or as that to *The Printing Press* (*A la imprenta*), in which he lauds the obvious benefits to humanity of that noble instrument. With external nature Quintana shows no real sympathy, even in the *Ode to the Sea* already mentioned; his spirit is essentially the rationalistic one that prevailed in France, in England, and in Spain during the 18th century, and gives no hint of the coming romantic ferment of the 19th century in Spain, through which he was nevertheless fated to live. For the plastic beauty of his lyrical performances Quintana deserves great praise; no less is due to his friend, Gallego, who also won fame through his patriotic odes and elegies, and particularly his *Dos de Mayo*. This celebrates the events of the 2nd of May, 1808, when the three

Spanish artillerymen, Ruiz, Daoiz, and Velarde, with a handful of followers, presented their heroic and devoted opposition to the French army in Madrid, and brought on the rising of the whole country.

While Quintana was till lording it at Madrid, where, preaching and practicing neo-classicism, he was surrounded by admirers and followers, the movement of romanticism, which had already swept over the rest of Europe, reached Spain. It came belated, and it ran its course quickly in the peninsula, but while it lasted, many of its poetic fruits were good; some were splendid.

Neo-classicism had enforced the doctrines of rigidity and order, of purity of the genres, and of plastic perfection of form; it had preferred to treat of the general and objective, and had shown unbounded veneration for pagan, classic antiquity and the French 17th century. Romanticism, impugning the validity of all of these tenets and practices, proceeded now to flaunt the principle of freedom in art, to stress the importance of the workings of the individual fancy and therefore to place most value on the subjective attitude, and, moreover, to avow its predilection for the Middle Ages with their chivalry, ideals, and Christian religion.

To the establishment of romanticism in Spain two factors contributed efficaciously: (1) the influence of foreign literatures, English, French and German, in which the movement had already met with success; and (2) the influence of the older native literature, especially of the drama of the Golden Age and of

the ballads, in which could be seen well exemplified many of the elements that lay at the basis of modern romanticism, viz., the imposing effect of the Christian religion and of chivalric idealism, the whole poetic glamor of mediævalism, and, above all, the operating of an unbridled and exuberant fancy, which was not satisfied with a cold matter of fact world of man and the town, which soared into the region of dreams, and which—as in Calderón's noted play—sought to prove that life itself is naught but a dream and that even dreams are dreams.

Of the foreign writers, Frenchmen like Chateaubriand and Hugo exerted a potent influence, but Byron and Goethe had their imitators, too, among the champions of the new school, and of no inconsiderable importance was the part played by the pseudo-Ossian material, which had already made its way into Castilian, not directly from MacPherson, but in a translation of Cesarotti's Italian version. The misty landscapes, the mournful background, and the deep melancholy of the Ossianic poems appealed forcibly to the subjective and pessimistic temperaments of the young poets of the romantic school, as when, for example, Espronceda, in his *Himno al sol*, copied from them his descriptive methods.

Just as the French romanticists had their Cénacle, the young Spanish enthusiasts had their literary club—the Parnasillo—which, founded in 1830 or 1831, met for a while in a café near the Teatro del Príncipe at Madrid, and counted among its habitués many writers of future renown. Inde-

pendent of this more or less organized effort to study and propagate the principles of romanticism represented in the collective endeavors of the Parnasillo, there were the individual labors of certain promising authors, liberals in politics, whom the despotic rule of the benighted autocrat, Ferdinand VII, had driven into exile. Some of these, having left Spain still classicists in inclination and achievement, had in England come to know the methods of Byron, Moore, and the Lake Poets, and in France had witnessed the vogue of Lamartine, Hugo, Gautier, and their like. Then returning home, after the death of the tyrant, Ferdinand, they helped by both preachment and practice to extend the potency of romanticism. Conspicuous among these emigrant liberals was Ángel de Saavedra, duque de Rivas, poet, statesman and diplomat.

Born in 1791, Rivas, a noble of the highest aristocratic connections, began early in his career to run counter to family traditions by manifesting in the world of politics liberal and even radical tendencies. During the War of Independence he distinguished himself by his bravery on the field in battle with the French. When, with the restoration of the Spanish monarchy, Ferdinand began to exercise his power arbitrarily, Rivas, a deputy, took part in the movement of the Cortes (1823) against him. The movement failed, and Rivas fled to Gibraltar and thence to England. In 1825 he left London for Italy, intending to settle in Rome, but, at the request of the Spanish government, the Italian authorities

expelled him and he had to take refuge in Malta, which was under the English flag. In 1830 he went to France, whence he returned to Spain in 1834, upon the proclamation of the general amnesty. The next year his play, *Don Álvaro*, was performed at Madrid amid popular applause, and by its success ensured the complete triumph of the Romantic doctrines. Occupying a prominent place in public life, he was a cabinet minister and later the Spanish ambassador to Naples. He died in 1865.

While Rivas gained the decisive victory for the new school on the boards with the *Don Álvaro*, he attested his versatility and the all-embracing fervor of his romantic temperament by introducing the romantic methods into epico-lyric and narrative poetry with his *Romances históricos* and his *Moro expósito*, which would alone have sufficed to perpetuate his fame. The purely national features of the Spanish Romantic movement are excellently exhibited in both of these divisions of his work; for the *Moro expósito*, modeled, of course, on Scott's narrative poems such as *Marmion*, the *Lord of the Isles*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, is a modern treatment of the powerfully tragic Old Spanish heroic legend of the *Infantes de Lara;* while the *Historical Ballads* treat of various episodes from the national history and legend.

The first in date of the lyrics of Rivas are still in the conventional erotic manner of Meléndez Valdés and the Salamancan School or in the patriotic vein of Quintana and his coterie at Madrid. One or

another among them does, however, betoken an approaching change of literary mood and hint at the future author of the *Historical Ballads*. Once on English soil, he shows in such a poem as *El sueño del proscrito* that he has broken away from the neoclassic traditions and favors the new canon of freedom in art. His conversion is even more clear in one of the best of his lyrics, *El faro de Malta* (1828), which is certainly a product of the new school, especially in its attitude toward natural phenomena and its attempt to show the sympathy that links man with inanimate nature. In it, addressing the lighthouse, he depicts its majestic grandeur as it rises erect amid scenes of storm and calm.

Night's gloomy shroud envelopes all the world,
Storm-bringing clouds, hoarse hurricanes and darkness,
Impalpable but dense, confound with fear
The heavens the sea, the earth.

And thou, invisible, uprising, showest
Upon thy brow a glowing crown of fire,
As though a king of chaos, flashing gleams
Of light, of peace, of life.

In vain hoarse ocean rolls his mountains up
And bursting at thy feet, fierce bellowing,
Spreads in white foam about, hiding from view
Thy haven's sheltering calm:

With fiery tongue, "This is the place," thou saist,
Though voiceless, speaking to the timid pilot,
Who as some god beneficent adores thee,
Fixing on thee his eyes.

Now quiet night unfolds her mantle rich,
Which loving zephyrs help her to unroll,
And o'er its gold embroidery of stars,
The moon wheels on her course;

And thou revealest, garbed in vaporous mist,
Thy frame gigantic, somewhat vague of shape,
And like the constellations in the sky
Thy diadem shines bright.

Calm sleeps the sea, but masks, perfidious,
Deceitful rocks and barren reefs, a lure,
When see afar, for ships that dare to trust
Their promises and wiles.

But thou, supremely radiant, from thy throne
Immutable, where thou, a monarch, rulest,
Dost flash thy beams and like a lode-star true,
Beguilement doth reveal.

Thus reason's torch, calm burning, meets the eyes
Of souls storm-tossed by passion's furious might,
Or led astray by Fortune's treachery
And all her false allurements.

. . . . . .

That element of romantic revolt against social and literary convention which for England is strongly marked in the career of Byron, and that element of Bohemianism which characterizes some of the French romanticists, are both represented for Spanish romanticism in the personality of José de Espronceda, the author of the magnificent, though fragmentary, lyrical and narrative poem, *El diablo mundo*, of the hardly less brilliant lyrical drama, *El Estudiante de*

Salamanca, and of pure lyrics that are some of the richest jewels in the treasure-house of Spanish literature.

Born in the province of Estremadura in 1809, Espronceda received his training at Madrid in the Colegio de San Mateo, over which presided, as Rector, the poet Lista. Soon discovering the prodigious poetic talent of the lad, Lista strove to foster it in every way, setting him poetic themes and correcting their language and style. A rebel from his youth, Espronceda, not yet of man's estate, became involved in the plottings of a secret society hostile to the illiberal government, and was punished with seclusion for a period. Punishment could not correct him or daunt him, but finally, when he had not even yet attained his twenty-first year, he had to flee the wrath of the authorities. Already he had formed that luckless attachment for his Theresa, which was to bring him much bitterness and to give her the fame of an undying scandal. His flight took him to Portugal and thence to England. There he read assiduously Shakespeare, Milton and above all Byron, and there, too, he found Theresa, now a married woman. With her he eloped to France. In Paris he took part in the Revolution of 1830, fighting behind the barricades against the troops of Charles X. Back in Spain again in 1833, he was made an officer in the royal bodyguard, only to lose his commission before long, as a result of certain verses offensive to the ruling powers which he read in public. Associated with the periodical *El Siglo,*

as one of its editors, he embroiled himself anew with the authorities by printing the journal with suggestive headlines and blank columns upon an occasion when the government had absolutely prohibited its issue. In Madrid he frequented the Parnasillo. When fighting broke out in the streets of the capital in 1835–36, he was one of the foremost popular leaders fanning the breath of revolution, and when the liberal party gained the victory in 1840 he stood forth a democrat of democrats and a leading socialist. He died two years later, preceded to the tomb by Theresa, whom he had abandoned.

In England Espronceda became saturated with the spirit of Byron, the apostle of romantic rebellion, whose doctrines, whose style, and even whose poetic mannerisms he made his own. In fact, in most of his poetry produced after this sojourn in England, he is a Spanish Byron. But Espronceda is no servile imitator; his skepticism and biting mockery are instinctively his own, and his oft-repeated note of cloyed sensual satiety is struck from a keyboard of varied and bitter experience. The feeling of disgust which follows the fullest and most madly indulged pleasure of the senses is stressed in Espronceda's verse, and most of all in the short poem, *A Jarifa en una orgía*, and in the beautiful if unbalanced *Canto a Teresa*, which figures as the second Canto of the *Diablo mundo*, although it has no real connection with the plot of that work.

There is a world of despair beneath the jeering light-heartedness of the closing verses of the *Canto a*

Teresa. Despair, skepticism and disgust recur again and again in the compositions of Espronceda and all go to swell his note of protest against the existing order of things,—a protest which eventually becomes pure anarchy. We can sympathize with him when he assails political tyranny, that autocracy against which he fought behind barricades in Paris and Madrid, but our feelings can hardly bear his company when he attacks that which he conceives to be the tyranny of social convention but which we must regard as the sober and necessary restraint of social and moral conscience. In other words, we can and must admire the poetic diction and harmony of the poems constituting what we may call his anarchical series—*El reo de muerte; El verdugo; El mendigo; El canto del Cosaco; La canción del pirata*—, but we cannot approve their thesis. In these, not unmindful of the similar attitude adopted before him by both Byron and Béranger, he makes some outlaw, some social outcast, the hero of his song and extols him because he defies the regulations of civilization and, preying upon society, indulges fully his own free desires.

In all his shorter poems, as well as in his longer and more ambitious works, which we may not stay to analyze, the form is ever pleasing, even when most irregular, the rhyme and meter are ever varied and harmonious. Beyond a doubt, rebel though he be, Espronceda is the strongest and the most captivating lyric poet of Spain in the 19th century. The full measure of success to which the Romantic

movement attained in its revolt against stereotyped fixedness and simplicity of form is exemplified in the poetic achievement of Espronceda.

Fain would we study here the lyric inspiration firing the soul of that worthy compeer of Espronceda in the Romantic movement, José Zorrilla (1817–93), but his merits are more obviously those of the author of legendary poems and of the dramatist. Perforce, as we must omit even some remarkable writers, we pass by him as well as the virile Gaspar Nuñez de Arce (1832–1903), and some others who might claim our attention for the brilliancy of their lyrical achievement, but who are even more noted for success in other fields; and we devote the rest of our time to these two men of genius, Bécquer and Campoamor, whose activities lay wholly or chiefly in the period following 1850.

The short-lived Gustave Adolfo Bécquer (1836–70) bore a German name, but seems to have had no German ties of a family sort. A literary relationship to Heine is, however, not unlikely for his *Rimas*, as he termed his collected verse; still, their range of subject and the treatment thereof as readily suggest a kinship with Alfred de Musset, and, even though he knew Heine in translation—for it seems that he could not read German,—Bécquer's debt should not be magnified beyond that discoverable in a general resemblance of the brief lyrics in the *Rimas* to certain similarly brief compositions of Heine. Certain it is that Bécquer is very unlike Heine in this very important respect,—he is never skeptical

or irreligious. To characterize him in the most succinct terms, Bécquer is quintessentially lyrical; he is one of the most thoroughly subjective poets in the whole course of the history of Spanish literature; and while he can and does vary his theme, he excels in the way in which he dissects and lays bare his own soul.

The methods adopted by Bécquer are very simple and effective. He discards consonantal rhyme entirely, as something conducive to verbosity and turgidness of style, and then with a single touch, by means often of but a single image, he realizes the object at which he aims. It is with love that his song is most frequently concerned and with love now disillusioned; hence his tone is seldom gay or lively and never naturally so. In general the note of mournfulness rings through the *Rimas*, whether his theme be love or some other. Let the temper of his poetic mind in several of its moods be judged by these individual *Rimas*.

Sighs are but air and they the air rejoin;
Tears are but water; to the sea they go:
Pray tell me whither love goes when forgotten?
O, woman, dost thou know?

In a corner obscure of the parlor,
By its mistress perchance there forgotten,
Wrapped in silence, with dust mantled over,
The harp could be seen.

In its cords what sweet notes there lay dormant,
As the bird mid the branches may slumber,
Still awaiting the snowy white hand,
So skilled to entice them!

And, alas! did I muse, O, how often
In the depths of the soul slumbers genius,
And awaits the great voice, as did Lazarus,
That shall bid it arise and go onward!

Flitting arrow, speeding onward,
To the air at random cast,
Ne'er divining where now trembling
It shall fix itself at last.

Leaf which from the branch now withered
By the wind is snatched away,
And no one can mark the furrow
Where at last it falls to stay.

Giant wave urged by a tempest,
Curling, tumbling o'er the sea,
Rolling, passing, never knowing
Of what strand its quest must be.

Light in wavering circles gleaming,
To exhaustion nearing now,
And each circle all unwitting
Which shall be the last to glow.

This am I, who, aimless roving,
O'er this earth my way must wend;
Ne'er reflecting whence I came, nor
To what goal my footsteps tend.

The lovely verse of Bécquer, so easily lending itself to musical accompaniment, has become the property of the Spanish race for the purposes of both song and declamation. Oft quoted, too, are the compositions of Ramón de Campoamor (1817–

1901), the far-famed author of the *Doloras*, whose long life came to an end at the opening of the 20th century. Bécquer's career was in the main the modest one of a journalist; Campoamor had a successful career in politics and rose to high office. A wide experience with men and things underlies the philosophical speculation which abounds in his literary productions. A pronounced fondness for the analysis of human motive and action is the mark of the most popular part of his work, the *Doloras* and the related *Humoradas* and *Pequeños Poemas*. This helps to give him the air of a philosophical poet, or, if you will, poetical philosopher, but he is not to be taken too seriously in this rôle; for you will find him sometimes, with the greatest nonchalance, casting off the mask of stern, didactic purpose, and delivering himself of a moral far from intimidating.

Out of his many productions we shall limit our attention to the most distinctive, the already mentioned *Doloras*, *Humoradas* and *Pequeños Poemas*, which, despite the difference of title, are all variations of one chief type. This may be gauged by the *dolora*, whose name he invented and whose distinguishing feature he defined as being the union of profundity and sprightliness, of feeling and brevity. The briefer among the pieces of the general category might further be described as snap shots of a psychological state and the recipes of an old man against the illusions of youth. It is obvious that he assumes the objective attitude, and it is perfectly clear as

one reads him that he adopts the guise of an irreconciable pessimist. Let us illustrate his manner.

Constancy is like a star
Paling in a brighter light.
Love most constant, least by far
Love will pay you with delight.

Grievous is the hermit's plight;
Lone, he knows not love's delight:
But solitude's more dreadful far,
When two together lonely are.

In a song I will explain
Our life's eternal wheel:
Sinning, doing penance real,
And doing both again.

Now twenty years have passed; again he's here,
And meeting, they exclaim, both she and he:
Good Lord! is this the man I once held dear?
Good God! and can this woman here be she?

Climbing once a mountain tall,
On the top I needs must rest;
Then descending full of zest,
Fearing naught, I prone did fall.
Vain ambition, still thy call,
Let me die in my condition!
What my gain, if through ambition
Climbing upward, 'tis most sure
Weariness I must endure,
And, descending, risk perdition?

When, with Vergil as his leader,
Dante into Hell proceeded,
Conscience, God's own faithful daughter,
At the gate he left unheeded.

Later, when his trip was over,
Finding conscience once again,
Dante, taking up her burden,
Groaned and said, as one in pain:

"In Hell's lowest pit of suffering
No such sentence did I view
As o'er earth to make one's journey,
Weighted with a conscience true."

THE GREAT BANQUET

Cast from a rush, into a running stream
A worm once chanced to fall;
And then a trout, darting with silvery gleam,
Seized it and ate it all.

The bird king-fisher came and caught the trout,
Its appetite to sate;
And then this bird, after a savage bout,
A hawk o'ercame and ate.

Such carnage to avenge, a hunter shot,
With his unerring aim,
The hawk that with rapacious claw had got
King-fisher as his game.

Alas! the luckless hunter who had slain
The hawk, with cunning wont,
A guard now killed, for failing to obtain
A privilege to hunt.

To other worms his corpse will soon give life,
As it must rot away;
And now again this circle fierce of strife
Will have its ceaseless play.

And love? and happiness? and all men born,
What other end have they?
Unless to eat, and in their turn adorn
Earth's cruel banquet on their fated day.

If of my heaving sobs I ask where lies
The bitter cause of their distress, anon,
With an "alas!" quick sped their voice replies:
"We are remembrances of grief long gone."

And when again, unhappy as before,
Prostrate I sob, inert mid life's events,
With an "alas!" scarce heard the voice once more
Says: "Of your grief we are presentiments."

Harsh restlessness of this existence dread!
Of peace where can the heart descry a gleam,
If even sobs amid inertia bred
Presentiments or recollections mean?

VII

THE NOVEL

THE greatest book in Spanish is a novel, the *Don Quixote*, which, by the contrariety of fate, came into existence with the express purpose on its author's part of destroying the vogue of a great category of novels, that of the romances of chivalry. From far back the Spaniard has been industriously weaving the warp and woof of prose fiction, intermitting his labors for any protracted period only during the barren years of the 18th century. During the 19th century and in the twentieth in so far as it has proceeded, he has manifested an activity in the production of both novels and short stories that is more than laudable in point of view of the high level of the results.

In Spain as in most other lands in which the rise and progress of a vernacular can be traced, composition in verse preceded any important use of prose as a medium of literary expression. So, while Spanish heroic poetry had already become an accomplished fact in the 12th century, it was not until the 13th that Spanish prose was found flexible enough to warrant its effective use for connected narrative. In the hands of King Alphonsus X of Castile and the scholars whom he gathered about

him, Castilian prose proved itself a worthy instrument for the writing of chronicles, a legal digest, and scientific works of several sorts. Shortly after 1250, fiction in Spanish made its appearance, when, at the command of the King's brother, Don Fadrique, the Oriental framework of stories which we know as *The Seven Sages*, and which made its way into all the important mediæval literatures of the occident, was translated from Arabic into Spanish.

In the first half of the 14th century another collection of short stories appeared, a work justly regarded as the golden book of Old Spanish prose literature. This is The *Count Lucanor*, or *Book of Patronius*, put together by the sturdy warrior and statesman, Don Juan Manuel, a nephew of Alphonsus X, who, notwithstanding his strenuous labors in camp and court, found time for the composition of this and other interesting documents. There are some charming tales among the fifty of the *Count Lucanor*, and two of them taken together are of especial significance to students of English literature, as they contain, developed even beyond the embryonic stage, the motif and some features of the main plot of the *Taming of the Shrew*. There is evidence that the romance of chivalry had assumed importance as a form of social recreation in Spain, and at first doubtless in only the upper circles of society, before the close of the 14th century. It was, in respect of the ideals that it exploited, an importation from France, for it was an outgrowth of the Arthurian matter to which Chrétien de Troies

had given ample treatment in his verse romances in Old French back in the 12th century. The Gallic romances early traveled abroad; passing over the Alps they found acceptance in northern Italy and, amalgamating there with elements of the Carolingian epic that had also penetrated into the Italian peninsula, flourished anew in verse chivalrous romances of Boiardo and Ariosto. They made their way over the Pyrenees, and in the Hispanic peninsula they helped to create voluminous prose stories of deeds of derring-do and knightly devotion, performed mostly, if not all, for the love of a lady. From the printing-press, only recently established in Spain, there was turned off at the commencement of the 16th century the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, the earliest of the preserved Spanish romance of chivalry and the best of them. Scholars are still debating as to whether in its first form it was Portuguese or Spanish; the incontrovertible fact is that the oldest known form is Spanish. It begot a numerous progeny which swarmed over the land, and, beguiling the fancy of the high and the lowly alike, helped to propagate unhealthy hidalgoism. Toward the end of the 16th century the popularity of the Amadises, the Palmerines, the Belianises, and their innumerable kindred among the books of chivalry began to wane, and then came Cervantes with parody and satire to end their pullulation.

Shortly before the first appearance in printed form of the oldest known chivalrous romance, the *Amadis de Gaula*, to be exact, in 1499, there was published

the first edition of another Spanish novel of renown, the *Celestina.* Although dramatic in form, for it is marked by the use of dialogue and a division into acts, this masterly work has its proper place in the category of prose fiction, and there it takes a very high place for its beautiful diction and style, its vivid pictures of life, and its admirable delineation of character. Crass realism prevails in the *Celestina* with its account of the beginning, progress and tragic ending of an illicit love affair and its description of happenings in the interior of the brothel. Thus, at this early date in the history of the Spanish novel, there is set over against the idealistic conception of life, which is to the fore in the *Amadís*, the plain, unvarnished record of society's propensity to sin.

When Cervantes was still a child, two new forms of fiction appeared in print, the novel of roguery, represented by the *Lazarillo de Tormes* (1554), and the pastoral romance, inaugurated by the *Diana* of Montemayor (1559). The novel of roguery, termed also the picaroon romance, begun as social satire and emphasizing the element of swindling as well as the less sinister one of practical joke playing, includes among its most notable examples the *Guzmán de Alfarache* of Alemán, the *Marcos de Obregón* of Espinel, and the *Gran Tacaño* of Quevedo, as well as Cervantes's little tale of *Rinconete y Cortadillo.* Further interest of subject-matter is afforded in some works of the class by the development given to the factor of adventurous travel in Spain and

abroad. To imitation of the Spanish picaroon romance French literature owes the *Gil Blas* of Lesage and English literature certain of the stories of Defoe and of later writers.

It became almost obligatory for Spanish writers of the Golden Age to essay the pastoral romance, and, as we have seen, Cervantes and Lope de Vega contributed their compositions to the many of the kind. Less significance attaches at this time to the historical novel, yet it is represented not unworthily by the *Guerras civiles de Granada* of Pérez de Hita, which, as the type of the Mauresque romance, evoked the similarly romantic fiction in French of Mme. de Lafayette and Mlle. de Scudéry.

As a picture of society ever engaged in the solution of its problems of idealistic endeavor and realistic achievement, the *Don Quixote* rises high above all other works of fiction in Spanish and in other languages, too. We have already discussed it at some length. It will be remembered that Cervantes, sending forth his *Novelas ejemplares*, proclaimed himself the first person to write in Castilian original short stories. He cannot be blamed for not knowing that Juan Manuel had anticipated him by nearly three centuries; ignorance of the conditions in Old Spanish literature was general in his time. He is entitled to praise for the inspiration and the manner of execution revealed in his twelve novelettes, the success of which is evidenced sufficiently by the way in which contemporaries and posterity rifled them as sources of plot material for dramas. After

he had given the short story its place of dignity among the forms of composition cultivated in the Golden Age, it commended itself to other writers whose wares were in their turn appropriated by foreign playwrights and other authors.

When the 18th century began to rally from the effects of the literary decadence so general in its first period, the rule of neo-classical lawgivers made well-nigh impossible the production of works requiring any free play of the imagination for their perfection, and hence the novel suffered neglect. Yet, as the useful instrument of a much needed reform, one forceful novel was brought into existence in this century, the *Fray Gerundio* of the Jesuit Father Isla. Isla viewed with much distaste the sensational antics of the pulpit orators of his time, and, aiming at the eradication of the abuses of which they were guilty, he satirized their methods so successfully in this novel with a popular preacher as its hero, that a considerable improvement in the form and substance of sermons was actually brought about. If the book were disseminated today in an English translation and in a reduced edition, omitting some of the unduly prolix pages, it might prove itself efficacious once again.

The Romantic movement of the thirties and forties of the 19th century gave expression to itself mostly through the medium of the lyric, the drama, and narrative or legendary poetry. The *Moro expósito* of the Duque de Rivas and the various *Leyendas* of Zorrilla may be regarded as novels in

verse, as verse romances. There were attempts to produce in prose novels romantic and historical in their nature, but these attempts either failed signally or resulted in exceedingly mediocre performances. Mariano José de Larra, venturing without enthusiasm into the Romantic fold, for he was properly a literary critic and essayist disinclined to propaganda of any sort, wrote a semi-romantic historical novel, *El Doncel de Don Enrique el Doliente* (1824). In this, as in his play, *Macías*, he revives the story of one of the last troubadours of the Spanish Middle Ages, and is governed by the methods of both Dumas the Elder and Walter Scott; but the total result is unimpressive.

While Romanticism held sway, the vogue of Scott was immense in Spain; but his numerous Spanish imitators in prose fiction remained far behind him. Even less than Larra did Martínez de la Rosa with his *Doña Isabel de Solís* (1837), which has its setting in the time of the Catholic Sovereigns and the last days of Moorish rule at Granada, meet with any meed of success; and Espronceda proved ineffective in his *Sancho Saldaña* (1834), harking back to the 13th century and the troubles of Alphonsus X of Castile. What Zorrilla did so well in verse legends, they fell far short of doing in the prose of their historical romances; but they gave better play to their genius in other directions. Were Patricio de la Escosura (1807–78) a more careful workman, did he pay better attention to the archæological background of his historical novels, and practise con-

ciseness more, he would be held in high favor today, instead of being relegated to a rather inconspicuous position. With good right is Escosura left neglected on the shelf; but one may be excused for feeling that injustice is done to Enrique Gil in leaving in obscurity his historical novel, *El Señor de Bembibre* (1844), whose plot reminds one of that of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. The *Señor de Bembibre* displays originality of treatment and has stylistic merit.

Some ten years before Harriet Beecher Stowe had published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the novel *Sab* (1839) of the authoress, Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, had attacked the institution of slavery with much vigor, but without arousing any popular indignation against the abuses in question. It is of interest to us Americans that Avellaneda antedated still another of our writers with her story *Guatimozín* (1844), in which figures the Mexican Indian prince of that name and title; for *The Fair God* of Lewis Wallace treats of scenes and incidents in which there had part that same nephew of Montezuma, waging battle against the Spanish Conquistadores. In still a third novel, *Espatolino*, revolving about an Italian bandit, the authoress enters a protest against some of the conventions of society, and indulges somewhat in pessimism and misanthropy, while her attitude toward love and marriage occasionally suggests the manner of George Sand. After all, Avellaneda the novelist is on a lower plane than Avellaneda the dramatist and lyric poet. She can charm us, however, with her legends and short stories, such as

La ondina del lago azul and *La flor del ángel*, in which she delights in the traditional, in symbolism, and in matters appertaining to the world of enchantment. Similar matters provided the subjects for the legends and tales of Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, who, if he has somewhat the air of Heine in his verse, has that of E. T. W. Hoffmann, him of the fantastic tales, in his prose. The veil of the mysterious hangs over his *cuentos*, which attest also his skill in deciphering the meaning to be found in ruins of all kinds,—dismantled castles, old abbeys, the Gothic churches, and other survivals of the prowess and faith of bygone ages. Both the world of faery and the world beyond the tomb, with sprites and hobgoblins, ghosts and awful apparitions, are made familiar to us in the admirable prose style of Bécquer, which adapts itself with facility to the captivating and entrancing elements as well as the gruesome and horrible features of the story.

It was through the study and exposition of manners, which in the 16th and 17th centuries had been the function of the drama even more than of prose fiction, although the novel of roguery did valid work of the sort, that the novel of the 19th century was to acquire lasting worth and excellence. For the novel of manners the way was prepared by the essay on manners. For this a foreign model was found in the writings of the French essayist and critic Jouy, but it became eminently Spanish in the pictures of contemporary life that it drew. Miñano, Serafín Estébanez (1799–1867), Mesonero Romanos

and Larra (Fígaro), with their sketches of human types and characteristic scenes, made evident the factors of strength and interest inherent in the genre. Estébanez brought to notice the manner of living of the lowly in the south of the land with his *Escenas andaluzas* (1847); Mesonero Romanos (1803–82) and Larra concerned themselves with delineations of the types of the population of Madrid, which, in the thirties and forties of the 19th century, was passing from the status of a somewhat provincial capital to that of a more cosmopolitan center. The *Escenas Matritenses* of Mesonero mirror faithfully, though not without some jovial touches of satire, public and private aspects of society in changing Madrid, and remain of permanent value for one who would study political, social and literary activities in the heart of Spanish national life of the time. Larra had a sure eye and a firm touch, but an atmosphere of disillusionment and skepticism too often hangs over the pictures conveyed in his *Essays*.

The portraying of actuality which these and other essayists made a tolerably familiar process first became an essential element of novel writing in the work of a gifted woman, Cecilia Böhl von Faber, who, since she changed her name thrice through marriage during her literary career, is most easily indicated by her pseudonym, Fernán Caballero.

She was born in 1796 of a mother Spanish by birth, but partly Irish by ancestry, and of a German father, that Böhl von Faber who contributed so efficaciously during the days of Romanticism in Spain to a re-

vival of interest in the old national drama of the land and in its ballad literature. He, a Hamburg merchant settled at Cadiz and in certain respects more Spanish in spirit than the native born, had a keen literary instinct which his daughter inherited. Chance brought it about that she was born in Switzerland, while her parents were traveling; much of her early training was acquired in Germany and under French preceptors, and as a result she wrote French and German with the same facility as Spanish, and one or another of her stories was composed in one of the foreign tongues. Through her second marriage, which was with a prominent noble, the Marqués de Arco Hermoso, and through the notice accorded her writings, she acquired the favor of the Queen, Isabel II, who gave her protection in time of need. It is of record that Washington Irving was one of her friends, and it is said that she read to him one of her novels, the *Familia de Alvareda*, while it was still in the manuscript, and published it at his urging. She died at a ripe old age in 1877. The place of excellence which the romantic novel failed to gain in Spanish literature of the 19th century was secured for the novel of manners by Fernán Caballero. Her first production of the sort and her greatest, the *Gaviota* (1848), was long the most popular book with foreigners out of all Spanish stories of the century; it is still a favorite in the Spanish peninsula and there it will probably continue to be read when a good part of what the century produced will have been forgotten.

In a certain chapter of the *Gaviota*, Rafael, one of the chief characters, proposes to a family gathering that for their amusement they write a novel. The elements which a novel should have are then debated. It is agreed that it must not treat of adultery or suicide—which the Romantic productions had made somewhat familiar—; it must not pervert the Gospel; it must contain no incredible adventures, it must be no fantastic or sentimental story. "There are two kinds," says Rafael, voicing the sentiments of the authoress, "which, at least in my limited understanding, suit us: the historical novel, which we shall leave to learned writers, and the novel of manners. . . . This latter is the novel par excellence, . . . useful and agreeable. Each nation should write its own works of the kind. If written with exactness and with a true spirit of observation, they would be of great help for the study of humanity, of history, of practical morals, and would aid toward an understanding of localities and of times. If I were the Queen, I should have a novel of manners written in every province, and should leave nothing untold, unanalyzed. . . . That, said Stein [another character], laughing, would certainly be a new kind of geography."

The discerning French critic, Charles de Mazade, wrote an able article on Fernán Caballero at the time when she had reached the acme of her fame, and among the pertinent remarks made by him is that she is one of just those relators of the happenings of domestic and popular life, of just those moral ge-

ographers of the various districts of Spain, that she calls for in the *Gaviota*.

Up to her time, the historical novel had not been achieved successfully in Spanish; she has certainly made the novel of manners—that other of the two kinds which she deems alone suitable to the Spanish nature—take exceedingly well. "Doubtless, Fernán Caballero has not," says Mazade, "the virile strength and the patient skill in reproduction of the Scotch novelist; yet like Walter Scott, she has a keen and searching sense of the traditional and local life of the region of which she has made herself at once the historian and the poet. Fernán Caballero loves Spain, which is her first, her only inspiration; she loves Spain in its landscapes, in its manners, in its past, in its legends, and even in its miseries, which are not without their grandeur. . . . Her creations, her combinations, her personages have not a shade of imitation; they are taken from the heart of national life. They emanate from the observation of reality and from a feeling for the poetry of things, two qualities which, being united and balancing each other, constitute real and original invention." Mazade finds that her plots are never complicated, although in her narrative and description she shows a genius for details and thereby makes everything live. First and last she is "a painter of nature and manners." She has some knowledge of the human heart, and, as a result, there is some psychology in her stories. "But in her pages of a delicate psychology, boldness of analysis does not go far, and

the interest of the particular narrative (for example, in the novels *Elia* and *Clemencia*) is not so much perhaps in the development of a passion, of an idea, or in the anatomical treatment of a moral situation, as in the variety of the scenes, in the contrast of characters, and in the ingenious novelty of a succession of pictures in which Spanish life is reflected. Each of the novels of Fernán Caballero is like a gallery of types, some sketched with a light and rapid touch, others traced out lovingly. . . . "

"The people of Andalusia—the people particularly—find in Fernán Caballero a sympathetic and indefatigable historian, and the most charming tales of the Spanish novelist are, so to speak, an intimate and varied epos of country-life. Now under the form of a dramatic fiction, again under the guise of simple pictures of manners, she combines all shades of this popular existence in which moral nature is in marvelous harmony with physical nature. She has made her domain of that part of Andalusia, as found on the coast, in the mountains, on the plains."

A fact of the utmost importance is that Fernán Caballero, dealing thus with the folk of southern Spain, has become the first of those whom we call the regional novelists, and to whom is due the highest credit for novelistic endeavor and accomplishment in Spain during more than half a century now. She pointed out the way which has since been taken by Trueba, Pereda and Valdés, whose especial province is northern Spain, although Valdés has dealt happily with the south also; by Pardo Bazán, who

knows well her native region of the northwest; and by Blasco Ibáñez, for whom Catalonia in the east is a homeland. Moreover, the stress which she laid upon the value of the historical novel has been fully appreciated by that unflagging genius, Pérez Galdós, whose enormous labors have resulted in the completion of a great series of stories covering a hundred years of the history of the Spanish nation.

Anything like the artistic development of a central theme is not to be sought in the works of Fernán Caballero; their plots are usually of but slight texture and are constantly broken by long digressions and by prosy moral preachments, which may become as insufferably tedious as those of the English writer, Maria Edgeworth. The main story of her masterpiece, the *Gaviota*, can be given in a few words. A young surgeon, on his travels, falls ill in a seaside village of Andalusia. He is nursed back to health by a peasant family that has taken him into its cot, and, now well, he marries the untutored daughter of a poor fisherman. She, who bears the nickname of "La Gaviota" (The Sea-gull), has a marvelous voice, which needs only training to make her a queen of opera singers. A noble, who chances that way, and whom the surgeon had known previously, affords the means of developing the Gaviota's vocal gifts, taking her and her husband to Seville. There, with her training now finished, the young woman becomes the rage on the operatic stage; whereupon she neglects her duties to her husband and becomes the flame of a notorious bull-fighter. The husband

goes off broken-hearted to the New World, where he dies. The Gaviota's innamorato meets his death in a bull-fight; her voice breaks; and she has to return to her village, where she is fain to marry the country barber and pass the rest of her life in squalor. Poetic justice is something that Fernán Caballero insists upon. Now, the chief interest in her novels is not to be found in such a commonplace plot as this, but rather in the fidelity with which she has portrayed the habits of the lowly, and in the delightful bits of folklore which she has interspersed throughout the course of her narrative, and which are to be found especially in the many digressions from it.

In qualities of style her fiction is often deficient; and though she protests against the inroads made by Gallicisms in modern Spanish, they are all too rife in her own works. That we should discover them in the *Gaviota*, however, is not surprising; for she wrote that story in French, and it was another person who made the translation into Spanish, retaining too many of the French turns of phrase of the first form.

As rustic Andalusia lives in the novels of Fernán Caballero, so does rural Biscay acquire pictorial reality in the tales of Antonio de Trueba (1821-89), whose *Cuentos*, contained in several collections, are pleasing novelettes of manners of far more value than his attempt at writing an historical novel in his tiresome *El Cid Campeador*. Love for the natural scenery of his native Biscayan region is as strong in

the sweet, but perhaps ultrasentimental, lyrics of Trueba as in his *Cuentos*.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón (1833–91) was almost but not quite as incapable of writing a good novel as Trueba; but like the latter, he possessed undoubted skill in handling the tale and sketch of manners, as is evinced in his *Novelas cortas*. In his *Historietas nacionales* there are combined traits of the historical novelette and of the tale of manners. More valuable still than his original compositions, which nearly all savor of the journalistic in their style, is his pleasant rendition of a widespread popular legend in his *Sombrero de tres picos*.

The first true artist among modern Spanish storytellers was Juan Valera (1824–1905). Nowhere in either the Old World or the New did there live during the 19th century a writer of greater culture or of more ripened experience of men and things than this genial novelist, whom a long career in the diplomatic service of his country took to the centers of national refinement in various quarters of North and South America and of Europe. As a result of his great experience gained in the disillusionizing school of diplomacy, Valera is one who never lets his feelings run away with him; we are sure that in him the mind is always in control of the heart.

He was fifty years of age when *Pepita Jiménez*, his first novel, was published in 1874. In the Introduction to this work he aims to make obvious to the reader that Juan Valera is no realist. His purpose, he declares, is to produce a pleasing novel—*una*

novela bonita—and such a one, he maintains, "cannot consist in the servile, prosaic and vulgar representation of human life; for a *novela bonita* should be poetry and not history; that is, it should depict things, not as they are but as fairer than they are, illumining them with a light that shall cast a certain charm over them." It may safely be said that Valera's novels render no vulgar or prosaic picture of life; but that is not tantamount to saying that they reveal any idealistic strivings on his part. He was instinctively and by training too much of a skeptic ever to play successfully the rôle of the idealist, had he desired to do so. He meant after all to make his fiction a transcript of life, but it is one which he has touched up with clever strokes and amiable colors in such a fashion as to soften the harshness of actuality.

As he himself has also said, and as is patent to his readers, the *Pepita Jiménez*, which remains his most popular novel, was written after he had steeped his mind in Spanish mysticism of the 16th and 17th centuries. He has sought to make us believe that he began the book as a symposium of mystical reminiscences, and was astonished at the end to find that he had written a novel. It is difficult for those who know what Spanish mysticism really is to feel that Juan Valera had a true conception of it; they are rather prone to deem him an eclectic philosopher, selecting what pleases him in the world of matter and sensation, and expressing his own reactions through the medium of prose fiction.

His art, though better than anything preceding, is still not perfect. The narrative in the *Pepita* is burdened with digressions that impede its course. Moreover, the author is led into absurdities through his irresistible tendency to make his characters mere spokesmen for himself, putting into their mouths speeches incompatible with their station and previous training. One is much puzzled at hearing a very feminine heroine, whose advantages were hardly greater than those afforded by a finishing school of fifty years ago, hold forth after the manner of a bepetticoated doctor of philosophy and theology; yet, even so does Pepita discourse here and Doña Luz in the later novel of that name.

But a story as told by Valera is generally interesting; with an exception made in the case of the *Doctor Faustino*, his second work, it is even engrossing. All are probably familiar with that of the *Pepita;* it can be told briefly. A young seminarian, soon to be ordained a priest, comes back for his summer vacation to his father's estate in the country. At a party he meets Pepita, a very young and charming widow. She falls in love with him at once, and determines to make him hang up his habit for good and become her spouse. By her delicate wiles she finally achieves her purpose. We see the young man gradually renouncing his ascetic aims, and finally, convinced that his vocation is a false one and that he could be only an unworthy priest, yielding to the lures of the lovely temptress.

The plot is such that it could hardly appeal to

the good churchmen in Spain, and they very frankly voiced their displeasure. They had certainly a good right to take exception to the kind of mysticism with which the seminarian, Luis, is compenetrated. As one of them maintains, Luis's mysticism is of an inverted sort; it "is a greatly veiled rehabilitation of sensuous delight in contrast with the aspirations of the soul, an attempt at a reconciliation between the Christian and the Epicurean code of morals." If we agree to this, we can at least find the story satisfactory in so far as Luis finally hangs up his habit for good.

Valera's second novel, *Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino*, of which the hero is a very modern Faust, living in our present-day society, has too much philosophism and ratiocination in it to meet with success. But his third story, *El Comendador Mendoza*, is a powerful work developed about a sufficiently complicated plot, the various stages of which cannot fail to enlist our attention. Casuistry plays a part in the working out of issues here, and the author's use of it called forth comment from no less a judge than the French critic Brunetière.

After a shorter work, the *Pasarse de listo*, which displays Valera in a somewhat ironical mood, there came the *Doña Luz*. In this novel, which is a kind of variant of the *Pepita*, a priest and a married woman are made to fall in love with each other. Their sinning, however, is mental rather than physical, so that there are here none of the extremes of passion in which a pornographer of the Zola

school might have reveled. At the same time, the situation is an untoward one, and we may be excused for feeling that it is also not exactly a suitable one for a *novela bonita*.

As we quit Valera, we should not fail to bear testimony to the fact that he is a fascinating writer of short stories. None of the skepticism and also none of the geniality of Valera is found in the sturdy and uncompromisingly Catholic novelist, José Maria de Pereda (1833–1906), who has given in his best works pictures of mountain and seaside life in northern Spain that cannot be excelled for detail and charm. Born in the province of Santander, which has afforded so much inspiration for his fiction, he received the training of a civil engineer; but, being a man of means, he was able to devote himself entirely to a literary career, and to the preparation of the sketches and novels of manners in virtue of which he is the strongest of modern Spanish novelists. There are some who would call Pereda a votary of naturalism; but they suffer from a misapprehension, if they think that there is any kindred relation of this Spanish writer to the French novelists of the school. There is no suggestion of influence coming from them to him, and the accounts of social viciousness found in certain of his stories were not written with the complacency of a Zola or of an adherent of the de Goncourts. When he exposes vice, he is also condemning and attacking vice with all the force that is his.

Pereda, a man of a very susceptible temperament,

did not endure patiently the criticism directed against some of his works. Resenting the strictures put upon one of his ventures by the fearless Emilia Pardo Bazán, he entered into a controversy with her that created quite a stir in literary circles and cannot be said to have ended with the advantage on his side. A most interesting fact is the intimacy that long existed between Pereda and Pérez Galdós, and which continued down to the death of the former in 1906. They differed radically in many points of doctrine, but they consorted in admiring and admirable comradeship.

With Pereda the portraiture of types in which he shines so conspicuously is not at all an end unto itself. It subserves a thesis in which he had a firm belief: the corruption of urban life, and especially life at Madrid, the Spanish metropolis, and the superiority of social existence in the small towns of the provinces and in the rustic community, when they escape the contamination of influences, particularly, political influences, that radiate forth from the larger civic center. But he is by no means blind to the defects in the character of the population of the provincial districts. He has a keen eye for these and lays them bare to scrutiny and condemnation. It has been objected and with good reason that, in his pictures of the depravity in the political and social centers of Madrid, he lays the colors on too thick. There is exaggeration here, which is due, at least in part, to his lack of a complete understanding of circumstances and to his prejudiced opinion, which is even a postu-

late never questioned by him, that, no matter what its shortcomings may be, the rural community is always better than the city. Here is a thesis which many others have held and still hold in common with him, but which is seriously open to doubt. Those of us who have at the present moment the opportunity of comparing country life and city life in New England may well doubt the validity of the assumption for the conditions that we know.

In the *Escenas montañesas*, the first published of his works, Pereda takes at the outset his proper stand as the historian and critic of manners among his own northern folk of the mountainside. So true and so complete is the delineation of characteristic types in the several sketches of the collection, that one may venture to say that perfection of method is for him an accomplished fact. Undaunted by his failure to attract favorable notice by these first efforts, for already there were those who found his pictures overcharged with somber colors and declared that his exposure of brutality and depravity among the peasantry brought reproach to his native region, he repeated his experiment in a group of some thirteen short stories, termed *Tipos y Paisajes*. Of this same period is the brief political novel, *Los Hombres de Pro*, illustrating the tribulations of the successful country shopkeeper, who has himself elected a deputy to the Cortes, and in the capital wastes his substance without gaining the social prominence coveted by him and his wife. Here the author satirizes already the electioneering system

upon which he will again pour out the vials of his wrath in his *Don Gonzalo.*

A study of the selfish bachelor, who evades what he deems the cares of matrimony and leads a life of indulgence, only to find himself alone and neglected when his vigorous manhood has slipped from him, confronts us in *El Buey Suelto.* The straining after moral effect is too evident in the tale, and it is abetted by overmuch description of the socially infirm. One is pleased to see him, in the year (1878) following the appearance of the *Buey Suelto,* returning to his home district of the mountain with the powerful novel, *Don Gonzalo González de la Gonzalera,* a work sufficient in itself for his permanent repute. The tendency is visible enough here and so also is Pereda's inflexible conservatism, with its face set against all innovations as certain to bring evil; but one can afford to ignore them in view of his exposition of native types and scenes. Attacking the grotesque and unfair methods of national elections, he pays his respects, at the same time, to the ignorant parvenu, the country bumpkin, who, having made a fortune in foreign parts, returns to his home to lord it over his betters, and begins by seeking political preferment through bribery and corruption. For the native gentry, whose power is thus assailed by lower social influences, Pereda has the keenest sympathy, but, although he is of them himself, he does not apparently see any salvation for them. He has no faith in social evolution and progress, and his story ends pessimistically in their regard.

His inability to resist the challenge which he saw in two novels of Galdós, the *Doña Perfecta* and the *Gloria*, and particularly the latter, led to the composition of a polemical narrative, *De tal palo, tal astilla* (1879). The bad faith, whether conscious or not, of Galdós's stories is its own refutation, and Pereda was too hidebound in his own conservatism to meet the other novelist effectively on his own ground.

We have not the time necessary to pass in review all the other manifestations of Pereda's power as a chronicler of the people's doings and a painter of their manners, but we have the satisfaction of paying tribute to him with praise for his second long novel, the *Pedro Sánchez*. With this work he refuted the arguments of those who insisted that he was entirely out of his element in describing city life. He has truthfully and ably explored the secrets of political and journalistic careers in the metropolis in the pages in which he causes us to follow the footsteps of his hero, a country gentleman, through the devious paths that he must take who would pursue just those careers. The unfailing tendency asserts itself, however, and the disenchanted hero is glad in the long run to return to his native haunts for real happiness and quiet. Finally we would urge all who would see Pereda standing wholly on his home ground, to read the *Sotileza*, with its masterly account of the sea-folk of Santander as they were in 1884 and even a generation before that time.

Sincerity and vividness are unfailing characteris-

ties of all of Pereda's work, and he wrote with a natural and easy grace.

Of living Spanish novelists, above all if their work is not yet entirely done, it is not easy and, indeed, it is not safe, to speak in any conclusive way. Prejudice is likely to have play in the opinions expressed about them and will surely do so in case they have engaged in propaganda. Nevertheless, the occasion calls for some examination of the output of four among them. These are Armando Palacio Valdés, Emilia Pardo Bazân, Benito Pérez Galdós and Vicente Blasco Ibáñez.

We took pains to assert that what seemed like naturalism in certain of the methods of Pereda had no direct affiliation with the processes pursued by the French anatomists of passions and their physical reactions which resulted in the novelistic productions of Zola and the de Goncourt brothers, and, of course, of their disciples. On the other hand, it is certain that the antecedents of Palacio Valdés and Pardo Bazán in their naturalistic novels are clearly French and to be sought more in the works of Zola than elsewhere.

It is perhaps no heresy to say that today we have little liking for studies of physical and psychical degeneration, or, if you will, of animalism and insanity, couched in novel form. We are quite content to let such matters appear in the pages of clinical reports, where they may be scanned by the scientifically inclined. No inconsiderable number of us may go so far as to maintain that even Zola is dull.

For Palacio Valdés and Pardo Bazán in their naturalistic moods it is not easy to conceive any superabundant amount of enthusiasm; and at the risk of incurring censure we dare to say that their stories of the class will, in the future, be regarded as curiosities of Spanish literature rather than monuments to their genius. Some of the future historians of Spanish letters will undoubtedly declare that those stories represent lapses from their proper manner, and just now no play upon words is intended. To be just to the Countess Pardo Bazán we must admit that she has mastered whatever principles of art the French naturalists had to communicate, and if she is occasionally rather startling, she never dilates gloatingly on the carnal propensities of the human degenerate. Of course, in the present connection we have in mind her intense study of the decadent family that took form in the *Pazos de Ulloa* and its sequel the *Madre Naturaleza*. Whoso relishes naturalistic spice will find the piquancy of it in them. Without arguing that her pictures of social and moral degeneracy are overdrawn, we are, at all events, free to insist that so abnormal an atrocity as incest has no place in decent literature. In theory, moreover, Pardo Bazán has condemned the determinism of Zola; one questions whether in practice she has not acquiesced in it. But Pardo Bazán is not to be judged by only that phase of her novel writing just considered. Turn to her novels and *cuentos* in which she has addressed herself to the grateful task of describing the manners of the people of her native

Galician region and you will confess to both pleasure and relief. Her stories, furthermore, are not her sole title to distinction. For several decades past she has ranked as one of the more discerning literary critics in Europe.

The out and out naturalistic performances of Palacio Valdés are inferior to his other products, which either eliminate the decadent elements entirely or admit them as only secondary factors.

Few modern Spanish novelists have fared so well with English readers as Palacio Valdés, for few have been so much translated into English as he; and besides his name has been mentioned with praise by Mr. Howells in *Harper's Magazine* and his methods appreciated by him both there and elsewhere; while Mr. Baxter has discussed him at length for the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. We may therefore feel dispensed from the duty of giving any detailed estimate of his achievements now.

The vogue of Palacio Valdés was established by the acclaim that met his second novel, the *Marta y María* (1883), to which critics still give priority over all his other stories. The name is significant of its contents, for it deals with the contrast between a life of activity and human love, as led by the younger of two sisters, Martha, and one of virginity and mystic contemplation preferred by the older sister, Mary. It is an agreeable narrative in spite of the fact that Mary's mysticism as conveyed by the author savors rather of hysteria and selfishness than of true religious devotion. Doses of naturalism,

now strong and now somewhat weakened, are served to us in such examples of his fiction as *El Maestrante*, *Maximina*, *Riverita* (these two have also something autobiographical in them), *La Fe*, and *Espuma*. Tendencies toward the decadent are tempered in *La Alegría del Capitan Ribot* by much that is tender and humorous in it, and by the lovable nature of the central figure, the Captain. In most cases Valdés avoids the worst features of naturalism and resorts to the less repellent measures of the psychological novel. The newly developed power of the journalistic press furnished the motive for *El Cuarto Poder*. In the attractive seaside tale, *José*, he has studied the manners of a section of the Cantabrian Gulf in northern Spain; while some study of southern Spain and its ways underlies *La Hermana San Sulpicio* and especially *Los Majos de Cádiz*. He presents a gloomy and well-nigh pessimistic outlook in the more recent *Aldea perdida*, and has somewhat this attitude in the still later *Tristán o el pesimismo*. For the interest of his narrative Valdés will nearly always repay reading; not so for the qualities of his style which is too often inelegant and even slovenly. Not all of him will live long; but there will remain enough to ensure him some lasting fame.

Having only recently passed his fiftieth year, the Valencian Blasco Ibáñez may yet outdo all the efforts and achievements by which he has thus far forced recognition. Like Galdós he has cultivated the novel of propaganda with specific issues sometimes similar to those of Galdós and again different

from them and markedly individual. He has had a stormy career. His policy of aggression with respect to both government and church in Spain has led to his imprisonment on a couple of occasions and again has obliged him to seek safety in flight. Like many Catalonians he is no lover of the methods of the centralized administration at Madrid; and as a Republican Deputy from Valencia he has raised his voice in the Cortes against the accepted order of affairs. A constancy of purpose has actuated him in all his work as journalist, as editor, as publisher of translations of foreign works on science and sociology, and as novelist, and his social and political propaganda has in the past carried him to the verge of the anarchistic.

Conditions in his native Valencian district are portrayed in the series of stories beginning with *Arroz y Tartana* (1894), and continuing through *Flor de Mayo, La Barraca, Entre Naranjos* and *Cañas y Barro.* Nothing cheerful relieves the gloom hanging over the pictures in all these works; he is the artist transferring to his canvas only scenes of shadow and misery and barring all that means light and joy. Nevertheless, he is an artist with a sure technique, though his choice of subjects and colors can yield only a gruesome effect. Over-fondness for the mechanics of Zola and the ulterior aims of the social doctrinaire are more than obvious here as in other divisions of his labors as an author of fiction, and yet no one can fail to appreciate the potency of his setting forth of the agrarian problem

and of the workings of the boycotting system in *La Barraca.*

The story as such is wholly subordinated to the ends of religious, social and political propaganda in *La Catedral, El Intruso, La Bodega* and *La Horda;* as tracts they are interesting, as novels they are uninspiring. He still carries on the war against tradition in *Los Muertos mandan;* and in *Sangre y Arena* shows an aversion for the bloody battles in the bull-ring which Spaniards express rarely in print and which must gratify foreigners. The purposes of propaganda are absent from *La Maja desnuda,* which studies along psychological lines the results of the clash between the purely artistic temperament and the normal course of love of man for his mate. Emerging from Spain, he has tried to bridge the sea in *Los Argonautas,* and he has produced only lately one of the most noteworthy of the novels evoked by the Great War, *Los Cuatro Jinetes del Apocalipsis.* This is accessible to all in an English version. Read it; it will show that pro-German sympathies have not dominated Blasco Ibáñez. His latest story is *Mare nostrum,* wherein the Mediterranean is the center of interest.

The endeavor to deal regionally with Spain governed a number of the writers whom we have treated. The attempt to cover the whole land has been in the mind of the most prolific of modern novelists, Benito Pérez Galdós, who is active still, though he has passed the allotted three score and ten of years. His chief interests have lain within the domain of the psy-

chological study of phases of Spanish life, rather than the simple recording of local manners, and within the field of the historical novel. As an historical novelist he has proved the truth of the dictum of Fernán Caballero that the historical attitude befits the Spanish story-teller. Taking his guidance from the scheme utilized by the Frenchmen Erckmann and Chatrian in their romances dealing with events of the Revolution and of the First Empire, Galdós has developed the successive series of his *Episodios Nacionales,* which, divided into decades, embrace many signal facts of the history of Spain from the reign of Carlos IV down through a large part of the 19th century. The volumes taken together form a sort of epopee, in which he has striven to show fidelity to the historic fact, and yet give the necessary air of romance to each book by interweaving with the fact love stories and other elements of his own invention. Not all the individual volumes strike the fancy; but the total effect is impressive.

Both at home and abroad Galdós has attracted less attention by his historical novels than by his many works of psychological fiction, typified by the *Doña Perfecta,* the *Gloria,* the *Familia de León Roch,* the *Fortunata y Jacinta,* etc. In these, unmistakable attributes of the author are his genius for observation, his skill in construction evinced in absolute unity of plot combined with diversity and fitness of incident, his inventiveness and large degree of plausibility in the creation of character, and his

courage in urging his antipathies. And this last attribute is the more important in that his antipathies are directed against sore spots in the religious and social system of Spain, things that need medication for they demand a cure; but his courage is not one worthy of unqualified praise, for it is on occasion dangerously like the courage of the fanatic. He assails fanaticism in the religious constitution of his fellow Spaniards, and he exposes himself to the charge that he is himself a fanatic in his methods of doing so.

The *Doña Perfecta*, which out of all his novels has made most noise abroad, illustrates what happens when his antipathies take one of their most determined forms, anticlericalism, a corollary of which is for him that the faithful practitioner of Catholicism is always under the priestly thumb and is always a blind bigot. This corollary is apparently the thesis of the *Doña Perfecta*, and the author seeks to make it certain by creating a monster of a mother—who is plausibly possible—and by making her ruthlessly sacrifice her own daughter and even countenance murder rather than depart one jot from her stiff-necked attitude of true believer and rigid practitioner. To put the issue plumply: bad faith appears to actuate Galdós, for in this book he gives but a perverted idea of religion, of Catholicism as practised in Spain. No one can prove a rule of life by basing his arguments upon the abnormal, the monstrous, the exceptional in human nature; and again the intrinsic goodness of a religious system is

not vitiated by the excesses of a few fanatic and unintelligent believers. There are religious fanatics in Spain as out of Spain, and they ought to be attacked wherever they are, but not by unfair methods. It is unfortunate that the *Doña Perfecta* should enjoy such fame abroad; it gives too distorted an idea of a phase of Spanish life and that idea is one that the honest Spaniard should seek to destroy rather than confirm. Analysis of the *Gloria*—a Spanish *Daniel Deronda*—and of the *Familia de León Roch* would show Galdós again resorting to unfair methods under the spell of his anticlerical prepossessions and extending his attack so as to make his pictures of the Spanish-Christian wife and the Spanish-Christian family gross libels of actuality. All this is a great pity; Galdós is one of the most powerful novelists of the modern world, but he has let the spirit of propaganda betray him into injustice and unrighteousness.

Something akin to French naturalism of the *Rougon-Macquart* type prevails in such novels as his *Doctor Centeno, Tormento,* and *La de Bringas;* he knows the secrets of the trade and can apply them with the highest measure of success. When he chooses, Galdós can exercise his psychological sense without any naturalistic admixture and produce as winning a story as the *Marianela*, which, moreover, owes no little of its charm to the idyllic nature of some of its passages and to the way in which it plays with one of the oldest problems in philosophy, the relative importance of sensation and the innate idea.

VIII

HIGH POINTS OF SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE

To the south of the Rio Grande there has been spoken and written for over four hundred years that same Spanish language whose literary manifestations in the motherland we have been considering in our previous lectures. Established by conquest and colonization in a vast region stretching north and south of the Equator, and in the islands off the mainland, that language is today the natural medium of expression for many millions of beings—probably not far from 50,000,000—in Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, and throughout South America except for the great Republic of Brazil, whose speech is Portuguese, and except also for the colonies of the Guianas.

Now, how much do we inhabitants of the United States of North America know about the culture of these myriads of men, who, like ourselves have helped to perpetuate in the New World the civilization which, after the discovery by Columbus, was transported hither? Regrettably little. We have concerned ourselves hardly at all, prior to the present generation, with even speculation as to the history, institutions and manner of living of our brethren in the more southerly part of the hemisphere; far

less so, certainly, than they have interested themselves in our history, institutions and ways.

In the earlier years of our independent existence as a nation, our sailing vessels resorted to the ports of both the east and the west coast of South America and there was a brisk interchange along commerical lines of communication. But that trade interchange languished ere long, and with indifference we saw certain nations of Europe monopolize the markets of the descendants of the Spaniard and of the people of mixed European and Indian blood on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of South America.

With Mexico we have, of course, kept up some acquaintance, because territorial contiguity has made it easy to do so; and the events of a war, which not all our historians find it easy to regard with complacency, threw us into close, if unpleasant, contact with the administrative authorities of the land. On the whole, lamentable antipathy rather than fraternal sympathy has marked our intercourse with the Mexicans. We are not entirely blame to for this, however, and our policy of restraint in dealing with their distracted land in the last few years, should make them realize our desire to treat with them on friendly terms.

Just before the beginning of the Great War everything indicated that an era of good will was already inaugurated. The canal that severed the connection by land between the North Continent and the South Continent, opened up channels of connection by water that bade fair to promote trade relations

of great magnitude, and we had reason to hope that these would develop and cement others of an international and political sort based on just applications of international law and on correct diplomacy. There was—and there is still unfortunately—the deplorable misunderstanding with Colombia, but the feeling existed that there might be found at Washington statesmen sufficiently broad-minded to devise a solution of the difficulty acceptable both to Bogotá and to us. Shortly before departing for Europe, President Wilson expressed the desire to see that solution reached quickly. Pan-Americanism, absolutely uncontaminated by thoughts of political federations intended to secure the domination of any one state or an aggregation of states at the expense of any others—and therefore free from all the noxious features that have characterized Pan-Germanism,—had already made great strides; and good-fellowship promoted along diplomatic and scientific lines was fairly promised by the results of Pan-American Scientific Congresses that had met. An important meeting of one of these was held, be it remarked, at Washington, even while the War was going on.

Now, all of these good things, so likely to be developed to the advantage of one and all of the numerous American states, have not been defeated in any respect by the issues of the War. Some of them have been still further improved; others have been simply delayed for a short while. The outlook is pleasant for all rational optimists. But there is

this to be borne in mind; sooner or later,—and the sooner the better—Hispanic Americans must be relieved of all doubt as to the correct workings of the Monroe Doctrine. We have not ceased since 1823 to offer to Hispanic America the benefits of that Doctrine, which they have not always been ready to interpret in the sense that sane-minded North Americans mean it to have. Induced thereto in no small part by the insinuations and machinations of one particular European nation, which feared the revival and growth of our trade relations—I need hardly say, Germany—certain Spanish Americans have at times been inclined to regard the Monroe Doctrine as a big stick held over their heads quite as much as a rod of menace waved at encroaching powers from without. It is safe to declare that it has never been our intent to use the Monroe Doctrine for anything but the benefit of the Hispanic countries of the New World, and they have never yet had any just reason to suspect our advocacy of it. None the less, certain elements in them—and on occasion they have been and are noisy elements—have evinced suspicions of it, and political expediency suggests that we disabuse them of error in the particular. And the subject is pertinent here, in a treatment of Spanish-American literature, because the issue is constantly being raised in the writings of some of the ablest Spanish-American men of letters of today.

Our present task is to survey the field of Spanish-American literature, and this, in the brief time at

our disposal, means that our gaze can be fixed for any considerable portion of this time upon only the high points. We shall have to scan rapidly the plains, valleys and foothills of endeavor, which contain much of interest, but which we may not stay to examine. Avoiding figurative terms and speaking plainly, we state that the literary output of the former colonies and present states is of great magnitude; in so far as poetry is concerned, it far exceeds what has been produced in the English-speaking part of the northern hemisphere. Few realized how vast the production was until the late Menéndez y Pelayo prepared for the Spanish Academy his *Antología de Poetas Hispano-Americanos* with its accompanying historical and critical introductions, and that task was completed hardly twenty-five years ago. Menéndez y Pelayo's account, although broad in its scope, is not a complete one. To supply a comprehensive account, an enterprising and clever young scholar in our own parts, Dr. A. Coester of Brooklyn, set to work to assemble all possible information regarding the whole range of Spanish-American letters, and the result, which appeared two years ago, is an admirable and invaluable treatise, entitled *The Literary History of Spanish America*. What Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* did in the way of stimulating the interest of the outside world in the literature of the Spanish motherland, we hope earnestly will be accomplished by Dr. Coester's book for the literature of the Spanish Western World.

Among the Spaniards who came over during the early period of exploration and conquest were many of no little training. Some of these wrote the reports of places discovered and martial deeds performed, which as authentic records—not without occasional romantic elaboration—remain of permanent worth for our scientific historian, and are often of engrossing interest to the general reader. But there were some of them, also, who attempted pure literature, and the first in order of time was Alonso de Ercilla (1533–94). To him is due the *Araucana*, the only epic poem of true merit composed by a Spaniard of the Golden Age. Having before him as a model of form the pseudo-epic or chivalrous romance of the Italian Ariosto, which even Lope de Vega failed to copy with real effect, Ercilla celebrated the battles between the invading Spaniards, in whose army he was himself a captain, and the Araucanian Indians, who fought so valorously in defense of their native land, Chile. The historical element is certainly large, for the author had a personal part in the campaigns described. For the sturdy Indian warriors Ercilla has sympathy, and as an outcome of the importance which he gave to their leading chieftains, Lautaro and Caupolicán, these have become popular heroes for the Chilean nation. The first part of the poem appeared in Spain in 1569; its third and concluding part was printed in 1590. While the earlier portions were written on the scene of the conflicts; the later cantos were put together in Spain. Cervantes praised the work in the *Don*

Quixote; Voltaire had extravagant laudation for it in the *Introduction* to his own poor epic effort, the *Henriade;* and sound modern judgment finds much to commend in it. It is the first distinguished piece of belles-lettres produced in the New World; and it antedates considerably any work of literary importance conceived in English-speaking North America.

In 1539, eighty years before the Pilgrims reached Massachusetts, the printing press was set up in Mexico, and there came from it immediately the first book printed in the New World, a little Christian catechism, prepared by the first Bishop of Mexico, Fray Juan de Zumárraga, in both the native Indian language and Spanish. The fact that this manual was in part in the idiom of the aborigines is symptomatic. The religious, who, as usual in missionary conditions, were regular clergy, even as they Christianized the native inhabitants, strove to educate them as well, and to use the native speech for that end. Certainly it was not intended by the governors of the newly found regions or by the clergy who attended to their spiritual and intellectual wants, that the education of the youthful members of the European families of settlers should be neglected; for they secured from the Emperor, Charles V, in 1550 or 1551, decrees establishing the University of Mexico and that of San Marcos at Lima in Peru. As soon as possible, those institutions, the most ancient in the Americas, and nearly ninety years older than our Harvard, were put into working order; and they have continued their functions ever since,

although, to be sure, the present disturbed state of affairs in Mexico has impaired somewhat the effectivity of its university.

As an adjunct to the educational work for the descendants of the colonists and for the natives, too, the friars and the Jesuits gave especial prominence to the drama. They had a couple of the *autos* or religious pieces of Lope de Vega translated into Nahuatl, an Indian dialect, and before 1600 González de Eslava had composed in Spanish his brief plays, redolent of the life and speech of Mexico in his day.

As Mexico, the former Viceroyalty of New Spain, was the colony most favored by the Spanish administration, it was there that culture first struck deep root. In spite of the expense of printing, over sixty books were published in the region, between the date of the introduction of the press in 1539 and the end of the century. As officers of the government, noted writers came from Spain during the 16th century and some of them probably continued to exercise their talents during their stay in the new land. Such were Gutierre de Cetina, the polished sonneteer; Mateo Alemán, the novelist; and Juan de la Cueva, the historical dramatist. In his *Canto de Calíope* of 1584, Cervantes mentions the Mexican, Francisco de Terrazas, as a poet renowned on both sides of the Atlantic. A true citizen of the New World was Bernardo de Balbuena (1568–1627), who, though born in Spain, received his training in Mexico, and eventually became Bishop of Porto Rico. Both

his good classical education and his love for the beauty of external nature as revealed in his Mexican surroundings show themselves in his little poem, *La Grandeza Mexicana* (Mexico, 1604), from the appearance of which dates the beginning of American-Spanish poetry properly so called. His knowledge of the classical rules of composition and his familiarity with Italian literature of the Renaissance are obvious in his epic poem, *El Bernardo*, the most ambitious of all epic attempts to celebrate worthily that Bernardo del Carpio whose heroic legend is found in Old Spanish chronicles and in the ballads. There was born in Mexico that excellent dramatist, Juan Ruiz de Alarcón (+1639), whose carefully constructed plays of moral and ethical import make him one of the most admirable of Spanish authors of the 17th century. The best part of his career was spent in Spain, but it is not improbable that several of his pieces were written in his native region.

Decidedly an interesting figure among 17th century writers is the nun, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, who was in the world, Juana Inés de Asbaje (1651–95). Such was the precocity of her talents that, although she took the veil at the age of seventeen, she had already produced love verse and other compositions before that event, and she had attracted attention at the vice-regal court, where she was a lady-in-waiting, by both her beauty and her championship of the cause of woman. She demanded the advantages of higher training for her sex, and, unable to obtain access to the University

of Mexico which her family would not let her attend, she skilled herself in Latin by her own efforts. In what are, perhaps, her best known verses, she cried shame upon those men who had assailed woman-kind, and had taxed the fair sex with just those frailties which their own treatment of it had superinduced. In this attitude she was as outspoken as the courageous Christine de Pisan who, back in the early 15th century, had attacked the *Roman de la Rose* for its villification of woman.

The stylistic excesses of Gongorism, brought over from Spain, are visible defects in part of the work of Sor Inés, and they prevail in the writings of the numerous authors of the 18th century, most of whom rise so little above mediocrity that we pass over them here. The passions of the Revolutionary period found expression in a good deal of patriotic verse, none of which attained to any high level as literature. During the earlier part of the 19th century, a craftsman of some power was the playwright, Manuel Eduardo de Gorostiza (1789–1851); but his plays of manners on the model of those of the Younger Moratín were composed in Spain, and have hardly any reference to the life of his own country.

Disciples of the great Spanish romanticists, especially of Espronceda and Zorrilla, made the Romantic manner known in Mexico. Leaders among them were Ignacio Rodríguez Galván (1816–42) and Fernando Calderón (1809–45). In the brief period of his life, Rodríguez Galván composed both

plays and verse legends, excelling in the latter form, for his *Profecía de Guatemoc* is the masterpiece of Mexican romanticism. As the title indicates, it is concerned with the last Aztec king. Calderón won favor with his theatrical pieces of sentimental import. It is curious to see him in one of his plays, *Ana Bolena,* staging the marital adventures of Henry VIII of England.

As the 19th century advanced, two writers, spokesmen of the conservative party in the country, Manuel Carpio (1791–1860) and José Joaquín Pesado (1801–61), wrote in a manner almost classical in its restraint and fervently Catholic in its religious spirit. Carpio chose to deal especially with Biblical subjects in his narrative and descriptive verse. Pesado drew upon the poetical books of the Old Testament, but made a distinctive place for himself with his free Castilian rendering in *Las Aztecas* of the verse compositions of an Aztec king, who ruled and sang before the entrance of the European into the land. Like Macpherson in his handling of the Celtic Ossian material, Pesado probably infused into the outpourings of King Netzahualcoyotl ideas and matter of his own invention, but, if this be so, he must be given credit for the skill with which he acquitted himself.

In the latter half of the 19th century, while men like Ignacio Ramírez (1818–79) and Ignacio Manuel Altamirano (1834–93), both with Indian blood in their veins, proclaimed themselves apostles of liberalism and even of materialism, not unmixed with

eroticism, on the other hand Juan de Dios Peza (1852–1910) found pleasure in conveying through his word-pictures some conception of homely domestic life, and in embalming in verse not always impeccable somewhat of popular Mexican tradition. The gifted Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera (1859–95) belonged at first to the school of Pesado and Carpio, but, falling under the spell of the French Parnassian movement, he pointed the way later taken by the Nicaraguan Rubén Darío and the so-called Modernistas, whose reign is not over yet.

Just as we have swept rapidly down the course of Mexican literary culture, we might with ease follow the currents that take their way through the literature of the other Spanish-American states, of which, for volume and general excellence of results, Peru and Colombia take precedence over the others. For Peru we might begin in the 16th century with Garcilaso de la Vega (1540–1616), surnamed the Inca, as he came of a Spanish father but of a mother who was a princess of the Incas, and having described his *Comentarios reales*, which mingles with a real history of Peru much legendary and fictitious matter, we might tell of the unknown poetess of Huanuco, Amarilis, who exchanged verse with Lope de Vega. Then our list would have to register the names of Oviedo y Herrera, Peralta Barnuevo, Olavide, and Melgar for the 18th century. For the 19th century we should record Pardo y Aliaga, with his clever political satires and his no less interesting comedies of manners; Segura, another dramatist; the many writers of

the Romantic coterie; the inimitable Ricardo Palma with his prose traditions; and, for our own time, José Santos Chocano, the singer of an Americanism that is to embrace all the Western World, the northern continent along with the southern, and some of whose poems had been brought to our attention here through Miss Blackwell's felicitous versions. In Colombia we should find that, though the great intellectual awakening did not come until the Jesuits established the printing press there about 1738, colleges and universities had been founded as early as 1554. Scientific activity, in connection with higher education, was given a great stimulus when, in 1768, the famous Spanish botanist, José Celestino Mutis, was appointed to a chair in one of the institutions and set on foot a systematic training of botanists, mathematicians and astronomers. And scientific research was further fostered by the presence of Humboldt in the land in 1801. The stirring events of the Revolution produced the usual outburst of patriotic lyrism, and then, in the first half of the 19th century, there began an era of literary productivity in consequence of which the capital, Bogotá, has become the Athens of Spanish America. The superfine qualities of both the prose and the verse that have appeared since the opening of the last century and continue to appear deserve the praise that competent critics have accorded to them.

Prominent among the poets of the 19th century were Juan Eusebio Caro (1817–53), Julio Arboleda (1817–62), José Joaquín Ortiz (1814–92), and Gre-

gorio Gutiérrez González (1826–72), whose lives and labors extended into the second half of the century. More famed as a prose writer than as a poet is Jorge Isaacs (1837–95), the author of the novel *María*, one of the most finished examples of prose fiction as yet produced in Spanish America. So great is the embarrassment of riches presented in the more recent literary output and so good is the quality that one hesitates to declare any one writer greater than his fellows; but one may mention with approbation Miguel Antonio Caro (1843–1909), son of the older Caro, and Rafael Pombo (1833–92). The younger Caro achieved distinction in the political world, as well as that of letters, and rose to be President of the Republic. Pombo, who was connected with the diplomatic service of his country, spent five years in New York, and so mastered English that his verse in our language was gladly published by William Cullen Bryant in the *New York Evening Post*. And our mention of Pombo leads me to pay the all too meager tribute which paucity of time permits to the editor of the recent edition of his collective works, Antonio Gómez Restrepo (b. 1869), who has only now attained his fiftieth year, and, in spite of his heavy administrative duties—he holds office in the ministry for Foreign Affairs—, has proved himself a poet and critic of preëminent worth. It would be futile to continue reviewing consecutively the various phases of literary progress in the remaining Spanish-American states. In our limited space of time we

could do no more than register names in an arid fashion, and we could not stay to dwell upon even certain interesting phenomena, such as the *gaucho* or cowboy literature of the Argentine and of Uruguay or the artistic triumphs in both prose and verse of the brilliant Rubén Darío (1867–1916), and of the individual Modernistas. To Dr. Coester's book we must refer those who would know about these and other matters neglected here.

It is now our purpose to concentrate attention upon the four writers, all poets, whose endeavors mark the high points thus far attained in Spanish-American literature. They are Olmedo of Ecuador; Bello of Venezuela, but more intimately associated with the history of Chile; Heredia of Cuba; and Andrade of the Argentine.

It is in virtue of the inspired patriotism of his *Victoria de Junín*, a paean to Bolívar, the Liberator of Spanish America, that José Joaquín de Olmedo (1780–1847) is accorded his high post, and it is granted to him even by those Spanish critics who take exception to the vilification of the motherland, which they find all too rife in his poetry, as they do also in the great bulk of patriotic verse evoked by revolutionary passions in the Spanish colonial settlements. Fate has shown herself far more kind to Bolívar than to Washington, the deliverer of the Northern Republic; for she raised up for the southern military genius a poet worthy to chronicle the success of his arms, while Washington, though first in the hearts of his countrymen, has yet to be com-

memorated in song in a manner befitting his heroic proportions.

Bolívar, having redeemed Colombia and Venezuela by his campaigns of 1819 and 1821, advanced toward Quito in Ecuador, in 1822. His able lieutenant, General Sucre, aided by reinforcements from General San Martín, the Argentinian leader, who had been operating against the Spaniards in Peru, made such progress in his maneuvers in Ecuador that, by May of 1822, that region had been cleared of dangerous Spanish forces, and Bolívar was free to undertake the liberation of Peru and Bolivia and to give a glorious consummation to his military career. The withdrawal and self-effacement of the noble San Martín left him in unchallenged control of the patriot soldiers, and the Peruvian parliament conferred upon him the title of Dictator. At once Bolívar set about repairing the harm done by the reverses which Spanish divisions, advancing from the mountainous districts of Peru and Bolivia, had inflicted upon the Peruvians. On the 6th of August, 1824, he engaged a royalist army at Junín, a town of central Peru, about one hundred miles from Lima, and drove it in rout back toward Cuzco. Leaving Sucre to continue operations, Bolívar returned to Lima, to give his attention to political matters. Proceeding in the face of heavy odds in the enemy's favor, Sucre made his way south to Ayacucho, and there, on the 9th of December, 1824, he fought a battle in which he cut the Spaniards to pieces, captured their commanders as well as the Spanish

viceroy, and assured the independence of South America.

It is these two final and conclusive victories in the struggle of the Spanish colonists against the rule of the motherland that Olmedo celebrates in his famous ode, the composition of which was begun by him at the suggestion of the Liberator, his close personal friend. Making Bolívar his particular hero, Olmedo should properly have limited his consideration to the battle of Junín, as the title—*Victoria de Junín*—would imply he did; but he deemed it necessary to treat of the later and decisive engagement at Ayacucho as well, and to do this he adopted the device of a prophetic vision, introducing machinery for which most of the critics have censured him. Fancying himself following the example of Pindar, but really copying, and not infelicitously, the methods of the great Spanish patriotic poet, Quintana, our Ecuadorian singer mingles with his rapturous outbursts of fervent patriotism and his brilliant characterization of Bolívar and his generals, no few reminiscences of Homer, Vergil and Horace. He describes the beginning of the conflict at Junín, the rush of battle, and the certainty of victory for Bolívar as night descends. While the patriots are exulting in their triumph, a venerable and majestic shade appears in the heavens. He announces himself as the last great ruler of the Incas, Huaina Capac, and, after expatiating on the miserable plight to which the land had been reduced by the cruel administration of the Spaniard, he gives in prophetic

form a description of the coming battle of Ayacucho, at which, of course, Bolívar had not been present, but the victor of which was, after all, his deputy. As has been said, fault has been found with Olmedo for the use of this prophetic vision; but, all things considered, it is but a variety of the vision only shortly before employed by the Spanish poets, Quintana, Gallego, and Martínez de la Rosa, in their burning patriotic declamations against the French invaders of Spain. Olmedo's machinery is framed in accord with native American legend, and, in spite of certain extravagant conceptions and some incongruous elements, it is effective. Nevertheless, it was criticized most severely by the very personage whom Olmedo intended to be the central figure of the poem, by Bolívar himself, who declared that, as a result of the scheme adopted, the Inca, Huaina Capac, became the true hero of the composition. Moreover, Bolívar—a most judicious critic—objected to the hyperbolical terms in which Olmedo lavishes praise upon the various American leaders, including Bolívar himself. But this laudation was spontaneous and sincere and was written in the warmth of the emotion begotten by the stirring events. After all, the most important thing in the *Victoria de Junín* is its keynote of American patriotism, and this, after the lapse of nearly a century, continues to ring out loudly from Olmedo's song. It may be judged in part by the Inca's splendid apostrophe to Liberty, whose Pan-American spirit has been found distasteful by Europeans like Menén-

dez y Pelayo but should have the approbation of all true, thinking Americans.

If to Americans, Oh Liberty!
The solemn mission is by Heaven given
To curb and tame the horrid beast of war,
And over all the regions of the earth,
And over all the waters of the seas
To spread thy sovereign rule's imperial sway,
Fear not with such a hero as Bolívar
That error blind shall e'er obscure thy light,
That superstition shall profane thy altars,
That tyranny shall dare affront thy laws.

. . . . . .

For thee shall be the glory, Oh Bolívar!
For thee the right to break the yoke of kings,
In their despite to enthrone the law on high.

. . . . . .

After this apostrophe, the Inca continues his prophecy:

And Liberty's first born, that happy nation,
Which over all in glorious strength now towers,
And sees amid her stars
The star of fair Virginia shine resplendent,
Gives us the holy kiss
Of brotherhood, of friendship. All the lands
Of yonder famous hemisphere, beholding
The swift and soaring flight of all our arts,
As friends and equals greet us,
While with her trident, England, Queen of seas,
The first of all, for us makes clear the way.

Forever shall this glory last, ye nations,
And irresistible your free estate

Shall be before the might and hateful league
Of all the tyrants that have sworn to crush you,
If in a federal bond, from pole to pole,
In war and peace ye live fore'er united.
In union is your strength, union, Oh Nations!
That ye be always free and never conquered.

. . . . . .

A mightier work, Bolívar, is this union
Than to destroy Spain's iron rod of power,
And thou alone art worthy to achieve it.

Born at Guayaquil in 1780, Olmedo received his early training at the University of San Marcos at Lima. Under the old colonial conditions of government, he went to Spain in 1810, as representative of the province of Guayaquil to the Cortes at Cadiz, and during his stay in Spain he showed himself a strong advocate of greater liberalism in the Spanish government. Returning home in 1816, he began to figure actively in the movement for American independence, becoming a devoted adherent of Bolívar. After the composition of his *Victoria de Junín*, Bolívar sent him as minister plenipotentiary to London and there he entered into close relations with that remarkable and wholly admirable South American, Andrés Bello, who was also furthering American interests in Europe. By 1823 he was back again in Ecuador, and he played a leading part in politics, becoming Vice-President of the Republic. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. He died in 1847. The bulk of his poetical work is slight, and the *Victoria de Junín* outweighs the rest

in importance, although his ode to General Flores has beautiful passages. A verse translation of part of Pope's *Essay on Man* deserves mention.

Olmedo's merits are those of the patriotic and panegyrical poet. A poet and a patriot, too, Andrés Bello stands forth one of the most glorious examples of civic efficiency as yet recorded in the history of all the Americas, Northern, Central and Southern. Certainly it would be difficult for our United States to put forward any one of its sons and claim for him superiority over Bello as man of letters, jurist and educator all together.

Like Bolívar, a Venezuelan, Bello was born at Caracas in 1781, two years before the Liberator. He was sent to London in 1810, to engage in the propaganda which the rebellious colonies were carrying on in the hope of securing British sympathy and aid for their cause. For nineteen years he remained in London, earning by his pen and as a teacher a very precarious living for his family; for the services which he rendered in connection with his mission he received sparsely paid emoluments from his native land. He established and carried on for a while two reviews, the *Biblioteca Americana* and the *Repertorio Americano*, in which appeared a number of his own compositions. In 1829, responding to a call from the government of Chile, he left England to take a post in the Chilean ministry of foreign affairs. There his obvious talents, culture and diligence so recommended him, that he found himself entrusted with the task of reorganizing the

University of Chile at Santiago. He became its first President and by his teaching and his administration started it on the enlightened career which has made it the foremost institution of learning in South America. When the government concluded to bring its legal codes together in a digested corpus, the labors of the onerous undertaking were accomplished by Bello with a distinction and a perfection that made the result a worthy model for imitation by the other nations of Hispanic America. As a far-seeing jurist, aware of the difficulties that the young countries of the New World would have to encounter in their relations with one another and with the older powers, Bello set forth international problems and their solutions in his treatise on international law (*El Derecho Internacional*). A study of this would be helpful to Chile and Peru in their present dissension and it might give useful hints to us all in our endeavor to establish a league of nations to maintain peace.

Of the poetical compositions of Bello the most remarkable and those in virtue of which he takes a place beside Olmedo, Heredia and Andrade, are his *Silvas Americanas* and particularly the *Silva* addressed to *La Agricultura de la Zona torrida.* The tone of this work, manifestly indebted to the *Georgics* of Vergil, is didactic, and like the celebrated Latin prototype it belongs to a class which, with the Colombian critic Caro, we may term "scientific poetry." It gives, says Menéndez y Pelayo, "fair, living and concrete reality to certain concepts pertaining to

nature, morals and history, and is adorned with beautiful descriptions of natural objects and of human toil, faithfully adjusted to the rigorous precision of science, but science interpreted and transformed by the poetic spirit." The poetical possibilities in Bello's general theme, which is the glory of nature in the tropical regions of South America, and the ready and fruitful response which that fertile nature makes to the husbandman who woos her, can hardly be gainsaid. Long ago Vergil and Lucretius (in at least part of his *De rerum natura*) had demonstrated the poetical possibilities of a similar theme for Italy; and a reading of the South American's modern *Georgics* reveals the fact that he has realized the inspirational force of the Latin writers and has reënergized it for the visualization of conditions in the geographical regions with which he is concerned. An admirer of Humboldt, the scientific investigator of natural phenomena, Bello acquired from him the method of precise observation, and the results thereof he clothed in a noble and effective poetic diction.

The arts of peace and above all the grateful toil of the tiller of the soil, whose industry provides the foundation for social prosperity and happiness, furnish the keynote for the poet's song, and this he has infused with a patriotism that transcends the limits of the individual Spanish-American states and would make of them an international fraternity. For Bello there is found in agriculture one of the surest antidotes against the poison of civic discord and

international strife, and to the former Spanish colonies, just freed from the Spanish yoke, he cries:

> O, youthful nations, ye who lift your heads
> Encircled with new laurel wreaths of victory,
> Before the gaze of an astounded West!
> Do honor to the fields, with honor lead
> The farmer's simple life, homely and frugal.
> Thus freedom shall abide with you forever,
> And ye shall always curb
> Ambition and respect law's sacred might.

In translations or free versions sufficiently faithful to the spirit of the originals, Bello has reproduced in Spanish verse certain noted compositions by foreign poets. Attesting his skill in this respect we have his highly praised rendition of Victor Hugo's *Prière pour tous,* and his no less meritorious translation and redaction of the Italian *Orlando innamorato.*

Woefully incomplete would be any account of Bello that failed to do justice to his ability as a grammarian and philologist. One of the most satisfactory grammars of the Castilian language is that prepared by him. In a revised edition by the Colombian R. J. Cuervo, it is a standard work of reference hardly less important than the *Gramática* of the Spanish Academy itself. Bello's studies in Spanish prosody remain of great value to the scholar. As a philologist he produced the first penetrating examination of that Old Spanish literary monument, the *Poema del Cid;* and he first broached the theory, since espoused by Milá y Fontanals and Menéndez Pidal, according to which the Spanish ballad re-

sulted from a disintegration of Old Spanish epic poems.

Boston has her small part in the story of the greatest of Cuban poets, José María de Heredia, for he once trod her streets. Born in 1803 at Santiago de Cuba, Heredia received his final training at the University of Havana. Manifesting his abhorrence for the tyrannical rule of Ferdinand VII, as exercised both in Spain and in his native island, and suspected of complicity in a revolutionary plot, he drew down upon him the wrath of the Spanish authorities, who drove him into exile in 1823. A young man of but twenty years of age, he came to the United States, landing at Boston, which gave to the poor refugee from a tropic isle the cruel welcome of a bleak snowstorm. He spent three wretched years in our country, barely making a livelihood by giving lessons in Spanish. Dr. Coester calls to our notice a pathetic passage in the preface to the first edition of his poems, that of New York, 1825, which shows him using his own verse compositions as a means of teaching his native language. "The author," says Heredia, "has paid particular attention to the accents, to make these poems useful to Americans learning the Spanish language. Nothing is better calculated to give them a practical knowledge of the true pronunciation of words than the habit of reading poetry. May they receive this little service of an exiled youth as an expression of gratitude for the asylum he has found in this happy country."

In 1826 he was invited to Mexico by the President

of that Republic, and there, save for the few weeks of a visit that he was permitted by the Spanish Governor to make to Cuba in 1836, he spent the rest of his short life of thirty-three years, occupying various public posts, including that of federal judge. He died in 1839. To the nature of his varying activities he adverts in one of his letters: "The whirlwind of revolution," he states, "made me in a brief period pass through a vast career, and, with greater or less fortunes, I had by my twenty-fifth year been a lawyer, a soldier, a traveler, a teacher of languages, a diplomat, a magistrate, an historian and a poet."

Fervent though he was in the expression of his liberal and patriotic feelings, and not infelicitous in his verse on other subjects, Heredia displayed his greatest strength in compositions such as the ode on Niagara and that entitled *En el Teocalli de Cholula*. In these the tone tends toward the elegiac, as with imagination growing ever more exalted, the poet contemplates certain aspects of nature, and from the consideration of them passes to melancholy speculation on the destiny of the human race and his own ultimate fate. There is more spontaneity in his strains than is usual with Bello, who also sang of nature; but on the other hand he shows nowhere the solid culture which a long life of study and experience had brought to Bello. The latter, it should be said, paid a fitting tribute of praise to the youthful Cuban poet, when giving a recension of Heredia's poems in one of the reviews which he published at London. While in Heredia's other

lyrics the versification and diction sometimes leave much to be desired, he has well-nigh achieved perfection of form in the two odes mentioned.

Undoubtedly the hymn to Niagara constitutes the best of all the descriptions and apostrophes in verse called forth by the sight of the mighty waterfall, which was viewed by Heredia in June of 1824. From Bryant's translation we take these lines:

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea
Lashed by the wind hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable

Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they *leap* the barrier,—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

. . . . . .

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

. . . . . .

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

A keen sympathy with the moods of external nature, which makes Heredia akin to the poets of

the Romantic movement, with whom, indeed, he has much in common, reveals itself in the address to Niagara. It is equally patent in another beautiful poem, *En una tempestad*, directed to the hurricane, a considerable part of which Bryant has also rendered into English. We may judge of it and its picturesque potency by these verses:

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wings of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds in fear.

. . . . . .

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale!
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space!

. . . . . .

From the Argentine hails the last of our quartet of great poets, Olegario Victor Andrade (1838–83), the latest of them in date. In him again we behold a singer of patriotism, and one whose fervor impels

him to sing, with all the rapture of the true bard, the glory, not only of his own land, but of all Latin America.

Very deliberately Andrade termed his most ambitious poem, the *Atlántida*, a *Canto al Porvenir de la Raza Latina en América*, for such it is in fact. Here, with the boundless enthusiasm of one whose faith is entire, who even believes himself invested with the second sight of the prophetic poet, he intones the praises of the different countries of Hispanic America, and proclaims their progress something inevitable. His enthusiasm is contagious, and this in spite of the undeniable fact that his grandiloquence becomes on occasion something like hollow oratory, even as his prodigal use of imagery tends to riotous waste, and his never-sated indulgence in hyperbole inclines us to deem his vision rather dazed. For about a quarter of century preceding his death in 1883, Andrade was the editor of various newspapers at Buenos Aires and he also played some part in national politics. Some would explain the defects in conception and style of no small part of his poetical output as the natural shortcomings of the journalist and politician; but the true explanation is to be found in the limited culture of the man. Had he the qualities of good taste and restraint that go with true cultivation, his experience in journalism and in public affairs would have improved his literary powers. It is pertinent also to bear in mind that Andrade had a frenzied admiration for Victor Hugo, whom in one of his compositions (*Canto a Víctor*

Hugo) he extolls as the poet who is also the inspired prophet; and his own outbursts of bombastic declamation and his rhetorical flamboyancy may be due to unwise imitation of some of the less admirable of Hugo's characteristics.

While Latin America affords the theme for his *Atlántida*, it is the ultimate good of the human race as a whole that exercises his poetic fancy in his other great poem, the *Prometeo*. This, like Shelley's *Prometheus*, is a modern interpretation of the myth to which of old Æschylus had given a magnificent development. Notwithstanding the all too evident faults of execution, the inflated rhetoric of the work of Andrade, it is marked by grandioseness of conception and it is not the least successful treatment of the ancient legend. For the Titan, Prometheus, of Andrade there comes the mercy of that death which ends suffering, when he sees looming up before him the cross of another martyr, the new Prometheus—Christ—who is to undergo his passion for the sake of liberty and conscience.

Rising he sees on the horizon's bounds,
In the unfathomed regions of broad space,
Above the lofty summit of a mountain
Which shakes with nervous thrill,
Amid the awe-struck wonder of the worlds,
The silhouette fantastic of a cross.

"At last, at last, I die!" the giant cries,
Sublime of gesture and with thundering tones,
"For yonder is the battle-flag, the banner
Which in the tranquil air

Or to the blast of mighty roaring storms
By human thought shall ever be unfurled,
Dyed with the life-blood of another martyr,
Prometheus and a Christian."

Dealing with Olmedo, Bello and Andrade, we have intentionally but not unduly stressed their Americanism, their yearnings for a Pan-American solidarity under the banner of freedom for each and every one of the states concerned. In the case of Olmedo these yearnings embrace this country as well as the Hispanic states; Bello and Andrade do not show any trace of antipathy to us. But in the writings of more recent Spanish-American authors antipathy presents itself in unmistakable terms, and is directed chiefly against what the authors are pleased to term our imperialism, our alleged desire to extend our territorial bounds and absorb the Spanish-American republics.

By us, who look at the matter with minds unwarped by any passion, their allegations and attacks are deemed foolish maunderings, when we do not regard them, as we may well do in one or another case, as the paid utterances of the agent of a rival European power. But as their utterances and maneuvers grow ever more bitter with hate and are developing into organized propaganda, we cannot afford to ignore them, and the time has come when the writers of the United States should refute the calumnies that these irresponsible or knavish Hispanic-Americans are constantly putting forth.

The late Ruben Darío, (1867–1916), a Nicaraguan

and a true artist among poets, who inaugurated a real movement of symbolism—with somewhat of the manner of the French decadents—in the literature of both Spain (where he passed much of his life) and of Spanish America, gave an exhibition of his dislike of what he termed the Saxon aggressiveness of the United States, in a noted poem addressed to Mr. Roosevelt. It was evoked by the jobbery, as we may plainly call it, attending the establishment of the State of Panamá. Darío was entirely mistaken in laying the blame for the operations of that affair upon our nation rather than a few politicians, and he moderated his tone in later utterances, but that particular poem continues to have great vogue in Spanish America.

At present there are writing against us with all the fury of fanatic hate two Spanish Americans who have attracted much attention: Rufino Blanco Fombona and Manuel Ugarte. Blanco Fombona is instinctively a roisterer and has the habits of one; but he is also a writer of more than ordinary force and can work much harm. Ugarte is probably a tool, but his false assertions are finding too ready an acceptance, especially with the youth of Spanish America, and are only offset by the generous aspirations toward true Pan-Americanism breathed by the Peruvian José Santos Chocano (born 1875).

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